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Treasures of the Northland

A COMPENDIUM OF THE LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POETRY, FOLK-LORE AND ANCIENT MYTHS

OF THE

Scandinavian Race

Including Sketches of Eminent Lives and Original Translations of Famous Poems

Also Topical American Notes, with Tributes to Washington, Franklin and Abraham Lincoln

BY

A. C. CLAUSEN

Former Editor of the Scandinavian Fraternity Review

ILLUSTRATED

Cole Printing Company

Spokane, Wash.

1919

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Dedicated to Friends of the Author who, to encourage the publication of his writings in Book Form, have subscribed in advance for more than half of this, its first edition.

PREFACE

For many years the author has devoted much of his spare time to the study of Scandinavian literature and biography. The immediate occasion, however, for reducing the fruits of this study to writing was his incumbancy for an extended period of the position of editor of the official organ of the Scandinavian Fraternity of America. While occupied in this work he availed himself of the opportunity offered of exploiting an exceedingly rich field of literary and artistic culture, thereby furthering, as he conceived, one of the objects for which this fraternity was founded, namely, the preservation of the history and legendary and the exposition of the noble traits of character of the Scandinavian race. In doing this, while making free use of all available material, he chose, for reasons directly to be given, to confine himself in the main, to his own writings and impressions.

It was not the author's original intention to publish these writings in a book, but since quitting his editorial work, as well as during its progress, there have come to him so many requests for their compilation that he decided to collect them in the form here presented. However, it was not alone the apparent desire for the work that induced him to do this. During his search for material on the subjects covered by his writings the author found that a single work in the English language, or in any other language, calculated to

give to the rising generation of Scandinavian descendants in this country something like a comprehensive idea of the varied achievements and the high moral and intellectual qualities of their ancestors, was not to be had. In the field of poetry, also, the translations were found to be quite unsatisfactory.

Another tenet of the order mentioned is the encouragement of the spirit of American Democracy. With the practical application of this precept in view the author while editing the periodical mentioned produced original sketches of three of America's greatest patriots, Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, besides several short articles in prose and verse calculated to inspire a feeling of love and reverence for the land to which he as well as so many of his race not only owe their allegiance but their opportunity for general advancement. These sketches and articles are therefore included in this book, although not strictly within the scope of its title.

Trusting that this product of his efforts may find a convenient place in the homes of many lovers of a beautiful and delightful literature, the author now sends it forth with the hope that a labor upon which he has bestowed the tender regard natural to one who sprang from the very soil of which its pages speak, may, notwithstanding its shortcomings, receive the generous consideration of the reader.

A. C. CLAUSEN.

Spokane, Washington, November 1, 1919.

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INTRODUCTION

In the field of esthetic pursuits the Scandinavian people have always shown preeminence. The love of poetry is traditional among them, being an especial attribute of the god Odin who, it is said, invented the runes in order that he might thereby record the songs of the ancient skalds. Balder, son of Odin, was a god of Sunshine and worshiped as such, and Frigga, his mother, was a votary of Beauty. Brage was the god of Poetry and Song, and then there was old Mimir who sat at the Fountain of Memory and Reflection.

The characters thus briefly mentioned are among the most prominent of the deities of the pre-Christian religion of the Scandinavians, a religion which, though crude, displays a picturesque philosophy of life unmarred by the gross sensuality common to most pagan beliefs.

This love of Beauty manifests itself also by the unfeigned delight of the people in the manifold aspects of nature. Nowhere in the world is nature more adored than in the Scandinavian countries. The celebration of the advent of spring and summer—May-Day and Midsummer-Day, is national in character and extent as regular annual festal seasons.

Little wonder, then, that such a people should have produced among them such world-famed esthetic geniuses as Linné, the King of Flowers;

Tegnér, the Homer of the North; Thorvaldsen, the Master-sculptor, and Ibsen, the Shakespeare of modern times.

It might be interesting to inquire how it happens that a people situated so remotely from the more densely populated sections of Europe and so little heard of in the annals of antiquity, should nevertheless from an early period down to the present have developed so greatly in the higher arts of civilization. To even a casual student of the subject, however, the query itself would suggest the answer, namely, that it is because of this very geographical situation. The Land of the Midnight Sun, with its magnificent displays of the boreal aurora, the invigorating climate, the immunity of the people from invasion, the long intervals of peace, the inspiring environment of mountain crests, of dreamy woodlands and leaping waters; the long, pensive winters and the short brilliant summers; the all-embracing seas and fjords with their lashing surges, their soft, subduing murmurs, their changing wonders and alluring mists, all have had their share in developing the imagination and in shaping the character and thoughts of the people. "Dark and true and tender is the North."

This isolation, too, coupled with the influence of their surroundings, has from earliest times fostered in the nature of the Scandinavians that spirit of independence and love of liberty without which no people have ever progressed far into the reaches of creative ideas. It is a notable fact that amid the practice of compulsory servitude prevalent among most of the nations of the earth,

serfdom was never tolerated here, and that among the fastnesses of their mountain defiles was born that principle of equal justice which today is not only theirs but the proud possession of their collateral kindred, the English-speaking race.

Reference has been made to the English-speaking peoples as "collateral" kindred of the Scandinavian race. Had it not been for the invasion of England by the Romans near the dawn of the Christian era, this statement might not have contained this qualification. Even so, by virtue of the gradual encroachment of the Scandinavians which followed the evacuation of the Romans, culminating in the conquest of England by the Danes under Canute the Great in the eleventh century, the English-speaking nations in their language to this day, as well as in their most prominent characteristics, disclose unmistakable signs of close racial affinity with the Viking denizens of Saga Land.

The foregoing explains why the language of England lends itself so readily to the translation of Scandinavian verse and why the Scandinavians coming to America so easily and quickly acquire a practical knowledge of the language of their adopted land. To attain to a comprehensive view of the intellectual progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, a study of the literature of both is quite essential. At any rate, it is interesting as well as curious to note in such pursuit the many traits of character possessed by them in common and the great strides both have made in the amelioration of the lot of the common people as well as in the development of the intellect in all that makes for the uplift and betterment of mankind.

TREASURES OF THE NORTHLAND

PART I

Biography

JOHN ERICSSON

John Ericksson

There are crises in the affairs of nations which nothing short of genius can control. Great events often produce great men—that is to say, men equal to the occasion. History has crowned many such and Fame has lent her laurels, but never perhaps has circumstance given to a single man such an opportunity for the play of genius. and such unbounded praise from a grateful nation and an admiring world, as was bestowed upon the subject of our sketch.

John Ericsson, or "Captain" Ericsson as he became familiarly known, was born at Filipstad. Varmland, Sweden, in 1803. His father, Olof Ericsson, was an educated man who for some years operated a mine of which he was part owner. His mother was a woman of strong mind and great force of character. From her he inherited his unbending will and tireless energy. Notwithstanding reverses of fortune which overtook the father while the son was yet in his teens, the boy was given a good education, particularly along those lines in which he had shown especial aptitude, such as chemistry, algebra and geometry. The family having removed to Forsvik, where the father was employed as foreman of a gang of rock blasters on the Göta

Canal, our young inventor soon found ample scope for the play of his natural bent. Field-drawing became his delight and he soon excelled his teachers in the art. From the controller of the works nearby he learned the English language and, being an apt scholar and speaking in this tongue whenever he had an opportunity, became exceedingly proficient in its use. Thus he received most of his education in the school of experience fostered by an environment exactly suited to his talents, rather than in institutions where theories form the basis of knowledge. Years afterwards when a friend said to him "It is a pity you did not graduate from a technological institute," he replied: "No, it was very fortunate. Had I taken a course at such an institution I should have acquired such a belief in authorities that I should never have been able to develop originality and make my own way in physics and mechanics, as I now propose to do."

Foreshadowing the military tendency of his nature we find him at the age of fourteen in charge of six hundred Swedish troops employed at the Göta Canal, although still so short that in using his leveling instrument he had to stand on a stool to reach the eye-piece. At seventeen he joined the Twenty-third Rifle Corps, and as Ensign soon became the best marksman on the list. At the age of twenty-four he received the title of Captain in the Swedish army, and retained that title with pride as long as he lived. It was this military experience that induced him to take up the study of guns and from this the study of explosives. But army life was not destined to hold him long, for he saw with the prophetic eye

of a genius that there existed a greater field for him in the world of mechanics wherein, as the sequel proved, he was to invent machines that greatly strengthened the arm of warfare both on land and sea, and we next find him first at Havre, France, on a staff of shipbuilders, and then in England with $270 of borrowed cash in his pocket, arriving in London on May 18, 1826. Here, while unsuccessful in introducing his "Flame Engine," he formed a partnership with the master engineer and manufacturer, John Braithwaite. His originality now received a wide scope. Among the number of useful devices he invented a centrifugal blower, thus becoming the pioneer in introducing that great economy—mechanical draft. His next invention was the surface condenser for steam engines, replacing the water-jet system, reducing the exhaust steam and returning it to the boiler. Next we find him evolving the plan, now universal in vessels of war, of protecting machinery from shot by placing it below the water-line.

He next turned his attention to land devices and brought forth the first steam fire engine, but in spite of the apparent utility of this invention it was not until 1860 that it came into general use. In October, 1829, he constructed the "Novelty" locomotive to compete with Stephenson's "Rocket" for a prize of five hundred pounds, and while he did not win the prize owing to an unfortunate breakdown of his engine near the goal, the pace of 32 miles an hour set by the "Novelty" as against the 24 miles per hour of the "Rocket," as well as its smoothness in running, proved it to be the better machine of the two. In fact, the

performance of his little locomotive was so remarkable as to greatly heighten his fame as an engineer.

The inventor was now in the prime of his mental powers and there issued from his hand and brain so many devices that a description of them would go far beyond the limits of this article. Not all of these were successful, but many of them, with here and there some slight modification, are in general use at this day. Perhaps the most curious and in some respects the most useful of his inventions at this period of his career was the Caloric Engine, in which heated air is used as the motive force in place of steam. This device, improved somewhat by others, is still in use in pumping on large farms, and as it needs no water in its operation it is especially useful in arid regions such as Arizona and New Mezico. Another product of this busy mind was the improvement of the "sounding lead" used for finding depths at sea, whereby the depth is registered upon a dial. This device, with some alteration, is still in use. Its greatest utility over its predecessor consists in enabling mariners to take soundings without stopping their ships.

While yet wedded to his engineering projects Ericsson's attention was attracted to a young member of the fair sex named Amelia Byam. She was a beautiful and lovely woman, "the most fascinating I have ever beheld," he used to say. She was nineteen and he thirty-three when they went to the altar and were married in St. John's Church, Paddington. Their married relation lasted until 1865, when they parted, and although a correspondence was kept up between them until

his death, they never met again. It was a case of two noble hearts divergent in their aspirations: the one a woman who craved devotion, the other a man with a creative desire that overshadowed all other motives of life.

His next great task in the inventive field was the screw propeller as applied to vessels. The principle was well understood before Ericsson's time, but he was the first to render it practicable, although he had to fight against others who claimed priority or infringement over the device until finally it was decided that it could not be protected by a patent. The British Government, however, divided $100,000 equally among five claimants, of which Ericsson was one. But money was, after all, not the end and aim of this great son of Sweden, as witness the fact that many of his inventions, including his greatest one soon to be mentioned, were not even patented, and hence we find him going bankrupt in England at the time of a widespread panic, and even for a short period immured in the debtor's prison in Fleet street.

But misfortune, while painful in its visitation, has often proved a blessing in disguise. He grew disgusted with the tenacity of the English admiralty for ancient forms and methods, and grasped the first opportunity to visit the land of opportunity, the land where his fame was destined to become firmly established,—the United States of America. His last work in England was to build a steamboat which he named in honor of his friend, Francis B. Ogden, fitted with two propellers working independently, which moved at the then remarkable speed of ten miles an hour,

but notwithstanding this performance the Lords of the Admiralty shut their eyes and refused to believe that the screw was a better propeller than the paddle. On the other hand, Lieutenant Robert F. Stockton, of the United States Navy, who accompanied Ericsson on the trip, was so gratified that he immediately ordered for the United States Navy two iron steamboats, to be fitted with Ericsson's steam machinery and propellers. One of these vessels was named by the inventor the "Robert F. Stockton." Their success was complete, and with this performance as a precursor and with Stockton's assurance of further encouragement, he sailed for New York in the Great Western, arriving on November 23, 1839.

After some difficulties owing to opposition from political sources he was awarded the contract for building a steam frigate which he named the "Princeton," in honor of Captain Stockton's place of residence in New Jersey. Now began his activities in earnest. From the Mechanics Institute in New York he won a prize with his fire engine. In 1841 the canal barge "Ericsson" was completed from his plans and on her first trip from Brockville to Montreal covered a distance of one hundred and forty miles in sixteen hours, besides keeping a safe course through the most tumultuous rapids of the St. Lawrence river. Many other vessels were now fitted with Ericsson's propeller until by the end of 1843 not less than forty-two boats were thus equipped.

Owing to the bursting of one of the big guns on the Princeton, in the construction of which gun Ericsson, by the way, took no part, the inventor brought forth a device which has come

into general use. Hoops of wrought iron were shrunk over the breech of the gun up to its trunnion-bands, arranged in two tiers, one above another, so as to break joints. Thus reinforced a gun was fired three hundred times with charges varying from 25 to 35 pounds of powder and with shot weighing 212 pounds, which pierced a wrought iron target 4½ inches thick. During the Civil War the large guns most used were those of Major Rodman and Captain Parrott, and these as forged and hooped were designed from Ericsson's weapon on the Princeton.

Passing over a number of inventions of minor importance but of considerable utility, we come now to the one original device which in the immediate effect it had upon the issue it was made to encounter and in the result its success had upon the method of naval warfare, has not been surpassed, if equalled, in the entire field of mechanical discovery.

At the critical moment in the Civil War when the converted frigate Virginia, renamed the Merrimac, was playing havoc with the Federal fleet at Hampton Roads, Ericsson, then fifty-nine years old, completed his famous iron-clad, the Monitor, and on March 6, 1862, she proceeded to the place of conflict, arriving at the Roads and on the scene of battle on the night of March 9th. She anchored in front of the frigate Minnesota, which was aground, and waited the renewal of the Merrimac's onslaught in the morning. The sloop Cumberland had already been sunk, the frigate Congress had been disabled and burned, both with an apalling loss of life, and now it was the Confederate iron-clad's intention to destroy

the Minnesota, which was helpless, as well as to complete the destruction of all the other ships in the vicinity, then go up the Potomac and attack Washington city. On the following morning the Merrimac came out to finish her work when her crew beheld a small object lying under the huge bow of the Minnesota which resembled what they termed a "tin can on a shingle," or a "cheese box on a raft," but Captain Jones, her commander, soon realized that the new outlandish vessel was his foremost adversary. It was a bright, sunny day, and throngs of spectators lined the shores to behold the duel. The Monitor came out to meet her and after a few introductory shots between them they closed at short range and the battle was on. "D——n it," said one of the men on the Merrimac when an eleven inch ball struck the Confederate craft such a blow that she shivered from stem to stern, "the thing is full of guns!" The Monitor offered such a small target and such a "slippery" one that, although struck twenty-two times, she suffered no appreciable injury, while the Merrimac was so beaten up that her engines could hardly work and sagging at the stern she quit the field never to return.

Chief Engineer Alban S. Stimers, U. S. N., who accompanied the Monitor as a military observer, in a letter to Ericsson soon following the battle, after describing the events of the day, concludes: "Captain Ericsson, I congratulate you upon your great success; thousands here this day bless you. I have heard whole crews cheer you; every man feels that you have saved the nation by furnishing us with the means to

John Ericsson Mausoleum, Filipstad, Sweden

whip an iron-clad frigate that was, until our arrival, having it all her own way with our most powerful vessels."

The tide of applause that flowed in upon the inventor was unprecedented. From State Legislatures, from Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade, from public meetings convened for the purpose, came laudations upon the Monitor and her inventor. On March 28, 1862, Congress passed a joint resolution acknowledging the enterprise, skill, energy, and foresight of Captain John Ericsson, displayed in the construction of the Monitor, which arrested the destruction then proceeding by the enemy, and according him the thanks of the nation for his great services.

From the construction of this wonderful little vessel Ericsson's only profit was as one of her builders; he did not patent it as an invention. Several years later it was proposed in Congress that the inventor should be accorded some material recognition for his services, but he replied: "Nothing could induce me to accept any remuneration from the United States for the Monitor invention, once presented by me as my contribution to the glorious Union cause, the triumph of which freed four million bondmen."

But, unlike so many who have served a great cause, there came substantial financial reward to our inventor by reason of the great demand for vessels of the Monitor type, and within a week from the encounter at Hampton Roads the Government requested him to build six monitors, and while these were still on the stocks he was requested to furnish the plans for four more. On June 18, 1862, the Secretary of the Navy

asked him to construct two monitors of a larger type, named the Dictator and the Puritan, the former having a displacement of 4,971 tons.

It has been truly said that "Ericsson was a great engineer because he was first of all a great man." But, like all great men, he had his eccentricities, his individualism; and having now considered him as an engineer, as a great inventor, let us look at him as a citizen.

At twenty-one he is described as handsome and dashing, with a thick cluster of brown curly hair encircling a white massive forehead. His mouth was delicate but firm, nose straight, eyes light blue, clear and bright but with a slight expression of sadness. His complexion was brilliant with the freshness and glow of healthy youth, and broad shoulders carried a most splendidly proud, erect head. He was fond of good attire and always appeared neatly and even richly dressed. Only within narrow bounds did he ever master the art of living with others, although he was kind and generous to the point of magnanimity. His real friends loved him. When he felt himself to be right he would not brook opposition. He loved children and would often romp and play with them. His own expertness made him an exacting master, and he was so accurate in his drawings and calculations that on one occasion when he had omitted a vent-hole in some plans his assistants were filled with glee because for once they had "got one on the old man." His love for the land that gave him birth was constant and deep. While he cherished America and became one of her adopted citizens, living

among the American people for fifty years, his "hemlangtan" never forsook him.

In 1867, when a terrible famine prevailed in large sections of his native land, he sent $5,600 for the purchase of grain seed for the next harvest. He loved his mother with all his heart and when nothing else could tempt him to leave his drawing board he would turn from it to respond to a letter from her, and these replies usually contained money for her comfort. To his sister in Sweden, Mrs. Odner, he gave a commodious house and the proceeds of a patent yielding a yearly income. He lived for two years at the Astor House in New York City, from whence he removed to 95 Franklin Street; here he remained until 1864, when he bought a house at 36 Beach Street for $20,000, where he made his home until his death. He seldom went out sightseeing, preferring the life of a recluse except when duty called him. He was always pondering some problem. His rules of living were simple in the extreme. His plain food and drink were carefully selected and exactly measured. After his fiftieth year he drank no alcoholic liquors. He was fond of strong tea and other aromatics, but never used tobacco in any form. His sleeping-room windows were always slightly open, winter and summer. For two hours every morning he practised calisthenic exercises, followed by a sponge-bath and a vigorous rubbing. Plumbing, as then prevailing, was not to his liking, and so there was no bath-room in his house. In his eighty-third year he wrote: "I have important work before me, and hence live like a man training for a fight. My reward is unbroken health. I digest my food

now as well as I did at thirty. Nor is my muscle less tough and elastic than at that age."

Ericsson's pride in his family name was as strong as his love for the land from which he sprung. This is illustrated by a letter to his brother Nils who, on being made a baron as a reward for his great services as chief of the construction of Sweden's system of railways, had altered the spelling of his name to "Ericson," thereby dropping one letter "s". On learning of this, he wrote: "I can never forget the unpleasantness caused me by this annulling of relationship. Possibly your wife has had her share in it. If so, she will find some day that the blotted out letter will cost her children half a million."

Among the many honors conferred upon the subject of our sketch, besides those already referred to, may be mentioned: By Sweden, Knight of the Order of Vasa, an order founded by Gustavus III to reward important service to the nation; Knight Commander of the Order of the North Star, for promoting the public good and useful institutions; Commander of the Order of St. Olaf, to reward distinction in the arts and sciences. From King Alfonso of Spain he received the Order of Naval Merit, with the white badge and star, which confers personal nobility and bestowed upon Ericsson the title of "Excellency." From the Emperor of Austria, a special gold medal for his labors in behalf of science. From the Society of Ironmasters of Sweden, a gold medal; and he was elected to honorary membership in scientific, historical, religious, and agricultural institutions innumerable. But he took most pride in his simple title of "captain,"

and in the diploma of LL. D. received from the Wesleyan University in 1882.

In his eighty-sixth year he drew the plans of his solar engine and received it from the work-shop shortly thereafter. This wonderful machine completed the great cycle of his inventive genius which began with the flame engine that he built in Jemtland, Sweden, seventy years before. Having lived so long a life he was forced to experience the loss of many relatives and steadfast friends, resulting in the gradual depression of his heroic spirit which aggravated the advancing feebleness of his frame. On February 23rd, 1889, the iron fabric gave way but the superb physique battled with the dark angel until the morning of March 8th, when his immortal soul drifted away to the shores of the great beyond.

The long and weighty record of his achievements now set forth in the daily press startled the busy world, most of whose votaries, absorbed in the eternal present and its alluring charms, had quite forgotten the venerable man who had spent the greater portion of his life in their midst. Tenderly they laid his body in a receiving vault of the Marble Cemetery in Second Street, New York, after an impressive funeral service at Trinity Church, attended by many personal friends, and representatives of Swedish and other leagues. But this was not destined to be his final resting place. In response to a desire expressed by the Swedish nation, and amid impressive ceremonies in the streets and harbor of New York City, his remains were taken back to Sweden by the United States government, on board the U. S. S. Baltimore on August 26, 1889, and on September 14th

the historic ship dropped anchor with its precious burden in the beautiful harbor of Stockholm. With honor and reverence the funeral train was greeted all the way from Stockholm to Filipstad, where the interment took place. Marking his place of burial and commemorating his achievements, there stands in Filipstad a magnificent Mausoleum, an excellent photographic reproduction of which accompanies this sketch.

In a message referring to the incident and discussing the relations of our country with the several nations of Europe, President Harrison said: "This restoration of the remains of John Ericsson to Sweden afforded a gratifying occasion to honor the memory of the great inventor, to whose genius our country owes so much, and to bear witness to the unbroken friendship which has existed between the land which bore him and our own, which claimed him as a citizen."

The Northland gave him birth and culture, America gave him means and opportunity, and to both in return he gave his all; to the first his unquenchable love and another star in her glorious firmament of illustrious names; to the other the richest fruits of his genius and his ardent zeal for the cause of Liberty and Union. He belongs to both. Neither can write its history without his name and achievements. It is fitting that he should have been taken back to the land that bore him, there to rest where he first beheld the teeming world in whose activities he was destined to play so important a part,—there to rest, in Filipstad, in his dear old Sweden, the place where he longed to be.

Engagement Between the Monitor
and Merrimac

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Bjornstjerne Bjornson

Often I wonder what there might be
  Over the lofty mountains!
Here the snow is all I see,
And 'round about the dark green tree;
  Yearning to leave, I ponder,—
  Dare I go over yonder?

Yes, we love thee with devotion,
  Land of mountain domes,
Rising storm-lashed o'er the ocean,
  With its thousand homes;
Love it, love it while we're thinking
  Of our forbears grand,
As the saga-night lies sinking,
  Dreaming on our land!

If the writer had done nothing else than create the foregoing lines, he would have won his way into the hearts of his countrymen. And, strangely enough, these stanzas, although but fragments of two of Norway's most beloved songs, reflect to a marked degree the nature of the man who wrote them. He longed to roam and often journeyed to see what there might be "over the lofty mountains" that hedged about his early home, but his deep, fervent love for the land that bore him always brought him back, back to its rugged peaks and fjords, to its

sagas and surges, to its wonderful crimson-yellow twilight that mingles and melts with the starry night, lingering on the horizon like a dream; back to father, mother and kindred, back to old neighbors and friends, to the people he loved so well.

Björnstjerne Björnson (Bear-star Bearson), affectionately known as "The Grand Old Man of Norway," was born in the parish of Kvikne, in the region of the Dovre Mountains of Norway, on December 8, 1832. His father, at the time pastor of the parish, was a typical son of the soil, of massive build and stern, rugged nature. Little is known of his mother, except that she was a woman of intelligence and refinement bent upon the education of her children. The father being transferred to another parish, that of Romsdal, in Western Norway, the family removed thither in 1838. Here the cold ruggedness of the mountain masses sharply contrast with the verdant splendor of the valley far below. Dark fjords with stretching arms reach far into the hinterland. In some places vertical cliffs rise to a prodigious height sheer from the water's edge, making withal a scene profoundly weird and grand.

Amid such scenes as these, this wildly beautiful environment, was fostered the youth whose poems and narratives breath the very air of Norway, and find a responsive chord in every heart filled with the love of nature and of nature's God.

When the boy was twelve years old, he was sent to the Grammar school at Molde, to prepare him ultimately for the University. But

like most young geniuses he was a dull student. "They want me to study and read so much," he said, "while I prefer to write." While he fondly dreamed of becoming a poet he was prosaically told that he was foolish. How often star-gazing is mistaken for stupidity! When at the age of fifteen he founded a society and started a paper called "Liberty," he was immediately christened an agitator, and treated accordingly. But there must have been something in the young man which induced his parents to persevere in their evident determination to make something of their son, for we find him at the age of twenty entering the Christiania University, where he found class-mates among such as Henrik Ibsen, Asmund Vinje and Jonas Lie, all destined to become men of great renown.

But, like Ibsen, young Björnson did not distinguish himself as a student. He was too much enamored of the Muse to dally with cold facts and figures, and his lively, robust nature rebelled against the monotonous droning of the class-room. Some one has aptly said that colleges are places where diamonds are dimmed and pebbles are polished; and hence it was doubtless fortunate for him as well as for the world that he played the truant in his studies and delved into poetry and journalism at every possible occasion, thereby maintaining a luster which the attrition of scholastic grind too often mars beyond repair in a mind where genius sits enthroned.

The course at the university was not completed, for finding its atmosphere too stifling for his bent he betook himself to writing dramatic

criticisms and reviews of current literature. A brief journey to Upsala, Sweden, whither he had gone as a correspondent, opened his eyes to a full consciousness of his special calling. "When I came back from the journey," he says, "I slept three whole days with a few brief intervals for eating and conversation. Then I wrote down my impressions of the journey, but just because I had first lived, then written, the account got style and color; it attracted attention, and made me all the more certain that the time had come. I packed up, went home, thought it all over, wrote and rewrote 'Between the Battles' in a fortnight, and traveled to Copenhagen with the completed piece in my trunk; I would be a poet!"

At the age of twenty-five he wrote what many regard as his masterpiece,—"Synnöve Solbakken." He was then residing in the Danish capital. It was a supreme moment in his life; he believed he had written a work of great merit, but would others regard it so? He succeeded in getting a reader of note to examine the work for a bribe of a bottle of punch. The critic read while the author with bated breath sat silently waiting for some expression of approval, but not a murmur escaped the reader. The poet was in great suspense, almost in agony at the protracted silence, with not a word of comemnt. At last the end was reached, the book was closed with a bang, while the reader rose and in a loud voice, quivering with excitement, exclaimed: "The devil may take me, if that isn't the best book I have read in all my life!"

A year later, in 1858, appeared "Arne," an-

other peasant idyl and perhaps the most remarkable of Björnson's works. In it may be found the poem the first verse of which heads this article. In it is pictured that longing propensity, so well emphasized in the national character, to overstep the narrow limits of life and be off—"over the lofty mountains"; the Viking instinct of a desire for travel and adventure. This story not only brought its author into the front rank of contemporary writers, but also marked a new era in Norwegian literature.

The following fifteen years of the poet's life were richly productive, including two prose idyls, "A Happy Boy" and "The Fisher Maiden," together with a number of smaller pieces of similar character, three plays drawn from the treasury of old Norse history, "King Sverre," "Sigurd Slembe," and "Sigurd Jorsalfer"; a dramatic setting of the story of "Mary Stuart in Scotland"; a social comedy entitled "The Newly Married Couple," which last was perhaps the precurser of his later preoccupation with themes of modern life. His only long poem, "Arnljot Gelline," is a wild narrative depicting the clash between heathenism and Christianity in the days of Olaf the Holy; and last, but by no means least, comes the collection of his "Poems and Songs."

At the age of forty Björnson had more than a dozen books to his credit, all written with a definite purpose of arousing his countrymen to a fuller consciousness of their own nature rooted in the heroic past. Thus in the very prime of life he stood as the creator of a literature of his people for the first time distinctly their own.

In 1877, he published his "Magnhild," a story dealing with the conventional morality. Then followed "Captain Mansana," in 1879, "Dust," in 1882, "The Flags Are Flying in City and Harbor," built upon the dual themes of heredity and education. "In God's Way," published in 1889, we have doubtless the book by which Björnson is best known in this country. It is an epitome of all the ideas and feelings that have gone to the making of the author's individualism and which have received such varied expression in his works. It teaches sweetness and righteousness as the true aim of religion rather than dogmatism and subserviance to outward form. "New Tales," a collection of which "Absalom's Hair" is the most important, followed in 1894, and "Mary," in 1896.

The achievement represented by this list is all the more remarkable when it is considered that during the thirty-five years covered in the writing of these plays, poems and novels, their author was, both as a public speaker and writer in the current press an active participant in the political and social life of his country.

Björnson was twice theatrical manager, from 1857 to 1859 in Bergen and from 1865 to 1867 in Christiania, the latter position being gotten for him by his famous contemporary, Ole Bull. Second only to Ibsen as a dramatist, he laid the foundation for the Norwegian stage. Among his best known plays are "Sigurd Slembe," a trilogy published in 1862, of which mention has already been made; "The Editor," treating of the degeneration of modern journalism, in 1874; and "Bankruptcy," published in 1875, the sub-

Björnson's Birthplace at Kvikne Parish, Norway

ject matter of which is a financial panic. This last was accorded an ovation not only in Norway but in all civilized countries.

The publication of "The King," in 1877, an attack on the institution of royalty, brought upon him the denunciation of the elite. His residence was stoned and he was threatened with imprisonment. In the sight of the royalists he had outraged both throne and altar. The truth is that his hand had fallen with such weight upon the assumed prerogatives of the privileged classes as to shake their citadel to its foundation. He was told that he had ceased to be a poet and had become an agitator. "Oh, yes; don't I know it!" he replied. "If you are to be a poet you must not mingle in the harsh and jarring tumult of this world. There is a prevalent idea that a poet is a long-haired man, sitting on the top of a tower and playing upon a harp while his hair is streaming in the wind. A fine kind of a poet that is! No, my boy, I am a poet not primarily because I write verse;—there are many who can do that, but by virtue of seeing more clearly, and feeling more deeply, and speaking more truly than the majority of men. All that concerns humanity concerns me. If by my songs or my speech I can contribute ever so little towards the amelioration of the lot of the millions of my poorer fellow creatures, I shall be more proud of that than of the combined laurels of Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe."

As an orator Björnson was the greatest that Norway has produced. Never was he more himself than when on the public rostrum. His

speech was like a torrent, every word and phrase was full of concentrated thought and meaning. His invective had something of the force of an avalanche, sweeping all before it.

The director of theatres, the editor of newspapers and contributor to many others, the promoter of schools and patriotic organizations, the participant in many political campaigns, the lay preacher of public and private morals, the chosen orator of his nation for all great occasions,—these are some of the characters in which Björnson must be viewed to form anything like a complete conception of his unique personality. It is perhaps true that he has influenced as many people by the living word as he has by the printed page, not only in his own land but in foreign countries as well. His magnificent physique, his powerful voice, enabled him to address with distinctness and force audiences numbering as high as twenty thousand at a time.

Besides frequent visits to Denmark, Sweden, and Finland, the poet made many lengthy sojourns in the chief centers of civilization, in Munic, Rome, and Paris. The longest of his foreign journeys was that which brought him to the United States in the winter of 1880-81, for the purpose of addressing his fellow countrymen in the Northwest, where, at Minneapolis, the writer of this sketch, while scarcely in his "teens," had the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing him speak.

Like many men who have risen to great fame, Björnson was fortunate in the possession of a good wife. She had not alone culture of mind and beauty of person, but what is of more

worth to a man,—she had faith in her husband and was a real helpmate. She read his manuscripts and with the intuition of her sex made many valuable suggestions for their improvement. She was industrious, economical and ambitious. Her heart was at rest in him, and the home she made for him was ever a haven of refuge and comfort from all the storms and vicissitudes of his intensely active career. How much a man owes to the benign influence of a good woman may not appear on the surface, for the modesty of her nature often makes her shun the blare of public acclaim, but graven on the heart of every man whose life has been similarly blessed is the deep conviction that without that vital prop he never could have withstood the surges of life's tumultuous sea.

Björnson was an innovator, an iconoclast. He disdained the authority of men and schools; he violated the unities and cared nothing for the models of the ancient world. A giant mentally as well as physically he threw all his immense energy into whatever engaged his attention for the time. From his Viking ancestors he inherited his stubborn characteristics and love of freedom. About the year 900 a troop of these Vikings, these "Wolves of the Sea," sallied up the Seine in their staunch ships. The people on the shore called to them: "Where are you from and who are your masters?" The defiant answer rang back over the waters: "We are from the round world and we call no man our master!" Björnson would have made the same reply.

For thirty years the poet lived upon his beau-

tiful estate of Aulestad in the Gausdal, a region of Southern Norway. Here he carried on the vocation of a gentleman farmer, and here, surrounded by his family,—wife, children and grandchildren—he spent the declining days of his life. Hither came streams of admirers and friends, both old and new, and enjoyed his generous hospitality. Neither was the stranger turned away —even though he came from a foreign land, but, on the contrary, was often greeted with the sight of his own country's flag waving its welcome to the master's abode.

For several of his latest years it had been the custom of the poet to spend the winter months in Paris, where the climate was more conducive to the comfort and health of one who had passed the allotted three-score years and ten. And it was here, in this historic city, in the midst of its ceaseless hum of vibrant life, that on April 26, 1910, at the very season when his mind doubtless pictured with hopeful longing the return of the spring-time among the valleys and fjords of his native land, and when in the beautiful woodlands of France the birds so sweetly herald the approach of smiling summer, that the great, warm, loving heart ceased to beat.

The news of his demise occasioned demonstrations of grief not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world. A warship was dispatched to bear his body to Christiania, and the King and Storthing of Norway decreed for his obsequies every mark of respect decreed for that a nation can bestow upon her illustrious dead.

Some day, I know, I shall safely be,
Over the lofty mountains;
Maybe Thy gate is ajar for me?
Father, thy home will be good to see;
But keep the gate closed a while longer,
Till my soul by trial is stronger!

Hans Christian Andersen

In these days of turmoil and strife, when the stress of class domination and greed for gain bid fair to thwart the higher and nobler purposes of tranquil minds, it is refreshing—nay, it is inspiring, to turn for a little while to the reverse of the unseemly spectacle and commune with the life and works of one whose advent into the world has cast a ray of sunshine into countless hearts and homes. It is inspiring, also, to note how a true, benignant character such as the subject of our sketch may, notwithstanding the circumstance of lowly birth, of pinching poverty and delicate health, win his way to the highest pinnacle of honor and fame in his chosen field and leave to posterity a legacy and a name more enduring than pillars of bronze or tablets of graven stone.

Hans Christian Andersen, the "Children's Poet," was born at Odense, Denmark, April 2nd, 1805. His father was a poor cobbler, his mother a woman of the plain and frugal peasant stock. The family occupied a single room which also served as a shoemaker's shop; the garden was reached by a ladder leading to the roof where the mother grew vegetables in a wooden box filled with earth. The furniture was home-made, the bedstead being constructed of boards taken from a discarded catafalque of a recently deceased nobleman, the shreds of sabel cloth which

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

still adhered in places serving as a cogent reminder of the solemn event.

But the father, although poor in purse, was rich in appreciation of good literature and over his work-bench were stored in a cupboard a small but choice collection of books, among them the "Arabian Tales" and works of Holberg and other noted authors of the period, and he frequently took his little son out into the woods and hills and spoke to him of the wonders and beauties of nature; and the mother, though of limited secular knowledge, was possessed of a strong, simple Christian faith which, by example rather than preachment, she instilled in the heart of the susceptible boy whereby he acquired a profound reverence and an abiding trust in Divine beneficence which not only bore him up through his early trials but casts a radiance over all his works. A striking illustration of this abiding faith occurred one day while he was playing in the fields to which his mother had gone to harvest. A certain undersheriff, who was more of a bully than a bailiff, bore suddenly down upon the gleaners with a huge whip in his hands, whereupon all the women ran away, including little Hans, but the latter having on wooden shoes and these being cast in his rapid flight he was soon overtaken on account of the wounding of his feet by the newly cut stubble. The ruffian grasped him firmly by the collar and raised his whip to strike the shrinking lad, whereupon the boy looked up in the face of his captor and with voice shaking with emotion said: "How dare you strike me when God can see it!" The fellow instantly

lowered his whip, and (wonders to relate!) not only released his victim but gently patted him on the head and gave him a piece of money!

The father died when our poet was still in his childhood; the mother went out to wash and the boy was left alone with his toys and books. At the house of a clergyman he became acquainted with Shakespeare's works and from these and passages in the Bible he constructed a rude tragedy—his first attempt in literature, which he named "Abor and Elvira." This he read in part to whoever would listen but received only ridicule and jeers. The boy went trembling to his mother. "She only laughed," said the indulgent woman, referring to a certain old lady who had been especially bitter in her criticism, "because her own son had not done so well." Ah, mother! it is to you that many a struggling boy owes whatever of noble trait and character his life has shown. A noted crone of the neighborhood had read in the grounds of her coffee-cup that the boy through many trials would eventually become a great man and that his native town would some day be illuminated in his honor, and whether by reason of this glowing prophecy or the subtle instinct of her sex, the mother managed to save from her hard-earned pittance at the wash-tub sufficient money wherewith to send him—though not without an aching heart, for it left her all alone and was the only treasure she possessed—to Copenhagen, the beautiful city of his dreams.

Young Hans arrived in the Danish capital with only ten dollars in his pocket—a spare strip of a boy, a total stranger to the world—a mere

chip on the crest of a troubled sea; but he had confidence, for did he not carry a letter of introduction to Madame Schall, the famous danseuse, which a journeyman printer in Odense had given him—although, forsooth, the aforesaid printer had no acquaintance with the lady! Before he raised the knocker of her door he fell upon his knees and prayed that he might here find help and encouragement. A pretty domestic appeared with a market-basket on her arm, looked complacently at the kneeling boy and gave him a "skilling," much to his surprise and chagrin, for he thought his Sunday-clothes would prevent his being taken for a beggar. Admitted to the presence of the danseuse he explained his errand, his longing for the stage, handed her the letter of the printer and asking her permission to remove his boots began to dance and sing a part from the play of "Cinderella," using his hat for a tambourine. The astonished lady thought him out of his mind and made haste to rid herself of his presence. Nothing daunted he sought the manager of the theatre, but was told to go away, that he was too young, and they engaged only persons of education.

Deeply wounded but not entirely discouraged, he wept bitterly but said: "When everything happens quite miserably then He sends help. I have always read so. People must first suffer a great deal before they can bring anything to accomplishment." He bought a ticket for the play. It was "Paul and Virginia." Here he wept. A market-woman near told him not to take it so much to heart, that it was only a play,

and gave him a piece of her sausage sandwich. He told her he was not weeping at the parting of Paul and Virginia but the stage was "his Virginia" and that he was parting from "it", whereupon the good woman gave him another piece of her sandwich.

The next morning he paid his bill at the hotel and found to his dismay that the remainder of his wealth consisted of a single dollar. He must now either write home for help or find something to do that would sustain life. He chose the latter course—there was metal in this boy! Want of space forbids the tracing of his many attempts and vicissitudes in trying to gain a footing for a livelihood, suffice it to say that in a bedraggled and starving condition he knocked one day at the door of the noted Siboni, director of the Academy of Music, who happened at the very moment to have a party of distinguished guests at dinner, among them the celebrated composer Weyse and the poet Baggesen. The housekeeper opened the door and to her he related not only his desire for an interview with the director but the details of his struggles to gain an entrance to the stage, and offered to sing for her then and there to prove his fitness for the opera. She listened with sympathy to the outpouring of this boy's soul to her and retired to the company within to whom she repeated the wistful story. They all came forward to the doorway and led the frightened boy into the spacious parlor, for here was indeed an unexpected diversion—a piece of drama from real life! He was left in the middle of the room and told to do his best to entertain the merry

Andersen's Birthplace at Odense, Denmark

company. With flushed face and throbbing pulse the boy launched forth with a song from Holberg, recited a favorite poem, and then, the sense of his unhappy situation contrasting with the luxury and contentment about him, he burst into a flood of tears whilst his auditors applauded with enthusiasm this unexpected exhibition of genuine emotion.

The poet Baggesen, quick to discern the quality of budding genius, said: "I prophesy that one day something will come out of this young man, if the world does not spoil him by sullying his pure, true nature." Siboni promised to cultivate his voice so as to take him into the chorus at the Royal Theatre, and Professor Weyse told him to come and see him the next day. The boy was led out of the essembly. How he spent the interim is not known, but the next day when he called upon Weyse he was told that the company of the previous night had raised the sum of seventy dollars wherewith to assist him in beginning his career. The reader will bear in mind that these were the days when those in higher places considered it a duty and a privilege to help aspiring youth whenever it was thought that such assistance would tend to the promotion of the arts or redound to the glory of the fatherland.

Hans now wrote his mother for the first time since his departure. It was a letter full of hope and promise. The mother's heart bounded with joy and she ran about the neighborhood reading its contents to the astonished gossips, most of whom had predicted the early collapse of the dreams of her aspiring prodigy. Fancy a moth-

er's joy and secret pride at such an opportunity! But the struggles of our young enthusiast were not yet over, albeit gaunt hunger no longer stalked his path. For two years he labored on, often living upon one meal a day; it was soon discovered that the lyric stage was not for him, that his bent was literature of the gentler kind, but all his writings were rejected; he lacked education and literary style, the critics said. By sheer force of attrition—the constant dropping that wears away the stone, he drew the attention of men who could and did help him to secure an education. These were Collin, director of the Royal Theatre, and no less a person than the Danish sovereign, Frederick VI, to whom the former appealed on behalf of the budding poet. He was granted a small stipend to enable him to attend the grammar school at Slagelse, twelve Danish miles from Copenhagen. From here he was removed to the grammar school at Helsingör. It was while attending this latter school that he wrote his celebrated poem, "The Dying Child," the first of his writing to gain attention and favorable acknowledgment, and, we might add, one of the most beautiful lyrics to be found in the Danish language. And yet he was chided by several foolish and thoughtless persons for venturing to write on such a theme at this early advent into the realm of letters. His rector took him severely to task, pronounced the poem a piece of driveling sentimentality and idle trash. But Collin, learning of this outrageous conduct of the crusty pedagogue, immediately had his protégé removed from his school. On the boy taking his leave the rector

cursed the unoffending lad, told him he would never amount to anything, that his verses would grow mouldy on the floor of the book-seller's shop and that he would end his days in the madhouse. This rector is long since gone and forgotten, but "The Dying Child" is today, as it has been from the day it was written, a thing of such transcendent charm that it shines forth from the page as a scintillating star, stirring the soul to the depths in its tender appreciation of the beautiful innocence of childhood.

From this point the path of the poet began to brighten, but being of very limited means he took lodgings in a garret from which soon issued from his pen the exquisite little work "A Picture Book Without Pictures." It met with an instant response. Then came the touching story reflecting his own struggles, "Only a Fiddler." Next followed the gayly colored arabesque, "A Journey on Foot from the Holm Canal to the East Point of Amack." No publisher could be found to take it, so he brought it out himself. The sketch ran through three editions in short order. The King increased his stipend so as to enable him to travel through Europe and the Orient, for his literary labors brought him but a meagre return at this time. In the course of his travels he became personally acquainted with many of the world's most illustrious men and women of the period but cherished most the friendship of Charles Dickens, the English novelist; Mendelssohn, the German composer; Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale; Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet and author; and Thorvaldsen, the Danish sculptor.

The sudden death of his beloved mother occurred while he was in Rome, too soon, alas, to enable the poet to bestow upon her those special comforts which a little later would have been her share in his altered fortune, but he had frequently visited her and from abroad came to her tidings of his ascending star. "Thank God," said the weeping poet when his old friend Collin wrote him of the sad event, "her days of poverty are over, and she died in the belief that I had become famous." That belief was well founded, for soon all Europe was to ring with praise for the gentle spirit that in the midst of stress and strain had come to remind the world of the intimate thoughts of its children.

His novel, "The Improvisitore," and that delightfully descriptive narrative, "The Poet's Bazaar," were the fruits of his travels in foreign lands, to which should be added his graphic story, "In Spain," which practically concluded his writings of the more pretentious kind, although he wrote several dramas, some of which were produced with success, notably "The Mulatto," and "Mer end Perler og Guld," which ran one hundred nights in Copenhagen. But he "found himself," to borrow a current phrase, when he began writing stories for children, those indefinable, subtle imageries from wonderland, with their invariably pointed moral which has made his name known in every land where spoken language has found its way in print. Here are some of the vanguard of the grotesque, the picturesque and heart-engrossing tales: Ole Lukoi (Shut-eye), The Tin Soldier, The Ugly Duckling, The Little Match-Girl, The Shadow,

Holger Danske, The Red Shoes, The Snow-Man, the Tinder Box, The Princess on the Pea, and Elise and the Wild Swans.

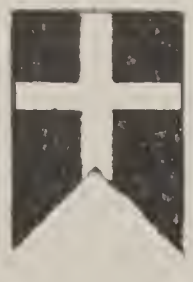
His style in writing these tales was unique: "Listen, children, now you shall hear!" "A soldier came marching along the great highway, one-two, one-two." "They put him in the dark, dark cell—there he sat!" "Now we will begin at the beginning, and when we are through we shall know much more than we do now." "'I do not thank you for that,' said the stork-mother to the storkfather, 'but you are the head of the house, and I have nothing to say—except at hatching-time."

He never married, poverty preventing an early attachment until he became wedded solely to his art.

From persons of high rank in various parts of the world there were bestowed upon the poet many tokens of personal esteem as well as insignias of special honor, among them the Order of the Red Eagle from the King of Prussia, and the title of State Councilor from Christian VIII of Denmark; but of all his distinctions the one valued most was the celebration which took place at Odense on December 4th, 1869, where at last the prophecy of the soothsayer was to be fully realized and where he beheld with feelings of mingled pride, joy and pathos the illumination of his native city in his honor.

In 1872 he wrote the last of his wonder-stories. Shortly thereafter he met with an accident at Innebruck from which he never entirely recovered, but his declining years were spent in comfort, thanks to the income from his works and

the kind ministrations of troops of friends. So great was the concern and sympathy excited by his physical misfortune among the children, especially those of the United States, that under the mistaken belief that he was in need of financial aid a considerable sum was collected for his benefit, which later took the form of purchase of a fine addition to his library. His last years were lived in peace and contentment at his beautiful villa, "Rulighed," surrounded by all the enjoyments that money and loving kindness can bestow, where, after a brief and painless illness, he passed away on August 1st, 1875. A statue had already been erected to his honor, and he was buried under the auspices of the Danish government with ceremonies and a solemnity befitting the funeral of a king, as indeed he was, not as temporal ruler, to be sure, but as monarch of a realm greater and more magnificent than any other—the enduring kingdom of the heart, which finds its best expression from impulse of its childhood, for "men are only boys grown tall, hearts don't change much after all."



GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington

The influence of a single character upon the destiny of a nation was never more clearly shown than in the advent of Washington. He stands out in history as an example of self-abnegation, sterling integrity and heroic virtue unsurpassed in the annals of mankind. Born in the purple of aristocracy, schooled in the system of royalty and distinction, and surrounded by the material comforts of wealth, he became by choice a friend of the poor and oppressed, a champion of a new civl economy and a partaker of the sorrows and privations of a people struggling to be free. He who might have spent his life in ease upon his inherited estates, purchasing immunity from service if need be, he whose opportunity and situation might have led him to prefer the placid life of a country gentleman waxing rich on the labors of his fellowmen, called by his heart as well as by his country, girded on his sword, bade farewell to his bride, to his beautiful home, to a life of luxury and contentment and for the best portion of his allotted years, years of danger, of sacrifice, of toil, of bitter contention and strife, battled, labored and suffered for pure love of justice and the great principle of human liberty.

It has become the fashion of some biographers

in later years to cast doubt upon the alleged precocity of Washington as a youth, by pointing out the lack of foundation in fact for the stories told of his childhood days, notably the one about the cherry tree and the hatchet, but this as well as other stories, like many tales of those who rise to fame, are true in the sense that they illustrate in simple language the predominant trait of his character—that of inflexible honesty and candor. You may destroy the literal frame of these stories, if you will, but you cannot obliterate their purport as long as the life they were meant to body forth tallies with their inner meaning. They are the early index of a child that was indeed father to the man and spell the promise of future greatness as unerringly as the bend of the twig forecasts the growth and vigor of the tree.

As a boy Washington showed unmistakable signs of leadership and matured faster in both mind and body than is the case of the average child. He grew tall, straight and muscular, fond of contests of endurance and skill, of sport and adventure. He early showed a love of learning, of discipline of the mind and of symmetry and order in the everyday conduct of life. He chose the art of field surveying from his fondness of nature and her intricate forms so admirably squaring with the law of being. The menace of the frontier by the Indians brought out his spirit of resentment toward the infringement of established laws. In 1751, at the age of nineteen years, he was appointed adjutant general in the organizing and equipping of the militia of Virginia. Later he was sent, in the

midst of a rigorous winter on an important mission far into the interior, in the effort to negotiate a peace with the French and their Indian allies who claimed a large section of the Ohio valley as their exclusive trading and hunting ground. In the command and forwarding of this expedition his behavior marked him as a young man of exceptional qualities. Again, in a subsequent expedition of a more aggressive nature, he received his first baptism of fire and won his first military victory as well as the approbation of his superiors for his skill, courage, sagacity and endurance. His management of the retreating remnants of Braddock's illfated campaign displayed an important element in his nature not hitherto brought forth—that of fortitude and steadiness in time of extreme adversity.

When the ominous clouds of the Revolution hovered he sought the vanguard of those who staked their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" on the outcome of the Declaration of Independence. By a spontaneous choice of the people of the united colonies he was appointed commander of the revolutionary forces, and for eight long years he battled bravely on, often with an ill-fed, half-clothed and underpaid army of raw recruits, with treachery and intrigue stalking his path and malice and calumny snapping at his heels, in the face of superior, well trained and equipped veterans, retreating to avoid complete disaster and so adroitly slipping away from the carefully laid plans and traps of adepts in arms as to earn for him the sobriquet of "The sly old fox." Like a skillful athlete who

awaits the psychologic moment while his powerful adversary wastes his strength in blunt exertions of weight and force, he bided his time, husbanded his energies, stood fast upon the principle that right must win and that a just cause will always find defenders, and when the opportune moment had arrived, when as if in answer to his secret prayers in the snow-covered thickets of Valley Forge succor came with the help of that noble chevalier the Marquis de Lafayette and his valient soldiery from the land of Louis the XVI, thereby offsetting the mercenaries of Hess and Brunswick, he turned about as a tiger turns at bay and struck a blow that resounded and still resounds throughout the world for the glory of the greatest nation it has ever seen, when Cornwallis capitulated and the flag with the thirteen bars took the place of the Union Jack on the fame-circled field at Yorktown.

Someone has said that Washington had not the power of eloquence and lacked the springs of intimate affection. But this must be entirely untrue. There is in the strict enforcement of well-directed discipline a greater regard for the good of others than was ever wasted in loose-formed methods or temporary expedients based an transient demands. There is in the straightforward utterances of a candid mind that sees the ultimate benefit from present sacrifice, of standing firm by the immutable laws of justice, an eloquence and warmth of heart with which no impulsive action or flambuoyant appeal of studied rhetoric can compare. When in the bitter disappointment of seeming defeat, with the

pangs of hunger and the longing for home and fireside, for wife and children, goaded his troops toward the verge of a despicable revolt, he appeared before them with a written address prepared in the vigils of the night which he started to read to them, but finding by the dimness of the light and his failing sight that he could not read it, he fumbled for a moment for his glasses with the unstudied remark, as eloquent as it was significant, that he had not only grown grey but blind in their service. It was enough, and although he read his speech it was unnecessary after that first freighted and pathetic sentence. His men crowded forward to take his hand, the air rang with the shouts of "Long live Washington," and all thought of revolt was over.

Following the victory at Yorktown the war came to an end and after surrendering his commission and receiving the thanks of Congress and a grateful people, he turned with a sigh of relief toward that mecca of his hopes and dreams, old Mount Vernon, to rest, as he was fond of expressing it, under his "own vine and fig tree." The cares and hardships of many campaigns had made him old beyond his years and he longed to live the remainder of his days in peace, removed from the turmoil of public life. But only a little while elapsed before he was called by unanimous choice to fill the office of the first president of the new Republic, although, as he wrote to Lafayette, it had no fascinating allurements for him. He returned to official life not from choice but from devotion to his country which demanded his services as an act of duty, and again he stipulated that

under no circumstances would he receive pay for such service. He came to the presidential chair at a time when the conflicting claims of the colonies in the adjustment of their expenditures for the war and their fears and jealousies lest one district should gain some advantage over the other, made his labors arduous in the extreme. In the strictness of his administration and insistence upon what he believed was right and just, he was accused of wanting to set himself up as dictator and even as a monarch. This last pierced him like a knife-thrust and at a cabinet meeting he gave vent to his temper—a rare occurrence, although high-spirited by nature—by bringing his fist down upon the table before him and exclaiming with flashing eyes that so far from wanting to become king was he that he might be d——d if he wouldn't rather return to private life than become emperor of the world!

Though he neither sought nor desired a second term as president he was prevailed upon to accept it on the score of critical situation in which the young nation found itself—and he the only one upon whom the people could or would implicitly rely, and so, though his health was failing and his vision of retirement and rest was again to be dissipated, he took up the task and for four more years gave his richest service to the land he loved so well. At the end of his second term a clamor arose for his continuance in office, but he resolutely declined, not only for reasons personal to himself but to prevent a precedent of continuance in office inimical to the maintenance of a republic. The country had

Washington's Home at Mount Vernon

now arrived at a point where he felt, also, that his services were no longer needed, that other, younger and perhaps abler men were at hand to take his place, that considerations he owed to his family demanded that he should have to himself the few remaining years that were left to him in which to live.

His farewell address is America's greatest civic classic. It is the corner-stone of that unwritten law of moral duty graven on the hearts of the American people which time can never efface. The fatherly affection it shows, the solicitude it expresses, the dangers it points out, the benediction it bestows, are his legacy to the people he loved and the land for which he gave the ripest and best years of his life. No one familiar with the life of Washington can read it without deep emotion, no lover of liberty, of honesty, of sacrifice for the good of others, of patriotism that knows no selfish motive, should be without it so that he might turn to it time and again for inspiration, for strength, for courage and conviction in the time of his country's need.

In closing this humble tribute, let us listen to his parting words: "Though in viewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence and that after forty-five

years of life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansion of rest. Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free Government,—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers."

Washington died, as he had lived, a brave and generous man, in his sixty-seventh year, at his Mount Vernon home, after a brief illness caused by an attack from a severe cold. His breathing was labored and painful but he bore it without complaint, saying he knew his time had come, but that he was not afraid to die. His sole concern was for the welfare of those whom he was leaving behind, for his beloved wife and others who had long been the recipients of his bounty and paternal care. When he had assured himself that his affairs were in proper order he sank back upon his pillow requesting the weeping group about him not to grieve, saying that he was merely paying a debt which we all must pay. Noting that his secretary took pains frequently to turn him in his bed in order to relieve his suffering, he said to him: "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," whereupon

being assured to the contrary, he replied, "Well, it is a duty we owe to each other and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

And thus, patiently, resignedly, as noble a spirit as ever graced humanity, as ever labored for its cause, as ever raised and bore aloft the standard of an independent race, a banner whose shimmering folds greet the light of a civilization the greatest and best the world has ever known —passed to the mystic shores from which it came, leaving a memory that will forever pulsate in the hearts of the living in the tender appellation—"The Father of his Country," and the glorious tribute, "First in War. First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Fellow-citizens.

Carl Linne

Among the illustrious names adorning that great branch of natural history known as Botany, there is one to which was affixed the distinguishing title "King of the Flowers"; and that name is Linné.

Carl Linné, or as Latinized, Linnæus, was born at Råshult, Småland, in the south of Sweden, May 23, 1707. His father, Nils Linné, was a clergyman who, besides preaching, made a practical study of plants and flowers, and his frequent reference to these as well as his propagation of them about the premises of the parsonage early impressed the young Carl with an extraordinary interest in plant life. At the tender age of four we find him making a garden of his own in the corner of his father's yard.

Determined, however, to make a clergyman of their boy the parents in due time sent him to the Latin School at Wexio, where he remained eight years, but his real study days were when, in vacation, he tramped the thirty miles to his own home, stopping frequently on the way to renew acquaintances with his old friends, the trees, the birds and the flowers. His thoughts were on the great outdoors, and his school studies lagged to such an extent that his teachers finally dubbed him a dunce and recommended

CARL LINNÈ

to the father that he put him to learning a trade, for, said they, "a clergyman he will never be."

But there was one who differed with the learned professors at Wexio, a noted physician, Dr. Rothman, who informed the father that young Linné would, if properly encouraged, make a first-rate physician, and offered to take him to his home as a student.

The mother, whose father and grandfather had both been clergymen, was greatly disappointed, laying it all to the garden which the child had been permitted to cultivate; and when his younger brother showed an inclination to carry it on she admonished him significantly, "Don't you dare to touch it!"

After spending some time with Dr. Rothman Carl was sent to the university at Lund armed with a letter to the Latin Master wherein the good doctor extolled in somewhat equivocal language the virtues of his gifted protégé. Here he found lodgings with Dr. Stobœus, a famous medical savant but a perfect hypochondriac owing to advancing age and infirmities. Here, however, he found a friend in the person of a fellow student close in the confidence of the old physician, and, who, in exchange for Carl's help in solving the mysteries of the "materia medica" brought him the doctor's books on botany, for Carl, in spite of his studies and labors in the medical science, was still hopelessly in love—with flowers. Nothing could estrange him from these, his first enchantresses. He was, as the poet has sung:

"Like a vase in which roses have once been
distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

While at Lund, on one of his surreptitious wanderings in search of floral specimens, he nearly lost his life from the poisonous sting of an adder. Some years later, in his natural history, he retaliated on the venomous creature by naming it "furia infernalis."

On a visit to his parents at Stenbrohult he made a catalogue of the plants in his father's garden, comprising two hundred and twenty-four varieties,—a fact that indicates both the skill of the son and the no mean botanical inclination of the father. Among the list we find the potato (Solanaceæ Tuberorum), which was then, in 1730, cultivated as a rare plant, until some twenty years thereafter, when it began to be grown for food.

Greatly encouraged by the now evident genius of their son, his parents opened their meager purse and sent him to the great University of Upsala, but it was all they had, he was told, and he must thenceforth shift for himself. Here, although making remarkable progress in his studies, he came near to starving as his little stipend dwindled away, was often forced to depend upon chance for a meal and to wear the cast-off clothes of his fellow students. He was now in his twenty-third year, an age when the attractions of worldly pleasures are usually the hardest to withstand; yet he clung to his flowers

as though he might devour their beauty with his eyes and glean a shred of sustenance from their soothing fragrance.

But the reward that comes from long and earnest endeavor, from sincere and constant effort, the desire that sacrifices every consideration at whatever cost to one unbending purpose, came to this struggling boy as it has come to many others fired with a similar devotion to a great ideal. He was sitting one day in the botanical gardens of Upsala sketching a plant, when Dean Celsius, the great orientalist and theologian, passed his way, noticed his evident poverty, inquired into his situation and ended by engaging him to classify and arrange a large collection of botanical specimens the Dean had gathered in the Holy Land. "That day Linnæus left his attic room and went to live in the Dean's house. His days of starvation were over."

We next find him lecturing in the Botanical Gardens where the students came in great numbers to hear him. Later, through the influence of his benefactor, he traveled over Lapland in search of its singular flora, and writing of his wandering journey of over three thousand miles as fascinating an account of scientific exploration as was ever penned, embodied in his "Flora of Lapland." He next led an expedition into the Dalecarlia mountains where, at Falun, he met Baron Reuterholm, Sweden's copper magnate. Here he started a school of mineralogy, introducing both science and system into a business which theretofore had been a wasteful process of "hit and miss." And here he met

and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Dr. John Moræus and was promised the hand of his adored if in three years he should prove his ability to support a wife. And Elizabeth—for that was her name—promised to wait for him; not only so, but she gave him her savings of one hundred dollars, to help him speed the nuptial day; she was of the old-fashioned kind!

With his scant treasury thus augmented he posted off to Hardewyk, Holland, plunged into the study of medicine and secured his doctor's degree, but in the bottom of his portmanteau he carried the manuscripts of two books on botany and at Leyden he found friends who brought out his initial effort,—"Systema Naturæ," in which for the first time is set forth a scientific division of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. It laid the foundation for his fame. Zoologists to the present day point to the tenth edition of this work as the basis of their profession.

Notwithstanding the attacks and criticisms that now assailed him from students of the older school, treatise upon treatise followed his first venture in rapid succession until after writing seven volumes—a whole botanical library, he turned homeward to his beloved Sweden and to the sweetheart who was still waiting, although four long years had passed since their betrothal. But the marriage was not yet to be, said the stern Dr. Moræus, for the prospective bridegroom had not acquired the stipulated wherewithal, and so all the young lovers could do was to renew their plighted troth, and with a purpose thus sustained he turned to that Eldorado

Linne's Birthplace at Råshult, Sweden

of Sweden's youth, the splendid city of Stockholm, there to resort to the practice of medicine in order to secure a more certain livelihood, and —to wait. Curiously enough, however, this very profession of medicine helped, in an unlooked-for way, the progress of his botanical career. The Queen having a stubborn cough heard one day from a maid in waiting that Dr. Linnæus' prescription for a cold had cured her quickly of a similar ailment. The Queen sent for him and as a result he rapidly acquired a lucrative practice by reason of being known as the Queen's physician. Being now able to produce sufficient credentials he went to claim his bride and on June 26, 1739, married his constant Elizabeth and returned with her to the great city where fortune had so unexpectedly favored him. Yet he was not entirely happy, for his favorite study had been neglected, sacrificed, as it were, upon the altar of Mammon. "Once I had flowers and no money," he said, "now I have money and no flowers."

But his fame as a physician had now reached the ears of the directors of the great university, and we next find him filling the chair of Professor of Medicine at Upsala, a position he soon exchanged, however, with the famous Dr. Rosen for that of Biology, and so, at last, reached the goal of his ambition, holding the exalted position for thirty-seven years!

As a practical method in his course of teaching he frequently made excursions on foot out into the country accompanied by a large class of students. It presents one of the most pleasing and picturesque episodes of his life to read

of the trimphal return of the party at evening, garlanded with flowers, heralding its approach to the city with shouts of joy and flourish of trumpets, reminding one of the famous vintage festivals of ancient times.

"What the lines of longitude and latitude did for geography Linnæus' genius did for botany." He conceived and carried out the grand idea of reform in botanical method and nomenclature. His binominal system revolutionized, and from chaos brought order into, the beautiful study of nature. During this period he wrote his "Bibleotheca Botanica," his "Classes Plantarum," and his "Critica Botanica," and, after a close examination of the characters of eight thousand flowers, brought out his crowning work, "Genera Plantarum," upon which event he adopted the motto: "Tantus amor florum" (So great is the love of flowers). The King made him a Knight of the Polar Star, an honor never before conferred for literary merit. Being made a noble he adorned his crest with the "Linnea borealis," the little pink-belled flower he discovered in the days of his poverty, struggling amid the moss and stunted spruce of northern Lapland.

Now he was known as Carl "von" Linné. His fame grew apace. The students at Upsala increased from five hundred to fifteen hundred, and they came from the four corners of the earth. During the time of his greatest activities he was the most conspicuous figure in the world of science.

Although not fitted for the clergy, Carl Linné was a pious man. Over the door of his lecture

room he had inscribed in Latin "Live Guiltless, God sees you," and perceiving the dawn of the day of bacteriology he thanked God for "permitting him a glimpse into His wondrous work shop."

At the age of seventy a stroke of apoplexy nearly laid him low. "Linnæus limps," he said laconically, "can hardly walk and is scarce able to write." These are among the last notes in his diary. A year later, on January 10, 1778, his gentle soul winged its way to the land of eternal blooms.

The nation and all the scientific world were deeply moved by the passing of so splendid a character, and the King (Gustavus III) in a speech from the throne lamented in eloquent terms the great loss that Sweden had sustained in the death of her beloved countryman.

Near the old Upsala Cathedral in which he lies buried, with his wife—the same steadfast Elizabeth, stands a monument of dark porphyry, with the plain smooth-shaven face in bronze, bearing the inscription: "Carlo a Linné. Botanicorum Principi Amici et Discipuli, 1798."

Of Linné's six children, the eldest daughter inherited much of her father's genius, being the first to discover the luminous property of the nasturtium flowers at night.

HENRIK IBSEN

Henrik Ibsen

The subject of our sketch has been the theme of critics, many of whom content themselves with praising what is palpably good and condemning what to them seems unintelligible, while at the same time conceding, as they must, that Henrik Ibsen was one of the greatest dramatists of the nineteenth century. But to one whose aim is not so much to analyze as to extract the metal from the matrix and who essays the task from the standpoint of kinship to an allied race, Henrik Ibsen and his work are the natural product of a seeming design of the Creator to enrich the world at intervals with minds that make for the advancement of mankind in all the branches of useful knowledge.

At the very threshold of our narrative we behold a picture as old as recorded history—a child of the common people, in obscure surroundings, hedged in by poverty and all the untoward circumstances that seem to wait upon the cradle, youth and early manhood of all the torchbearers and pathfinders of the world. Henrik Ibsen (baptized Henrik Johan) was born in Skien, Norway, March 20, 1828. His father, Knud Ibsen, was a native-born merchant; the mother was of German descent. His ancestors on the male side were Scotch and Danish, the latter being the nationality of his great-grandfather, Peter Ibsen, a sea-captain from Möen.

His grandfather, who also followed the sea, was wrecked off Hesnæs, near Grimstad, on the southeast coast of Norway, and there lost his life with all on board.

The family residence at Skien was in a house facing the town pillory, a church, the lock-up, the grammar school, and an asylum for the insane, all within ear-shot of the ceaseless droning of waterfalls cut through by the sharp screeching of saws at work in the adjacent mills. When the boy was eight years of age his father failed in business and betook himself with his family to the only remnant of his worldly possessions—an old farm homestead called "Venstöb," in the outskirts of Skien. Young Henrik was sent to school with the other children (there were four), where he received the rudiments of a common school education, including a little Latin and some theology, all without any special indication of the future remarkable development of his intellect. He was gloomy, brooding and withal a rather ungainly youth—a sort of "ugly duckling."

At the age of fifteen, his father's affairs being in even a worse condition than before, he was taken from school and apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad, a grim little town off whose rugged coast his grandfather was drowned. In this small, isolated, brooding corner of the world, unconnected except by steamer, looking out into the east wind over a dark bay dotted with unnamed rocks, for six long years lived and drudged one of the greatest imaginations that Europe had produced for a century.

But the young pharmacist, while brewing

boneset in the little low-roofed apothecary shop, was also boning over some musty tomes which he had brought with him, among them an old Norse family Bible and "Harrison's History of London" in English, which he could not read, but, as he makes one of his characters say in "Brand," it was an interesting book because "it was left behind by an old sea-captain who was drowned; it must be a hundred years old, and there are such heaps of pictures in it; at the beginning there is Death with an hour-glass and a woman."

During these grey, formative years he has been described as rude, truculent and contradictory, even "spectral," which characterizations later took the more dignified form of "pessimist," "iconoclast" and "hypochondriac"; but to the writer he appears as one of the most subtle satiric-humorists of his time, using for his purpose materials hitherto considered incapable of yielding aught but the most unsalutary product.

In this lost cranny, with its little coterie of the "exclusive set" which finds its way even in the remotest nestlings of society, he began to indict carricatures and pungent epigrams of certain pompous individuals of the locality which naturally excited the wrath of the victims just in proportion as it engendered the hilarity of the supposedly less favored class. Unfortunately these quibs have become lost, otherwise we might here exhibit the very chick of Ibsen's mental development. But these sallies were not the only early earmarks of his literary genius, for when the day's work in the shop was over we find him creeping to his garret and by the

flicker of his tallow-light venting his pent enthusiasm for the world of letters in the construction of a drama based on the historic conspiracy of Cataline, to which he gave the more correct title of "Catalina." This labor he varied by composing numerous lyrics, such as "By the Sea," "Doubt and Hope," "The Sources of Memory," "Autumn," and "Ball-room Memories," the latter occasioned by the action of a young lady who unbeknown to the aspiring poet had become infatuated with him and who suddenly appeared with a posy of flowers which she threw full in his face—an incident which, although it nearly turned his head at the time, came ultimately to nothing further.

His poverty at this period was extreme, compelling him to forego such ordinary comforts as an overcoat or even stockings—and this all through the rigorous seasons of the Norwegian winter. Nevertheless, he suffered no permanent inconvenience thereby. Between labors on his drama and occasional writing of verses he endeavored to prepare himself for entrance to the University at Christiania. In this effort he was encouraged by two friends, one of whom, Ole Schulerud, possessed means enough to take his drama to the capital and have it published, although it never reached the foot-lights, and in literary form was confined to a circulation of thirty copies, the rest being utilized as wrapping-paper by an obliging grocer nearby. But one of his poems had been published in a Christiania paper and suiting his action to the voice within him which cried out "I Must, I Must," as does the opening sentence of his "Catalina," he put

into his pocket the few dollars he had managed to save and in March, 1850, at the age of twenty-one, set his face toward Christiania, the mecca of his hopes and visions of success.

Here in the thriving metropolis of Norway, with his friend Schulerud, he lived the life of a student and when his little surplus ran out was forced to depend upon his young friend for life's necessities, and although the latter's income was "scarcely enough for one and starvation for two," they managed to get along in their praparations for the University, to which, however, Ibsen never succeeded, principally on account of his deficiency in Latin. In the meantime, to eke out their meagre store of funds, he wrote prose and verse for sundry fugitive journals for whatever he could get, and finally procured the production of a play—his second attempt in drama, called "The Warrior's Tomb," at the Theatre, where it ran for three nights. But although he strove assiduously to promote the little advantage gained in the reception of this work, all his efforts were doomed to failure and the year 1851 began gloomily enough.

It was at this juncture that he met the famous violinist, Ole Bull, through whose influence he secured a position as director and dramatic editor at the newly inaugurated National Theatre at Bergen. The salary was less than $350 a year with a small extra allowance for traveling to secure actors and ideas, especially in Copenhagen, which in those days was like going to Athens for the cultivation of classic-histrionic art, for Heiberg was then the manager of the Royal Theatre at the famous old Danish city,

lending his great talent in the production of not only his own work but in the illumination of the dramatic masterpieces of the world.

Although Ibsen's connection with the Theatre at Bergen came to nothing, his association with the great Danish playright became and perhaps remained the alpha and omega of what he learned of the technique of his art—a fundamental requisite to his chosen calling. And here, in Bergen, he met, wooed and won the heart and hand of Miss Susannah Thoresen, whose father was a man of culture and whose step-mother was before her marriage the famous Anna Maria Kragh, a Dane by birth and for a long time, with the possible exception of Camilla Collett, Wergeland's sister, the most active woman of letters in Norway. His courtship of Susannah was interspersed with the writing of his first play of note—"The Vikings at Helgeland," which may account in some degree for the spirited tenor of the piece. He had gained a sweetheart that was to be to him the very staff and comfort of his life, and notwithstanding his involved financial condition at this period he married her on June 26, 1856. Up to this time the only substantial return from his writings was the sum of $125 which he received for "The Warriors."

But again there came assistance in the person of his great contemporary and fellow countryman, the poet Björnstjerne Björnson, whose influence and effort procured for him the appointment of director of the Norwegian Theatre, the second playhouse of Christiania. About this time Ibsen conceived and put on paper the most

finished of all his productions thus far—a psychologic tragedy called "The Pretenders," although it was not completed for the stage until several years had elapsed. In 1860 the Storthing denied his application for a grant such as was the custom to give to men of letters in that day, the refusal being largely due to his satirical writings. Still his friends stood by him. Jonas Lie, then editing a newspaper in Christiania, paid him $175 for his "Love's Comedy" which the theatres had refused to put on but which Lie ran as a supplement in his paper. In 1882 the second theatre went bankrupt and Ibsen was thrown on the world, the most unpopular man of the day and heavily burdened with debts. His only salvage was an engagement at the Christiania Theatre at a salary of five dollars a week—hardly enough to sustain the life of one, let alone the added maintenance of a wife and child. Nevertheless, he still had friends who helped him with the bare necessities, earning thereby a gratitude which lasted throughout his life.

Despairing of getting assistance from the Storthing, Ibsen now applied directly to the King, with the result that there was granted him a stipend of $450 a year, and in April, 1864, he took the step which he had long contemplated and quitted his native land, from which he was destined to remain away—in body, though not in spirit—for twenty-seven years. He entered Copenhagen at the dark hour when Schleswig and Holstein had been abandoned and when the citadel of Dybböl alone stood guard against the overwhelming of Denmark by

an invading foe; a fortnight later he set out for Rome, where he had determined to reside. "Here at last," he wrote Björnson, "is blessed peace," and settled himself down to the pursuit of his life's vocation.

Ibsen was now thirty-seven years old and still practically unknown as a writer of the first class, but, contrary to precedent, it was the ripe year of his awakening. For some time he seemed stupefied by the abrupt change from the climate of his northern home to the semi-tropical skies of Italy. His wife and little son, Sigurd, joined him in October, and here all three lived on an income of less than $40 per month! Still it was not so hard to go hungry in Rome as in the strenuous region of the Northland.

But the turn in the tide was at hand, for forth from his trenchant pen issued his first masterpiece—"Brand," a drama which grips the soul's citadel in a storm of conflicting emotions. Four large editions were exhausted in the first year of its publication, from which time it continued, and still continues, to be published. Now the Storthing of Norway increased his stipend, and his struggle for existence was over. The reward almost immediately succeeding was that incomparable drama "Peer Gynt," with its root in the peasant life of modern Norway. None of the delays that had hitherto attended the production of his work fell to the lot of this later effort which was published in Copenhagen in November, 1867. Some critics declared that it did not conform to the rules of poetic art, whereupon Ibsen promptly replied, "Then the rules

Ibsen's Boyhood Home Near Skien, Norway

must be altered; my book is poetry, and if it is not, then it shall be. The conception of what poetry is shall be made to fit my book." He was now about forty years of age, from which time he may be said to have entered upon his career as a dramatist of the first class with a future practically secure.

The next product of his busy brain was a five-act comedy called "The League of Youth," written in 1868 in a little village of the Salzburg Alps. In October we find him at Dresden, which became his home for a number of years. In 1869 he paid a visit to Stockholm, where he was royally entertained for two months, receiving from King Karl the decoration of the Order of Vasa, and renewed his acquaintance with the Swedish poet, Karl Snoilsky, which ripened into a life-long friendship. While at Stockholm he received an invitation from the Khedive of Egypt to be the latter's guest with other notable men in the celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal. His presence at Port Said and in the interior of the land of the Pharoahs is one of the episodes of his life.

Among the men of note to whom he was drawn at this time was the great Danish critic, Georg Brandes, who had written several articles in praise of Ibsen's work. In 1870 the war between Germany and France coming on apace he quitted Saxony and settled for several months in Copenhagen, where he renewed his friendship for the poet Hans Christian Andersen, around whose neck he had thrown his arms at a meeting in Germany some years before. And yet some have said Ibsen's was not an affectionate

nature! After the fall of Strasburg and Metz he returned to Dresden and turning his back on the vexatious themes of war set about collecting his poems which he published in 1871. In the spring of 1875 he removed definitely to Munich, after a brief visit to Christiania which, however, did not remove his estrangement from the land of his birth. His gigantic task, "Emperor and Galilean," was the product of his labors during this period and taught him the danger of living too long away from the influences which formed the basis of his work. It also marks the end of the poetic style in his dramas which were thenceforth written in prose.

In 1877 appeared "The Pillars of Society," which was acted simultaneously in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany. An estrangement between our dramatist and Björnson, engendered by the political upheaval in Norway, was broken in 1880 when the latter, while in the United States, said of Ibsen: "I think I have pretty thorough acquaintance with the dramatic literature of the world, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Henrik Ibsen possesses more dramatic power than any other playwriter of our day." To this Ibsen responded: "The only man in Norway who has frankly, boldly and generously taken my part is Björnson. It is just like him; he has, in truth, a great, kindly soul, and I shall never forget what he has done now." In 1878 we find him again in Rome, and being now a man of means he became somewhat of a connoisseur, going about the art galleries and shops in search of artistic treasures. In the summer of 1879 we find him

in a suburban Italian village penning what proved to be the most famous of all his plays,—"A Doll's House." It was an unqualified success, acting with such intensity on the social life of Scandinavia as to account in a large degree for the propaganda looking to the political emancipation of women in this portion of the world, for the great statement—"No man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves," and the reply,—"Hundreds of thousands of women have done so," aroused discussion such as no other social question had done in many generations.

Ibsen loved to sport with accepted precepts of society, and in answer to the cry of the liberals that "the majority is always right," he replied, "You are mistaken, the minority is always right," and proceeded to demonstrate the novel proposition. He hated politics "because," as he said, "of its demoralizing effects." In support of his contention that character depends upon heredity and environment he wrote the play of "Ghosts," which excited the ire especially of the German savants who had laid such stress on the beneficial effects of education. These attacks pleased him immensely, in fact, judging from his letters, he would have been disappointed had they not been made. His play, "The Enemy of the People," was evidently written for the express purpose of attempting to prove that selfishness is the predominant factor in human nature, and that, "right" must give way when interest is concerned. He did not believe that this ought to be so, but contended that it was so as society is now organized. In 1884 appeared his sardonic comedy,

"The Wild Duck," in which it is apparent the great dramatist is trying to tell his audience not to take him too seriously, for the topsy-turvy nature of the theme made Ibsen as nearly "rollicking" as it is possible to conceive him to have become.

In June, 1885, he returned again to Christiania and was almost persuaded to remain on account of the honors heaped upon him by his countrymen, but the political situation was not to his liking and he was glad to get away from "the intrigues and counter-intrigues" so repugnant to his nature. Both sides, the liberals and conservatives, claimed him, yet he would have none of either. But all this gave him the cue for his new play "Rosmersholm," which was followed by "The Lady from the Sea," the latter written in 1887 at the little town of Saeby, Jutland, with the sands of the ocean in front and the rolling woodland behind.

Our dramatist was now in his sixtieth year and had reached the point where he was proclaimed the greatest dramatist of his age. Even in Germany his fame was greater than that of any other native writer of the same class. The same might be said as to Italy, France, Russia and England, the people of which had to content themselves by seeing his work in translation. His play "Hedda Gabler," written at Munich in 1890, was read almost simultaneously in London, New York, St. Petersburg, Leipsig, Berlin, Moscow, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Christiania. He sometimes was called upon to superintend the performance of his own plays, notably at Vienna, where, after the performance of his

"Pretenders," he was given a perfect ovation at a banquet held in his honor.

In the summer of 1891, having demonstrated to the world that he was in truth an artist of the first rank, and having convinced himself, as he wrote to Björnson, that he "must come home again, after all,"* he returned to his native land and, with the exception of short trips to Copenhagen, spent the remainder of his days among his own people. His reception at home lasted nearly a year, being a sort of celebration on an extended scale of the "return of the prodigal son." In 1892 appeared the first play he had written in his own land since his rise as dramatist, entitled "The Master Builder," a work that shows Ibsen abreast with his time, as it is mainly predicated upon the theory of telepathy or "thought transference." But he was now growing old, also waxing rich, being regarded as one of the wealthiest private citizens of Christiania. Nevertheless, three more plays were to issue from his pen, namely, "Little Eyolf," in 1894; "John Gabriel Borkman," in 1896; and "When We Dead Awaken," the latter, by its title, implying his belief in the completion of his work.

On his seventieth birthday Ibsen received the felicitations of the world, including groups of admirers from England, among them Mr. Asquith and the dramatist, Bernard Shaw. A depu-

*In a poem written in Italy Ibsen says:

"From the land of sunshine and flowers,
Every night in the silent hours,
A homeless rider hied him forth
Towards the huts of the snowy North."

tation of the Storthing, representatives of the Theatres, officials of academic bodies and leading citizens generally called upon him at intervals during the day. Among other gifts was a costly set of silver from English admirers. On September 1st, 1899, the new National Theatre at Christiania was opened by the King, when colossal bronz statues of Ibsen and Björnson placed in front of the entrance were unveiled. The first night a play by Holberg was given, at which both attended, each seated in a golden chair near the proceneum, but the second night was solely Ibsen's and his admirable play, "An Enemy of the People," was then produced. At the close of each act he was called to the front of his box, and at the end the audience rose en masse and shouted itself hoarse with "Long Live Ibsen." It was with great difficulty he was enabled to leave the building, a way being pushed for him by a squad of police reaching far into the street. This astonishing night, September 2nd, 1899, was the close and fitting climax of a career as wonderful as it was unique.

Henrik Ibsen was a man of exceptional qualities. He liked to say bitter things, but he said them in a gentle way. He seldom wasted words, and remained tranquil under the most distressing circumstances. He liked public gatherings, as a spectator, not as a participant. He was simplicity personified, yet he was rarely confidential; his heart, in truth, was a fenced city. He had friends but he did not cultivate them. He was the enemy of anything that approached cant and pretension. When he read it was generally poetry. He had no ear for music and his effort

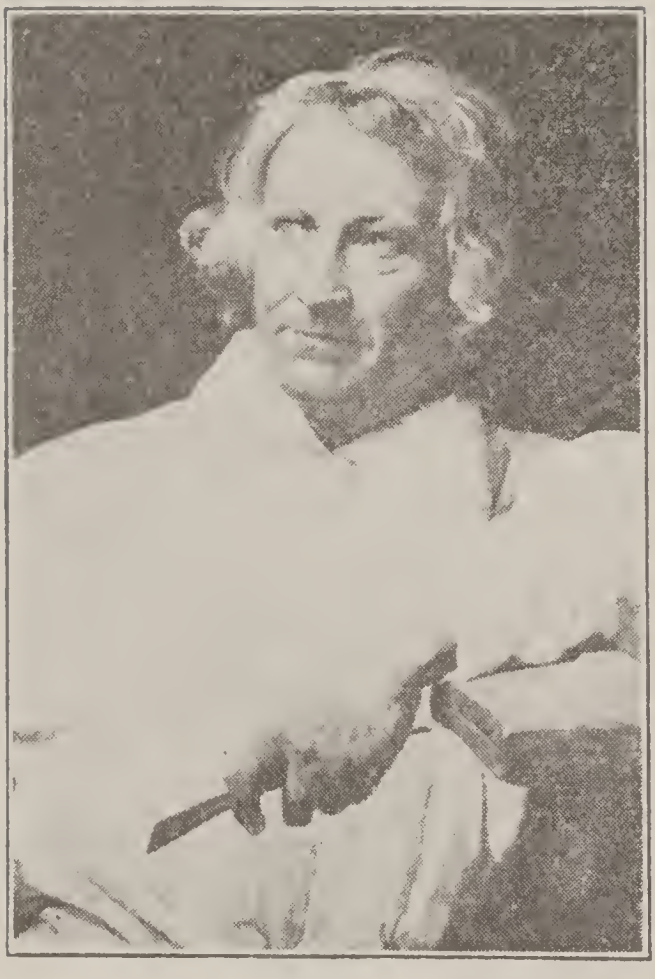
to appreciate Edvard Grieg's beautiful harmonization of "Peer Gynt" was almost pathetic, but the sound of poetic rhythm gave him acute pleasure. His affection for his wife was marked and her devotion to him was almost sublime. Time and again as his strength was failing and he received her constant care he would look up into her face and say: "Min söde, kjære, snille frue" (My sweet, dear, good wife); and she taught to adore their grandfather the three children of a new generation, fruits of the union of his son Sigurd and one of Björnson's lovely daughters.

As he approached his seventy-ninth year he became very feeble but was able to walk about in his rooms almost to the last. He would go to the window now and then, gaze into the sky, and murmur in German, "Keine Sonne, Keine Sonne." At the same table where nearly all his works had been written he sat persistently again learning the alphabet. "Look!" he would say, pointing to a number of crabbed characters on a sheet of paper before him, "See what I am doing! I am sitting here and learning my letters—my letters! I, who they say, was once a writer!"

The master spirit was indeed departing and lingered only as a shadow of its former self, but the vigorous constitution, an inheritance from his northern home, let slip life's halliard only by degrees, until finally, almost imperceptibly, on May 23rd, 1906, at half past two in the afternoon, in his beautiful home on Drammensvej, directly opposite the royal gardens of Christiania, a man who by his genius had made the

little town of Skien share the glories of Stratford-on-the-Avon, passed to the great and mystic world beyond.

His funeral was a public function, at which the King of Norway and his suite attended, and Edward VII was present in the person of his Minister. And so, the poet who had suffered such bitter humiliation in his youth and such hardships and trying disappointments in so many of his manhood's years, was carried to his final resting place amid the bowed heads of the peers of nations and with all the recognition of his worth and labors that it was possible for his people to bestow.



BERTEL THORVALDSEN

Bertel Thorvaldsen

"Clay is Life, Plaster is Death, and Marble is the Resurrection." Thus spoke the subject of our sketch when summing up the relative merits of the different materials of his art. The expression shows him to have possessed the poetic instinct essential to success in his chosen calling, and which so distinctly characterizes all his works. But he had also other traits quite as important and necessary to enable one to prevail against the certain obstacles and opposition of calculating greed and envious mediocrity,—self-confidence, determination, and pugnacity. This is illustrated by his retort when a would-be competitor had boastfully set himself up as superior to the great master, whereupon the latter accosted the heel-snapping underling and with all the spirit of his Viking blood shaking his frame, cried: "You, a sculptor! Why, you may bind my hands behind me and I will bite the marble out with my teeth better than you can carve it!"

Bertel Thorvaldsen, sometimes called Albert (in Italian, Alberto) Thorvaldsen, one of the greatest sculptors that the world has produced, was born at sea under the Danish flag while his mother was on her way to Copenhagen, the "Paris of the North," on November 19, 1770. The father, Gottskalk Thoravldsen, was a poor sailor who became a carver of figure-heads for ships.

hailing from Iceland by reason of which this thriving island province of Denmark claims the great artist, his son, as her own, and at Reikiavik has erected a statue to his memory. The mother was Karen Grönlund, the daughter of a Jutland clergyman.

As the father had determined that his son should follow the trade of carving wooden images for the beak-heads of vessels, in which he himself was engaged, and as the art of drawing is essential to real success in this vocation, Bertel was sent to the free school of the Danish Royal Academy of Arts while only eleven years of age. Two years later he entered his father's carving-house at the dock-yard, where he not only greatly assisted his parent but soon surpassed him in artistic conception and execution. He was returned to the Academy and spent several years at intervals in perfecting his studies, and at the age of seventeen gained one of the Academy's smaller medals for a bas-relief representing "Cupid Reposing." The Dean after this called him "Monsieur," a prefix which the artist afterwards declared sounded sweeter to him at the time than any title that a king could bestow.

The young genius, by reason of the poverty of his parents, was compelled to divide his time between the Academy and his father's shop, until at the age of twenty-one he was awarded the small gold medal in a contest for the best sketch of the subject "Heliodorus Driven Out of the Temple." Count Ditlew de Reventlow, Minister of State, saw the young artist's work and started a subscription with his own name

at the top that enabled young Thorvaldsen to devote all his time to his favorite study. Two years later he competed for and won the large gold medal of the Academy, which carried with it the right to a three years' traveling "stipendium," but before entering upon his journey it was deemed necessary that he should have more schooling in the various branches of secular education which his close adherence to the study of art had denied him. In this he received the encouragement and support of the directors of the Academy.

In March, 1797, we find him in Rome under his three-years' traveling stipend, studying sculpture in the very home of the art, under the guidance of the then somewhat celebrated Danish savant and archæologist, Zoega, who, however, would not admit in his protégé any greater talent than that of a "a servile imitator of the antique," and who even discounted the enthusiasm of the great Canova himself over the creation of Thorvaldsen's first masterpiece, "Jason," of the Golden Fleece, by the tentative admission that it was "rather bravely done."

This same Zoega shortly thereafter wrote to a friend concerning Thorvaldsen: "He is an excellent artist, with a great deal of taste and sentiment, but ignorant of everything outside of art. By the bye, the Academy shows very little judgment in sending such ignorant young fellows to Italy, where they must necessarily lose a great deal of time in acquiring that knowledge without which they are unable to profit by their stay here, and which could have been acquired more easily and rapidly before coming. Without

knowing a word of Italian or French, without the slightest acquaintance with history and mythology, how is it possible for an artist to properly pursue his studies here? I do not require him to be learned, but he should have some faint idea of the names and meanings of things he sees."

But it was now time, said Zoega, for Thorvoldsen to return home, and the latter reluctantly came to the same opinion, for his "stipend" had reached a point where it was barely sufficient to defray the cost of his journey back. Just as he was preparing for his departure the Danish songstress, Frederikke Brunn, who was then in Rome, presented him with a purse sufficient to enable him to have his clay model of "Jason" cast in plaster, and this, together with another delay awaiting the company of a young German sculptor who was returning to Berlin, and further assistance from his talented countrywoman, who even went so far as to sing "Jason" at the theatre, resolved him to remain, and although he thereafter visited several of the capitals of Europe, including a short belated sojourn in Copenhagen, he did not return to permanently reside in his native land until after a lapse of forty years.

About the time of his determination to remain in Rome the English banker, Thomas Hope, came into his studio, was struck with the figure of "Jason," and asked how much it would cost in marble. Six hundred sequins (about $1800), said the sculptor, and the bargain was struck. This was the beginning of his good fortune.

His genius as an artist, together with his indominable will and determination, eventually made him rich and independent. At Rome he kept his studio and his sumptuous bachelor apartments (for he never married) and was much besought and appreciated for his geniality and generosity. On the death of the noted Italian sculptor, Canova, Pope Leo XII nominated Thorvaldsen as the master's successor, much to the chagrin of other aspirants for the honor and emoluments of the position. Even the fact that the Danish artist was a Protestant, and a rather indifferent one at that, was used to dissuade the Pope from his purpose, but that dignitary only answered: "Is there any doubt that Thorvaldsen is the greatest sculptor in Rome?"

The friendship of Baron von Schubert, the Danish Ambassador at Rome, and of William von Humboldt, the Prussian Ambassador and creator of the science of Comparative Philology, introduced him to excellent society. In 1804 he received from Florence the diploma of Professor in its Academy. In 1808 he was made an honorary member of the Roman Academy of Saint Luke. In 1816 he restored the Aegina marbles, a work which required a thorough knowledge of Greek Art, and which was admirably executed.

Among our sculptor's distinguished friends of this period were Horace Vernet, the director of the French Academy in Rome, the German composer Felix Mendelssohn, and Sir Walter Scott, the English poet and author, of whom he modeled a bust. Mendelssohn used to keep a piano

in Thorvaldsen's studio, upon which he would play while the sculptor worked on his models. Fancy the inspiration each must have been to the other under such conditions! An incident illustrating the painstaking character of his genius is related by Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet, who, upon visiting Thorvaldsen to admire his model group representing "Christ Before Pilate," was asked by the sculptor how he liked the figure of Pilate, whereupon the poet ventured to suggest that it might have been that Pilate, who was somewhat of a diplomat, was on the particular occasion presented dressed in the garb of a high magistrate rather than that of a Roman procurator. To this the sculptor immediately agreed, and stepping forward, with a sweep of his hand dumped the clay model of Pilate in a broken heap upon the floor.

Our artist always retained specimens in plaster-casts of all his works, and these, together with marble statues and bas-reliefs of his own not executed upon orders, and a number of rich paintings that he every year bought from young artists, formed a treasure that he wished to house in a proper place in his native city of Copenhagen. In 1838, shortly before his return home, a frigate was dispatched to bring a cargo of his works to Copenhagen. His return was the signal for a festival of rejoicing; he was made a "Counselor of State" in order that he might dine with the King. He was, in short, received like a royal personage, the people fairly out-Daning the Danes to pay him homage. Baron Stampe opened for him his magnificent

Thorvaldsen's Museum at Copenhagen

castle of Nysöe, then the principal seat of the barony of Stampenborg, where the open strand, the beautiful beech woods and the little town seen through the orchards hard by, present an ideal picture of typical Danish scenery. Here he even increased his fame, which by this time had become universal, and here his last beautiful bas-reliefs were produced. The Cathedral (Frue Kirke) was the scene of his first and greatest labors after his return home.

"All circles sought to do him homage," said the poet Andersen, "he was at every festival, in every great society, and each evening found him in the theatre by the side of Øhlenschlæger," the poet "laureate" of Denmark. "His greatness was allied to a mildness, a straightforwardness, that in the highest degree fascinated the stranger who approached him for the first time. His atalier in Copenhagen was visited daily; he therefore felt himself more comfortable and undisturbed at Nysöe. Baron Stampe and his family accompanied him to Italy in 1841, when he again visited that country. The whole journey, which was by way of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine towns, and Munich, was a continued triumphal procession."

Among the sculptor's best known productions may be mentioned his bas-relief, "The Abduction of Briseis," the statues of Bacchus (the god of wine) and Adriadne (the Cretan princess who gave Theseus a skein of thread by means of which he found his way out of the labyrinth), ordered by Count von Moltke, and his famous "Cupid and Psyche" carved for the Countess von Ronzov. The government of the United States

offered him ten thousand crowns for statues of "Liberty" and "Victory," to be erected in the City of Washington, D. C., which, unfortunately, he did not find time to execute. Napoleon's visit to Rome in 1811 brought an order to carve a work of the sculptor's own choice, provided his models were finished in three months. The result was a colossal frieze representing the "Entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon." It remains one of the largest and most ambitious of Thorvaldsen's works. The price paid was 320,000 francs. A replica in marble adorns the Palace of Christianborg in Denmark. The year 1815 brought out the famous bas-reliefs "The Workshop of Vulcan," also "Achilles and Priam," and two well-known medalions, "Morning" and "Night," which were reproduced a thousand-fold throughout the civilized world. Next followed the "Dancing Girl," "Love Victorious," "Ganemede and the Eagle," and "A Young Shepherd with His Dog." He also chiseled from life a bust of Lord Byron, the famous English bard, for the library of Trinity College at Cambridge.

At Warsaw he executed a bust of Emperor Alexander. At Munich he completed his monument to Prince Eugene, an equestrian statue of the Elector Maximillian, and another model of "Adonis." At Mainz he finished his model of Gutenburg, the inventor of printing, while for the city of Stuttgart he made a monument to Schiller. On his homeward journey he stopped at Lucerne, Switzerland, to carve his famous "Lion of Luzerne" into the solid rocks of the Alps, to commemorate the Swiss Guards who

died in defense of the Tuileries in Paris on the 10th of August, 1792.

After a season of rest and enjoyment on his home-coming, Thorvaldsen began his great series of sculptural embellishments for the Cathedral at Copenhagen, comprising most notably the colossal "Christ and His Twelve Apostles," and the beautiful "Baptismal Font," a photographic copy of which forms our frontispiece, "Christ on the Road to Calvary," "The Preaching of Saint John, the Baptist," "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem," and "The Lord's Supper."

As a sculptor Thorvaldsen ranks among the foremost of his art. In the midst of innovation he returned to the classic traditions of the Hellenic school and thus bridged the chasm of two thousand years that had elapsed between antiquity and modern times. Art was to him a thing of ideal beauty; his nudes were always chaste. As opposed to the realism of the individualistic school, he preferred to body forth beauty in the abstract. His chisel produced only beauty. No demon or dragon or serpent was ever carved by him. His calm temperament and kindly soul saw only good in gods and men. Pain, misfortune, passion and suffering he could not represent. The triumph of love was his favorite theme. As time goes on his art has gathered about it an "atmosphere wherein may be discerned the artist and his age beneath the classical exterior." In short, the art of Thorvaldsen is today, even perhaps more than at any former time, the true conception of plastic beauty.

The collection of his complete works was donated to his native city and delivered by the artist in his lifetime. King Frederick VI gave the site for the building of a Museaum to contain them, the funds for which were raised to a considerable extent by popular subscriptions. A court-yard was left in the centre, under which a tomb was built that should contain his remains, for he had expressed a wish to be buried there, and he begged that there might be a low marble frame around the spot immediately above the tomb, visible from the galleries of the Museum's court, in which some foliage of vines and flowers might be planted, which was to constitute his monument. But the whole building, with its priceless treasures presented by him to his fatherland, will be his monument—is his monument today. It is in fact one of the principal places of attraction in Copenhagen and no visitor to the splendid capital—made still more beautiful through the influence and art of Thorvaldsen—neglects the opportunity to explore the magnificent art-mausoleum that bears his name.

On the evening of March 24, 1884, after a pleasant visit with friends at the urban residence of Baron von Stampe, the artist in apparently good health and spirits betook himself to the theatre, as had been his custom for many years, to witness the tragedy of "Griseldis," although comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg, was more to his taste. As he reached the seat always reserved for him he shook hands with a few friends nearby and sat down. The orchestra began to play. He was seen to rise in

order to let some one pass him to a chair in the same row, after which he resumed his seat, bent his head slightly forward and remained motionless. The music continued. Those near him thought he had fainted and lifting him tenderly they bore him into the open air and from thence to the Charlottenburg Palace, which adjoins the theatre, where he was laid upon a sofa. A physician hastened to open a vein, but no blood came,—the soul of the great master and genial companion had passed peacefully away.

The announcement of his death produced a shock throughout the city; the poet Andersen went weeping through the streets, as did all who had known and loved the benign "carver of the beautiful." The funeral accorded the famous sculptor, this son of a poor Icelandic sailor, was fit for the cortégé of a sovereign, but the universal grief produced by the realization of an irreparable loss was, after all, the greatest tribute that could be paid him. He was buried, as had been his wish, in the centre of the open court of the Museum, where he now lies under a bed of vines and flowers amid the rich collection of his masterful art.

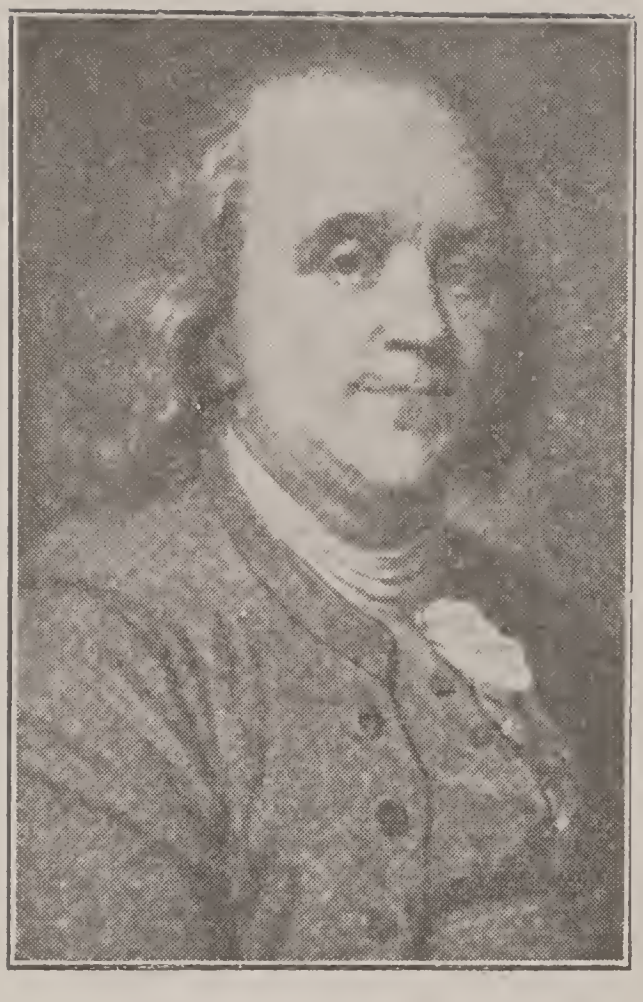
Thorvaldsen's Grave

Benjamin Franklin

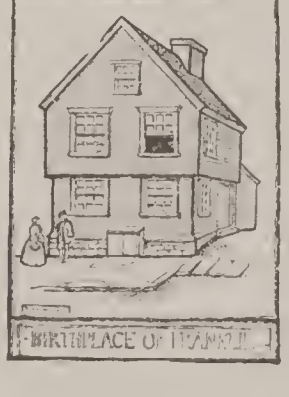
Cynics are wont to declare that a poor boy has no chance in this world. History teaches that the reverse of this is true. Few of the wealthy-born ever become great, for wealth is not a standard of greatness. As an incentive to effort poverty is a veritable boon. We have in recent months sketched the lives of half a score of the most famous men of the world, all of whom, with one exception, were children of the poor.

And so, again we meet on the threshold of our present narrative a child of the common people, the youngest son of a tallow-chandler with seventeen children, quitting school at the age of ten and until twelve helping his father cut wicks and dip candles, then apprenticed to his elder brother in the printer's trade, not alone because that seemed the boy's bent but to make the urchin self-sustaining as speedily as possible.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the grandest, if not the greatest, men of his time, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17 (New Style), in 1706, a period when Queen Anne of England ruled over the ten colonies of America with a population of less than half a million souls, when pirates infested the coast, foxes pestered the farmers of Lynn, and panthers prowled in the forests of Connecticut. There were neither railroads, steamboats, stage coaches, telegraphs,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



daily papers nor circulating libraries. Wild redmen were plentiful and were persecuted in common with witches. The tiny city of New York was protected by a stockade; the largest town was Boston with a population of less than ten thousand and an area of about one square mile, boasting a weekly paper—the only newspaper in the entire country—with a circulation of scant three hundred copies.

The family residence of the Franklins was a small frame dwelling on Milk Street just across the way from a wooden meeting-house (which afterward gave way to the Old South Church), and in front stood the public pilory and stocks. We print with this sketch a miniature reproduction of the humble abode in which the boy Benjamin was born. By persuading his brother-employer to give him half the few shillings paid out for his keep and let him board himself, and by refusing meat and fish and subsisting mainly on bread and biscuit, the young Franklin managed to save sufficient wherewith to purchase—and to bribe other boys in service to forcibly borrow from their masters' libraries—such books as Xenophon's "Memorabilia," whereby he acquired a Socratic method of debate, the works of Shaftesbury and Collins, whereby he became a quasi-skeptic, and those of Addison, whereby he gained a delightful literary style. Next he read Locke "On the Human Understanding," and "The Art of Thinking," by members of Port Royal. Other works included in his studies embraced the subjects of navigation, arithmetic, rhetoric and grammar.

Thus in the school of self-study and observa-

tion he became a scholar, and with the added advantage of age and experience grew to be one of the wisest men in wit, diplomacy and statecraft, a brilliant conversationalist, a linguist, a scientist, a philosopher, an economist, and a master of the art of utilizing men and means, earning for himself the cognomen of "The Many-sided Franklin."

Picture this boy in his garret, by the glimmer of his tallow dip assiduously acquiring an education which the accident of lowly birth had otherwise denied, and writing essays for publication in his brother's paper, the "Courant" (which had succeeded the "Boston News Letter"), pushing his copy under the front door of the print-shop in the still watches of the night lest someone might discover their author, and thus getting his writings published over the suggestive pen-name of "Silence Dogood." Picture him, again, running away from his irksome employment and taking ship for Philadelphia at the age of seventeen years, without recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, arriving with but a shilling in his purse and tramping the streets of the Quaker City with a penny roll under each arm, his pockets bulging with protruding portions of his spare wardrobe consisting of a shirt and a brace of woolen socks. Compare this picture with that of the same boy grown to manhood's estate, the representative of his struggling country at the courts of St. James and Louis XVI, matching his wit with the inquisitors of parliament and such masters of acrimonious debate as Fox, Grenville and Walpole, and wheedling

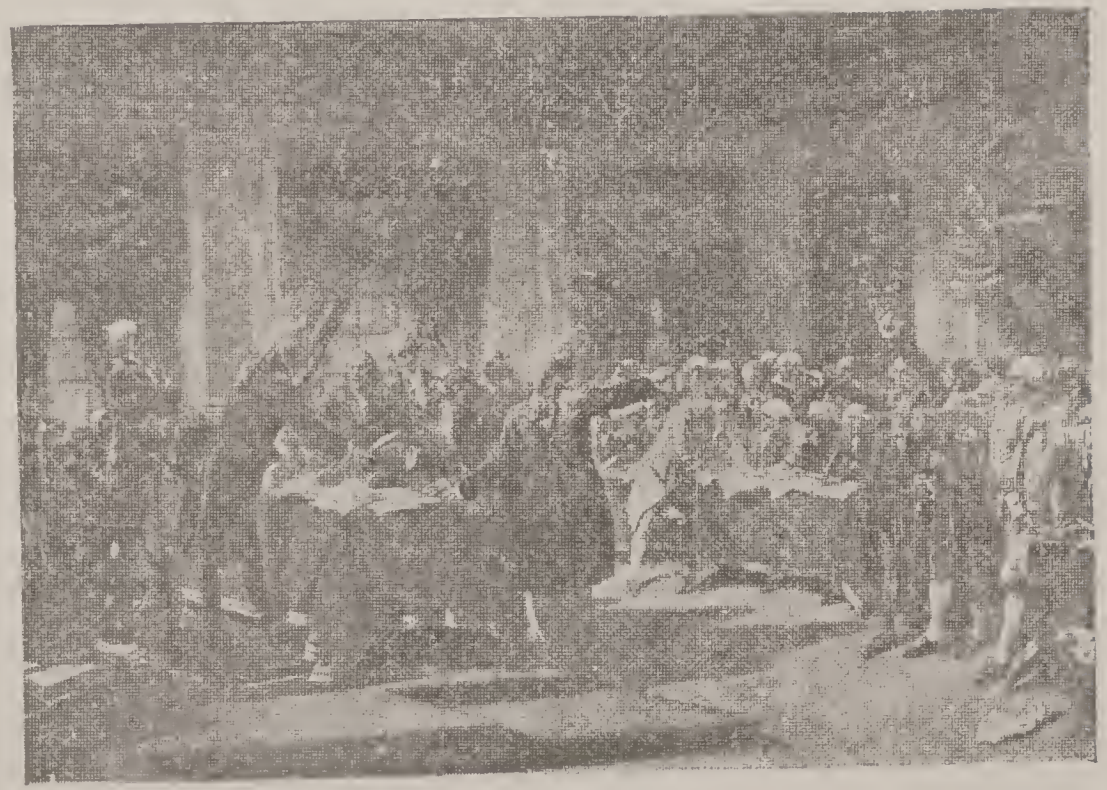
the "sinews of war" for the almost bankrupt colonies out of the French King and his wiley premier, the Comte de Vergennes, even against what they conceded to be their better judgment, acquiring a speaking knowledge of the French language at the age of 70, facing his revilers and maligners in the tribunal of a hostile throne dressed in a suit of spotted Manchester velvet—the cunning garb of the leopard, exulting when others despaired and triumphing where others failed; compare, we repeat, this composite picture of achievement unaided but by sheer force of will and a patriotism not even second to that of the immortal Washington, and never should its portend be effaced from the heart and mind of any boy who means to make the most of life, not matter what his station, nor from the memory of any man however thwarted in life's advancing autumn by the vicissitudes of the world's unending strife.

As a young printer in Philadelphia Franklin soon drew attention by his pithy sayings interlarded among the many historical, astronomical and astrological data in his yearly Almanac, a kind of publication then about the only literary periodical of the country. His acumen taught him to hide the identity of the writer under the name of "Poor Richard" until his reputation had become firmly established, but such was the characteristic style of these quaint and homely epigrams that its discovery long antedated his acknowledgment of their authorship. Many of these sayings have become household saws and constitute a goodly portion of the folklore maxims of the American people. Pressed

to tell from whence he got them, he answered that they were gathered from the round world, but it is quite certain that most of them were evolved out of his own fertile brain.

Who can read without an inward smile and reflecting how true it is that "Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright"; that we should "handles our tools without mittens" because "the cat in gloves catches no mice"; that "a small leak will sink a ship"; that "a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees"; that "Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse; ere fancy you consult, consult your purse"; that "Great estates may venture more, but little boats should keep near shore"; that "those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter"; that "He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals"; that "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other"; and "'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

It was while engaged as a young master printer in Philadelphia that on September 1st, 1730, he took a sweet revenge by marrying Mrs. Deborah Rogers (nee Reed), a handsome young widow who had laughed at his grotesque appearance when he first arrived in town. The venture was entirely congenial, the union lasting until her death in 1774. The issue of this marriage was a son, Francis Folger Franklin, who died in childhood, and a daughter, Sarah, who became Mrs. Richard Bach, and through whom a considerable progeny has descended.



Franklin Signing the Declaration of Independence

With the exception of Washington, no man was ever more implicitly trusted by his fellow countrymen than Franklin. Was there a grave question to be decided, he was invariably called in counsel; was a representative or agent required to further some important business for the people, Franklin was chosen as by common consent. Did anyone wish to promote some worthy undertaking, something requiring the expenditures of large sums of money, Franklin must become its sponsor ere it could succeed. Was a problem presented upon which the wiseacres were in hopeless division, Franklin's opinion settled the dispute; and so firm was the people's confidence in his integrity that, although maligned behind his back, while across the sea, spending more than a quarter of a century in foreign lands in the effort to promote his country's welfare, and although abused by no less a person than the astute John Adams, who smarted under the unfeigned preference of his illustrious colleague on the part of the French nobility while the two, with Jay, were jointly commissioned to pave the way for peace in the final stages of the Revolutionary War, nevertheless, to his dying day he was ever regarded by the public with that deep reverence and loving solicitude which only come from sterling integrity, a broad Christian-like charity, and an undeviating rectitude of conduct in the everyday walks of life.

Franklin was a natural born wit, and to him, perhaps more than to any other, Americans owe their proverbial sense of humor. No situation, however serious, ever found him without this

saving balm. For this reason he was always a welcome guest even among those who differed with him on economic or political questions. His humor was of that original, quaint and spontaneous variety which left its victims disarmed of malice yet without a shield or weapon for defense. A few instances will suffice to illustrate this trait, though many others might be given of equal force and cogency:

He had been appointed as one of a committee of five to draft the famous Declaration of Independence which presaged the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. It was a time of deep concern, anxious meditation and hasty preparation for hostilities. When the solemn occasion for signing this momentous instrument arrived, and each member of the assembly came forward to affix his signature, Harrison (some say it was Hancock), who had just attached his name, turned to the group about him, among which stood Franklin, and said, gravely, that "all must now hang together in the country's defense," whereupon Franklin replied, "Yes, we must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Lord Howe, commanding the British forces at the outset of the conflict, after the battle of Long Island had brought an important advantage to the King's side, asked for a parley with the Revolutionists for the expressed purpose of arranging "an accommodation," and Franklin with two others were deputized to attend the conference. The general received them with much courtesy and gave them a lunch before proceeding with a speech of elaborate civility,

concluding by saying: "I feel for America as for a brother, and if America should fall I should feel and lament it like a brother," whereupon Franklin replied: "My lord, we will use our utmost endeavors to save your lordship that mortification."

He was as ready to joke even at his own expense. In the course of his experiments with electricity he conceived the notion of killing a turkey by means of electric shock instead of the gruesome method of chopping off its head. Quite a company were present to witness the experiment. The jars had been charged and the electrodes affixed, when he inadvertently happened to touch the ends of the wires, thereby receiving the full force of the current through his body, the effect of which was to render him momentarily unconscious. Recovering sufficiently to realize what had occurred, he remarked: "Well, I meant to kill a turkey, and instead nearly killed a goose!" While Deputy Postmaster General under the crown he franked his official letters "Free. B. Franklin"; but when the Continental Congress appointed him to the same office, after the war of independence had begun, he changed this inscription to —"B. Free Franklin."

Sometimes this humorous turn took on a biting form of wit. While ambassador to France he had sent a certain sum of money in charge of one Digges for distribution among American prisoners of war in England, much of which was embezzled by Digges, upon learning which Franklin remarked: "If such a fellow be not damned, it is not worth while to keep a devil."

That this quick sense of humor was natural is illustrated by his laconic retorts when he lay upon his death-bed. Although in great pain from a combination of ailments, he insisted on getting up in order to have his bed re-made, because, as he said, he wished to "die in a decent manner." When his daughter expressed the conventional wish that he might yet recover and live many years (notwithstanding his great age of eighty-four), he replied, "I hope not." During a period of excruciating pain when he was advised to change his position so that he could breathe more easily, he answered —and these are the last words he is known to have uttered—"A dying man can do nothing easily."

As humor lies very close to pathos, it may be surmised that, like all humorists, Franklin had a fine sense of the emotions, and although not a poet in the strict meaning of the term some of his remarks are worthy of being perpetuated as among the fine sayings of the bards. Referring to his advanced age and increasing infirmities he once said: "I often hear persons, whom I knew when children, called 'old' Mr. Such-a-One, to distinguish them from their sons, now men grown and in business, so that by living twelve years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep."

In the field of applied science Franklin rose to be acknowledged as a world figure. He invented an improved stove which for many years was known as the "Franklin Stove," to take

the place of the conventional Dutch oven or fireplace, and far more convenient and efficient than either, being constructed on the principle of the siphon, so that the fire was made to draw downward, thus consuming its own smoke. He also made important discoveries regarding the movements of air currents and showed why storms often travel in opposite direction from the course of the wind.

It was in 1746 that Franklin's attention was first drawn to electricity. The Leyden jar had been perfected, resulting in a great deal of popular interest in electrical experiment. In the course of a year's work he ascertained a fact which went far to revolutionize the whole art. Discarding the idea that electricity was a substance created by friction, he maintained that it was "really an element diffused among, and attracted by other matter, particularly by water and metals." He proved that the Leyden jar, no matter how highly electrified, contained no more electricity than it did before it was charged, what was added to one surface being taken from the other. Thus he gave to the world the idea of a positive and negative influence in this subtle force, or, as he sometimes phrased it, of a "plus" or "minus" state. Not merely did this account for and explain the great mass of known phenomena, but the evolution of modern electrical achievement may be said to date from this discovery, for by it the mysterious fluid, from being merely a curiosity, became, potentially, a new force and power.

Others had suggested the probable identity of electricity and lightning, but he went fur-

ther than hypothesis and proved the fact in actual demonstration by drawing it from the clouds. He invented the lightning-rod, the use of which for many years became well-nigh universal; and it is regrettable that the machinations of swindlers have nearly rendered obsolete the employment of this important instrumentality. His experiments with the kite are too well known to need exposition here.

Franklin's promulgation of the smoothing effect of oil thrown upon troubled water—even upon the ocean, drew the world's attention to an expedient that has since served to save the lives of many a hard-pressed crew adrift amid turbulent waves in a small open boat, and his investigations on the causes of the gulf-stream and other warm currents of the ocean added greatly to the science of navigation. Having crossed the ocean himself eight times, the fact that ships had much shorter voyages from America to England than in returning, caused him to experiment and finally to elucidate the phenomena much to the advantage of the world's progress on the high seas.

Aside from these, the most important of his many discoveries and inventions, may be mentioned his use of bi-focal lenses in spectacles, whereby those who need different glasses for reading and going about, may have them combined in one frame.

Franklin founded the Philadelphia Library, the first circulating library in the country, and set in motion the project that resulted in the institution of the University of Pennsylvania. For many years he held the office of Postmaster

General of American Colonies, in which position he introduced and perfected the excellent postal system which in the main is still in force throughout the United States. For his scientific discoveries and demonstrations he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London and received the Copely gold medal. In 1753 he received the degree of "Master of Arts" from Harvard College, and in 1762 the degree of "Doctor of Civil Laws" from the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh. Upon his departure from the French capital, after having negotiated the preliminary terms of peace between Great Britain and the American Colonies, he received from the King of France a medallion portrait of the monarch set about with two rows of four hundred diamonds, in token of the latter's appreciation of his great services to humanity and the cause of liberty. From 1785 to 1787 he served as President of Pennsylvania, and was a member of the Convention which sat in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution of the United States. In 1872 a bronze statue was erected to his memory in Printing-house Square, New York, and inaugurated with imposing ceremonies.

Franklin died on April 17, 1790, at the ripe age of 84 years, in his comfortable home in Philadelphia, the city he loved so well. A great procession and concourse of citizens escorted his funeral, the services of which were held in the Zion Society Lutheran Church, which then stood on the corner of Fourth and Cheney Streets. He was buried beside his wife and little son in the family burial plot of Christ

Church Cemetery, where through a grilled iron gate his modest grave may be seen by the casual passerby. While not a professed Christian, his life in its mature years was a splendid emulation of the Saviour's example, in self-abnegation, tolerance and an ever-expanding charity for the shortcomings of mankind; and he believed in the Supreme Being and in the glorious hope of immortality, as may be at once inferred from the reading of his epitaph written by himself, and with a reproduction of which we close this hurried sketch.

Franklin was American to the core. In him were embodied those ideals and principles which have made the American government transcendantly great among the nations of the world. While his brain was marvelous in its many-sided capabilities, his nature was intensely cosmopolitan—human. He loved his fellow men in every walk of life and despised all forms of vanity and needless ostentation. He was exceedingly practical and the very soul of honor in the keeping of his engagements. It was indeed fortunate for the struggling peoples who sought to build a nation that should endure for all time, that at a timely hour such a man was given them for counsel and guidance; and on the bright pages of history where is recorded human effort for the amelioration of the common lot, the name of Franklin will ever be found among the illustrious, the true and the good.

EPITAPH
The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(Like the Cover of An Old Book,
Its Contents Torn Out,
And Stript of Its Lettering and Guilding)
Lies Here, Food For Worms
Yet the Work Itself Shall Not Be Lost
For It Will, As He Believed, Appear Once
More,
In a New
And More Beautiful Edition
Corrected And Amended
By
THE AUTHOR

Esaias Tegner

There sat on one of Pindar's thrones,
In extinct court, a bard adept,
His harp with all its crystal tones
Lay silent on his arm and slept.

Then up arose a younger race,
With 'larms their darkening vales begat,
And strove in vain to gain the place
Enthroned whereon the master sat.

Came then a stripling with his lyre
Upon the wild unseemly brawl;
He knew full well the struggle dire,
But not the import of it all.

"What means," he cried, "this endless strife?
His metre-rule is not our own,
From other heights he visioned life,
His songs live in another tone!

As flow'rs change on the rural green
So shift the singers of our time;
In many hues they strive serene
And praised is all ingenious rhyme!

Hail thee, amid the classic ruins,
Thou wondrous bard above the throng!
Thou Farus, spared, who still illumes
A glorious bygone world of song!"

ESAIAS TEGNÈR

Thus spake the stripling undismayed
To him in ancient vesture clad,
Whilst at his feet he gently laid
A simple wreath, the best he had.

The sun descends, the day has fled,
And night stands on the mountain heights,
And 'round the singer's hoary head
The torch of olden mem'ry lights.

The foregoing poem, which we have translated directly from the original text with an endeavor to preserve its esoteric thought and lyric beauty, may well be regarded as the keynote of Tegnér's muse. While written ostensibly as a foreword to his romantic epic "Axel", and dedicated to the poet Leopold, it was evidently aimed at the critics of both these bards of the old classic school. We have chosen this poem, therefore, not only as an example of Tegnér's beautiful style and profound imagery, but also as an indication of his view of what should constitute a true poet's aim and effort, namely, to body forth beauty in the abstract and in the form of ancient accepted models in order that the changing aspects of time shall leave untouched, as it has in classic art, the pure standards of ideal thought.

Herein, we conceive, lies the basis of Tegnér's title to that of the greatest poet of modern times. In this field and method, however, he was not alone among his contemporaries, but what distinguished him from these and placed him, while yet living, upon so lofty an eminence in the world of song was the choice he made of

his materials and the modern touch of color with which he clothed his themes. For the first he took the virile sagas of Viking lore instead of invading the well-trodden arena of Greek and Roman legend, and for the latter he chose the more refined and familiar language and customs of modern times. True, for this he was accused of literary vandalism, but the people, from prince to peasant, read his "Frithiof's Saga", his "Axel" and his "Svea" and others of his most celebrated poems with an intensity of heart-interest and admiration unprecedented in the literary annals of the North, and the translation of "Frithiof's Saga" into nearly every language of the civilized globe attests the unerring judgment of the masses in all that is best of man's product of heart and brain.

Esaias Tegnér, a fifth son, was born in the parsonage of Kyrkerud, Vermland, Sweden, November 13, 1782. His paternal grandfather was a peasant, whose surname was Lucasson, living in the little village of Tegnaby, in Smaland, and the change of name on the part of his son, the poet's father, was due to a custom then prevalent of Latinizing surnames of common derivation on a student entering any of the high schools, to one of which the latter was sent in order to fit him for the ministry, and who took the name of his birthplace instead of that of his family as a base for Latinizing his name. At the tender age of nine the young Esaias had the misfortune to lose his father, whereby his mother, with several small children, among them a child of defective mind, was left in a state of almost pressing poverty. For a

time the family lived upon a small farm some few miles distant, which, by reason of the father's connection with the church, still remained subject to their use, in order the better to afford the bereft widow and her little ones a possible means of livelihood.

It was while living here in this little village, called Ingrirud, that we have a first glimpse of the coming bard. Young Esaias one day while playing in the farmyard came upon a little dead gosling which, he surmised, not without good reason, had been killed by one of the predatory animals or birds that infested the neighborhood. The little dead thing excited his compassion, and he proceeded to bury it in a manner, as seemed to him, befitting the occasion. On an old burial mound nearby he dug a small grave, into which he deposited his charge, prayerfully covered it over and inserted in the earth a stick, upon which he fastened a piece of paper inscribed with the following original verse,—the first flower of his genius:

> Lucky thou, little gosling now,
> No fox, no crow, no raven
> Shall reach thy haven.

A short distance northwest of Karlstad lived at this time one Jacob Branting, a friend of the family and one of the assessors of the district, who, having need of assistance in his office and doubtless knowing the need of the family, took the young Esaias, then ten years of age, into his office as a clerk. The boy wrote a good, legible hand and soon gained from his employer

a recognition of being unusually bright and intelligent. In fact, he became fond of the lad's society and often took him along in his chaise on journeys connected with his business, more on account of the pleasure of his society than for any special purpose. Young "Esse", as his employer called him, became during this time an inordinate lover of books and soon availed himself liberally of the use of his master's library. Soon his conversation took on a philosophical trend and his frequent reference to the processes of nature, both terrestial and celestial, led his employer to believe that the boy was gifted beyond the ordinary youth of his age. Mingled with this serious inclination of mind there was also observable a readiness of wit and a buoyancy of spirit which greatly accentuated his personality among those with whom he came in contact. An early instance of this is afforded in the story related by the poet, Carl William Böttiger (who became his son-in-law), in his excellent portraiture of Tegnér:

"One day," says Böttiger, "there was an unusual rush of business in Assessor Branting's office. A somewhat self-important Länsman or sergeant,—a sort of rural district officer, was impatiently waiting the completion of a document which young Tegnér was busily transcribing. It was the days of blotting ink with sand, and the young scrivener in his haste proceeded to spray his freshly written paper with the contents of the ink-stand instead of the sand-cruet! The sergeant, observing this, and being angry at the delay which the accident foreboded, exclaimed, 'God knows what time will ever make

of you, who blunders in this manner!' 'Well,' calmly replied the young man, 'I may at least be good enough for a Länsman!'"

Another incident may serve to illustrate the studious nature of the lad and which at the same time resolved his benefactor in the purpose of making something more than a clerk of his protégé. One starry night as the two were returning from Karlstad, Branting, who was a pious man, took occasion to speak of God's handiwork as portrayed in the spangled beauty of the heavens and of the evidences of omnipotence and wisdom manifested thereby. The boy's answer disclosed a considerable knowledge of the cosmic system of the universe and he proceeded to speak of the motions of the heavenly bodies in a manner that astonished his older companion. "How do you know all this?" inquired the latter. "I have read it in Bastholm's 'Philosophy for the Unlearned'" (Philosophie för Olärde), replied the fourteen-year-old lad. Branting was silent; but a few days later he observed: "You must become a student. You can learn nothing more with me, and I believe you were born for something better. If that is the case," he added, "do not forget to thank the Giver of all good things."

Our limited space will not permit a detailed account of his student course, nor is it really necessary in order to form an estimate of his character and progress. Suffice it to say that in due time he was admitted to the University at Lund and, as might be expected, there fulfilled the highest hopes of his foster-father and other benefactors who came to his aid. Another inci-

dent, however, which throws light upon an inner phase of his nature should not be omitted:

By an order of the faculty at the Lund University, the old trees of the wooded campus (Lundagården) had received a severe pruning and lopping in order to preserve them from too rapid decay. The immediate result, however, was to present a sorry spectacle to the eyes of the students who were wont to spend much of their leisure time beneath the cool and dreamy canopy which their spreading crowns afforded. Going to the wood in a body at night they picked up a great number of the severed limbs and branches which the workmen had not yet removed and proceeded to the house of the Rector, and with a loud cry of **"pereat Rector, vivat Lundagård!"** they threw their leafy burdens in front of the entrance, thus completely blocking it. Young Tegnér had been drawn into the exploit rather unwillingly, realizing that the young men had mistaken the purpose of the woodland surgery, but, nevertheless, he was known to have been among them, and being also a "primus" he was selected by the Rector as the principal and spokesman for the entire coterie of miscreants. Without denying his own culpability the young student gave a faithful statemen of the whole affair and of his efforts to prevent the uproar, but the Rector, feeling that an act of such overt insubordination to his authority and personal dignity must not go unpunished, even though a vicarious victim would have to be provided, proceeded to sentence:

"You are already," said he, "an officer of this university; you have been nominated primus at

the ensuing promotions and might expect great success in your profession here. All this is now passed. The academic constitution clearly directs that you must **relegari cum infamia** (be expelled with disgrace). Sorry, indeed, am I that your good fortune should thus be thrown away. Still it might be possible," he added after a pause, "that all might be helped and arranged if you would only tell me the names of the ringleaders in the riot." Tegnér, incensed at this proposal, replied with some warmth that, however it fared with himself, he would never play the informer against his comrades. "We were," he concluded, "two or three hundred altogether, and there were very few among them whom I knew, but these I will never betray!"

Perhaps no greater evidence of the high estimation in which he was held by both faculty and students at this time can be presented than the fact that rather than expel him the entire incident was allowed to drop.

About this time Tegnér received the sad intelligence of the death of his eldest brother, Lars Gustaf Tegnér, who had been his instructor in those elements of learning requisite to gain for him an entrance to the University, and in many other ways had guided him during the crucial years of his early life. The affection that had always existed between the two brothers is a beautiful tribute to the character of both. Soon thereafter, on Midsummer's Eve, June 24, 1802, he received his laurel-wreath in the promotion ceremonies at the famous old Cathedral of Lund, where he was crowned "Mas-

ter of Arts," the foremost among a class of forty students.

Close upon this auspicious event in the life of a student he composed what is regarded the first of his most noted poems, "To My Childhood Home" (Till min Hembygd). In order to illustrate as best we can the beauty and imagery of his thought and style at this period to those unable to read this production in the original, and as a humble tribute to Sweden's greatest bard, we have translated and append at the close of this sketch a few stanzas of this exquisite gem.

On a visit to Rämen, in Vermland, which he undertook soon after his promotion, after first seeking his mother and felicitating with her and his benefactor, Branting, his success at school, he became enamored of Anna Myhrman, the beautiful daughter of Christopher Myhrman, an ironmaster of prominence, at whose home the young poet had some years before been called as instructor of the children in classic literature. The young people were now engaged, but not until four years thereafter did circumstances permit of their marriage. At this hospitable and elegant home he also met, for the first time and formed a friendship which lasted for life, with the rising young poet, Erik Gustaf Geijer, who afterwards became a professor in the famous Upsala University. Returning to Lund he was appointed reader (docens) in æsthetics at the University, but was permitted to leave for a time for the city of Stockholm, whither he had been called as tutor in the house of Director Strübing. Here he met and formed a friendship

Lund Cathedral, Sweden

with the poet Mikæl Choræus. The gay life of Sweden's capital, however, had no allurements for him, and as soon as his engagement was over he returned to Lund, where, almost immediately, he was again promoted as assistant lecturer (vice-professor) in æsthetics, in which position he was virtually head of this professorship by reason of his principal (Lidbäck) being made rector of the school. During this period he formed a strong friendship for the poet and fencing-master, Peter Henrik Ling, who not only became favorably known for his virile folk-lore poetry embodying as its chief subject the ancient myths and sagas of the Vikings, but by a curious admixture of genius became still more famous on account of his system of curative gymnastics, commonly known in this country as the "Swedish Movement Cure."

On August 22nd, 1806, at her home in Rämen, he led Anna Myhrman to the altar. An incident of the marriage, indicating the practical good sense of this young girl, is related concerning her bridal-wreath of myrtle which, in some manner not explained, did not arrive in time for the ceremony, whereupon she twined a wreath of wild heather blossoms which, peeping forth from under her dark locks, enhanced her beauty even more than the more conventional ornament could have done. The union proved a happy one and lasted throughout life, several children blessing it as time went on. An interesting relic of their courtship, which might have been mentioned before, was the finding in recent years, long after this happy pair had passed away, of a stone up in the woods of

Rämen which shows under its coating of moss the initials of E. T. and A. M. It requires but little imagination, and two cantos of "Frithiof's Saga" supply abundant hints (Frithiof's Wooing, and Frithiof's Happiness) to give to these lover inscriptions something more than ordinary significance.

Tegnér at this time has been described as a remarkably handsome young man, tall, fair-haired and rosy-faced, with almost classic features and a look of intellectual precocity beaming from his bright blue eyes. His temperament was naturally that of cheerfulness, although, like all poets, sensitive and easily stirred to deep emotion or depressing melancholy. His studious nature, while often withdrawing him from the ordinary pleasures of life, compensated him with accomplishments which few young men of his time possessed. He thus became a linguist of remarkable scope, mastering not only the Greek and Latin languages but also English, French and German, as well as being classed as a master of his native tongue. Few men at his age have become so richly endowed and so eminently fitted for their chosen calling.

In the course of a few years following his marriage he was promoted from one position to another in the University, holding for many years a professorship while at the same time filling the office of bishop of the diocese of Wexio, a position which, owing to its connection with the school system was as apt to be filled by a learned layman of high repute as by one who had been regularly ordained after a theological course. During these years his fame as a poet

constantly increased, but it was his masterwork, "Frithiof's Saga", that at one bound placed him upon the pinnacle of Sweden's kings of song, and made his name and fame known throughout the entire world of belles lettres. Other of his famous poems about this time (1824) are his "Song to the Sun", and "The Young Communicants" (Nattvardsbarnen), which the American poet, Longfellow (who for a time studied under Tegnér), has translated under the title of "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

Besides the poetic romance "Axel", and the idyll "To My Childhood Home", which, with other poems have already been referred to, mention must also be made of the pseudo-historical fragment "Gerda", a romance founded on the building of the cathedral at Lund early in the 12th century, one of the oldest great religious edifices in Europe, as well as having the distinction of being the only example of pure Romanesque architecture in Sweden. Also the shorter but no less brilliant "War-Song for the Scanien Reserves"; "King Charles, the Young Hero" (Kung Karl, den unge hjelte); the notable poem "Svea", which won him the great prize of the Swedish Academy, and the pathetic "swan-song" of the poet — his last tribute to the muse—"Farewell to My Lyre":

Farewell, my Lyre! Yes, now thy reign is o'er,
Lay thee to sleep, for we shall sing no more.
. . . . .

A great deal of speculation and false rumor attaches to the last few years of the poet's life,

owing to a temporary mental abberation which gradually overtook him and caused a short sojourn in a sanitarium. That this condition was partly due to an inherited strain which showed itself from birth in one of his brothers, aggravated by his constant engrossing labors of the mind, is, it seems to us, too plain to need further comment, except to remark that the inclination to defame has ever been the favorite pursuit of those whose little souls smart under the radiance of such an intellectual luminary as Tegnér, and who, seeing "Homer nod" for a moment, are quick to seek advantage of the lapse wherewith to plume themselves. The single fact that he composed many beautiful songs after his return from the sanitarium, including his last song above mentioned, fully equal to some of his prior work, and in other ways comported himself in keeping with his profession, amply disproves these ignoble charges.

But even here, with symptoms of life's greatest malady already manifest, his natural wit did not forsake him. In one of his letters to a friend he writes: "There runs a vein of madness through my family. With me it has until now only broken out in poetry, which is a mild, alleviating form of lunacy; but who can say that it will always take this course?"

It may be said, however, that the last years of his life were lived in the twilight of rapid physical decline, although occasional flashes of the old fire were now and then to be seen. A trip into Bohemia, while it afforded him the pleasure of meeting many noted men of science and letters, did not improve his health. After

his return from the sanitarium in May, 1841, he resumed his office as bishop for a time, with ever lessening activity, until 1846, when he requested a year's rest from active duties and thereafter spent most of his time lying upon his couch surrounded by his favorite books. Once a day he took an hour's ride in his carriage. As late as September, 1846, he was able to make a journey on a visit to his children and grand-children in Skåne. A few weeks after his return he was stricken with paralysis of the left side and was compelled to take permanently to his bed. Peacefully and gradually he approached life's close. His mind brightened perceptibly toward the last, and his fondness for the sunlight and the ocean's changing wonders expressed itself in occasional recital of extemporaneous verse.

On a beautiful autumn morning, November 2nd, 1846, the sunlight burst suddenly in upon him through his chamber window, flooding the venerable poet with its benignant rays. He had written a "Song to the Sun", now the Sun was limning its song to him. Stretching out his hand toward the casement through which streamed the beaming flood he exclaimed, "I lift my hands to the mountains and house of God." Near midnight, while the heavens were aflame with a brilliant aura of the Northern Lights, which spread a soft and soothing radiance about him, he again uttered this sentence, as with scarcely a sigh, his hand clasped in that of his weeping wife—the loving companion and steadfast friend of his youth, kneeling beside him, he breathed his last.

Tegnér was carried to his grave in the churchyard in Wexio by a group of sturdy peasants,—the class of men from whom he sprang and for whom his heart ever beat in warmest sympathy, followed by a vast concourse of friends and admirers from nearly every walk of life, and on his grave was erected a marble cross resting upon a block of Swedish granite,—a simple monument, but one that symbolizes the outstanding trait of his character,—his abiding faith in immortality anchored upon the solid foundation of a true and steadfast heart.

To My Childhood Home

Thou, who my childhood gave its mold and
leaning stanchion,
Thy mem'ry lingers yet, O home-place, in my
heart.
Mine ear still longs to hear thy bounding echoes
start,
And distance still adorns thy wood-embowered
mansion,
Where thou 'mid mountains lift thy form serene,
Gigantic, wild, yet with poetic mien.

How perfect with each line thy simple beauty
tallies!
Each thought of thee is clear as heaven's limpid
blue.
In thy cascades alone thy untamed powers
brew;
And freedom wanders hushed within thy dusky
valleys.

As when the skies thy rising mountains cop.
And wreaths of stars enshrine their lofty top.

Let each decadent place its showy fashions borrow,—
The site of virtue's grave, the plague of honest thought!
The folk, where I was born, seek, as their fathers sought,
Life's simple ways, the plow, their freedom's joy and sorrow;
The cleanly soul, the faith in life to come,
Stand moveless as the cliffs, their treasure's home.

Betrays me now my song?—Your son, O birthplace, save
Him in thy bosom fond an humble cot some day,
Thy candor for his soul, thy virtue for his lay.
In gen'rous tribute place a tablet o'er his grave;
And let thy blossom-leaves, thy somber shade,
Not hide the turf wherein his dust is laid!

Edvard Hagerup Grieg

Like many who have risen to great eminence, the subject of this sketch won his way through adverse conditions, but his course was not so much retarded by the usual press of poverty as by the burdens of bodily infirmity and distress. At the very threshold of his career he became a physical martyr from a malignant attack of pleurisy whereby he lost the use of one of his lungs, and this, together with a persistent asthma, made him a virtual invalid for life. It was only when dwelling amid the mountains and fjords of his native land that he gained a little respite from labored breathing, and it was among these that he composed many of his most delightful melodies.

Edvard Hagerup Grieg was born in Bergen, Norway, June 15, 1843. He inherited much of his musical talent from his mother, who was an artist of more than ordinary ability, and from her received his first lessons in singing and piano-forte playing while only six years of age. Thus from early life he lived in a tonal atmosphere and showed marked aptitude for what was to be his chosen field, although his first expressed ambition was to become a clergyman.

But his aversion to school life and its prosaic routine soon changed his desire for scholastic pursuits. As indicating how great was this

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

repugnance it is related that he once stood in the rain under the eaves of a dripping roof until "soaked to the skin", in order to compel his teacher to send him home. Nevertheless, he was very fond of reading books of a fantastic or poetic character, became in time a most entertaining writer of letters—belles-lettres they might indeed be called, and he grew to be an adept not only in his own language but in the German, which he mastered, besides acquiring considerable knowledge of French and English.

From his tenth year until nearing majority he lived, except when away studying, with his parents and kin on a goodly estate at Landaas, a short distance from Bergen. It was here he first met the great violinist, Ole Bull, who quickly discerned his musical genius, and recommended that he be sent to the Conservatory at Leipsic. He was then only fifteen, and later in life, referring to this event, wrote to a friend: "Although I had not the slightest idea what it meant to study music, I was certain that the miracle would happen, and that in three years, when my course of studies came to an end, I should go back home a wizard-master in the kingdom of sounds."

It was while studying at this famous institution that he contracted the malady to which reference has been made. He was taken back home by his mother to recuperate, but insisted on returning to the Conservatory as soon as possible to finish his course, which he did, although at great cost to his vitality.

In 1863 he took up his abode for some time in Copenhagen, the home of Neils W. Gade, the

head of the Scandinavian School of Music. Grieg frankly acknowledges his debt to Gade, although in a restricted sense, not a pupil of the Danish master. At the latter's insistence he composed a symphony (opus 14), to which Gade gave "such unstinted praise that it fired the young composer's ambition as nothing else had done before," especially after the elder Lumbye had produced it at the Tivoli with great success.

Grieg also gives credit to Norway's young composer, R. Nordraak, for influencing him in the direction of Northern folk-music. Nordraak, whose untimely death was a great blow to our composer as well as to many of his countrymen, left a legacy to his native land in the grandly thrilling music of its national song, "Ja vi elsker dette Landet," and Grieg, in turn, dedicated his celebrated "Humeresken" (opus 6) to the memory of his beloved friend.

Grieg liked the myths, folk-tales, ballads and popular melodies of his own Norway, and used to persuade old people to tell him ghost stories and the younger ones to sing to him the wierd, plaintive songs of the Northland, and he often visited the peasant folk in remote valleys to listen to their quaint tunes and to watch their picturesque dances.

Another one whose gifts and personality impressed Grieg was the eminent statesman and poet, Björnstjerne Björnson, writer of the words to Nordraak's famous strain. The great publicist was an ardent admirer of Grieg and his music and furnished much of the Norse spirit with which the latter teems.

"Jeg elsker dig" (I Love Thee), Grieg's most popular love song, was probably the lyrical expression of his affection for Nina Hagerup, his cousin, whom he married in 1867. It is interesting to note that he took the words from Hans Christian Andersen's beautiful poem. Thus, in the perusal of the story of this interesting life we frequently encounter the names of some of the most eminent men of Scandinavia as well as those of other lands. Great minds attract great minds.

His wife proved a blessing to him, not only as a tender and loving companion, but by greatly assisting him in his rising career, for she was herself a very excellent vocalist and musician. Only one child, a daughter, was born of the union, but, unfortunately,the little one died when only seven months old.

Having been granted an annuity of 1800 crowns from his home government, he gave up teaching and, at the urgent request of Henrik Ibsen, Norway's foremost dramatist, he set about writing the music to "Peer Gynt", involving a labor of nearly two years. Much of this, his masterpiece, was doubtless inspired by the surroundings which he chose in order to secure not only seclusion but an environment compatible with the spirit and setting of the play. He had built for him a hut or "tune house", as he called it, which afterward became known as his "lofthus", on a picturesque site of the Hardanger Fjord, known as Sörfjord, about half way between Eide and Odde. It consisted of a small wooden cabin of only one room, "just big enough for a piano, fireplace, and the

composer himself, and was perched high up on a rock near the fjord." Not far away was the village of Ullensvag, where he spent his nights and took his meals, but frequently, in summer, he remained in the cabin over night in order to catch the dawning of the morning hours, often glorious in this region. It was in one of these early vigils that he wrote his exquisitely beautiful "Morning Mood".

Following the removal of the cabin to a less accessible place, after "much tugging and pulling," for it was moved bodily, as he says, "in the American style," he rewarded the workers not only with money for their labor but with, what was more to them, his masterful playing of the melodies nearest their hearts.

But even here he was not entirely free from occasional eavesdroppers. So sensitive was his nature that he could not endure the presence of anyone while composing, and he was finally compelled to remove his little tune house to the vicinage of his own splendid villa, "Troldhaugen" (Sprite-hill), about four hours' ride from Bergen, overlooking one of Norway's many beautiful lake-like fjords, "where the surroundings breathe the very air of "Solvejg's Song".

Following the completion and production of his music to "Peer Gynt", Grieg's place as one of the world's masters of music was firmly established. As he had opened up new vistas in the world of harmony he was, of course, attacked by musical votaries of the stereotyped school. But the really great, like Liszt, the incomparable virtuoso, whom he met in Rome and who was carried into ecstacies by his music,

Grieg Composing in the Mountains
of Norway

stamped him as a composer of the highest rank. "Keep steadily on, I tell you," said Liszt with much feeling; "you have the capability, do not let them intimidate you!"

Once his fame was fixed, only physical weakness prevented him from filling many engagements both as a pianist-composer and leader of large orchestras, although he did appear at intervals in the principal cities of Europe. Sometimes, just before going on the stage, he would take several drops of opium to stimulate his weakened frame. But his infirmity never betrayed itself to his audience; before it, and under the influence of the rapturous music he evoked, he was a quivering symbol of vigorous life, employing in the climaxes both arms—nay, his whole body, in giving emphasis to the score, and "shaking out his long, white hair as a lion shakes its mane."

Though short in stature, frail and slightly stooped, Grieg had a striking personality. His face was individual, his countenance alert, the expression of a thinker—a genius. His eyes were keen and dark steel-gray, his hair long, and, like Liszt's, brushed upwards and back. His hands were thin, long-fingered and nervous —"wonderful hands at the piano." He was bright and quick in conversation, and liked to **hear and tell a good, clean jest.**

Once while out fishing with a friend and neighbor, Frants Beyer, he got an unusual theme and jotted it down on a piece of paper which he laid on the seat beside him. A gust of wind blew it into the water, but Beyer caught it and, being somewhat of a musician himself,

read it carefully, put it into his pocket and began whistling the tune. Grieg turned like a flash and inquired, "What is that?" "Oh," replied Beyer, carelessly, "only an idea I got." "The deuce you say," retorted the composer, roguishly, "I just got that same idea myself!"

He was fond of things to eat that have an individual flavor—a tang, such as oysters, caviare, fancy cheese and other epicurean delicacies, and liked strong, aromatic tea and old port wine, though a very moderate user of liquor. When alone he was frequently melancholy, but even then often exhibited fine satire and weird fantasy, directed usually toward himself and his chronic infirmities.

Owing to ever-failing strength he composed but little during the last two decades of his life, but enough of his work was done to furnish a comprehensive estimate of his versatility and resourcefulness in the beautiful "kingdom of sounds." The income from the sale of his pieces and from his occasional appearance in concert brought him a very considerable revenue. His favorite composition was his ballad in G minor, which he says he wrote with his heart's blood. The most popular of folk-dances in the mountainous regions of Norway are the Spring dance and the "Halling", of which there are admirable specimens in his works.

Among Grieg's best known pieces may be mentioned: "Humoresken", the violin sonatas, the 'cello sonata, the wedding marches, the piano concerto, the songs, "I Love Thee', "Im Kahn", "The Swan", "Solvejg's Song", etc.; the "Peer Gynt" music, the "Holberg" suite, the

piano sonata, the "Ballade", and the albums of "Lyric Pieces".

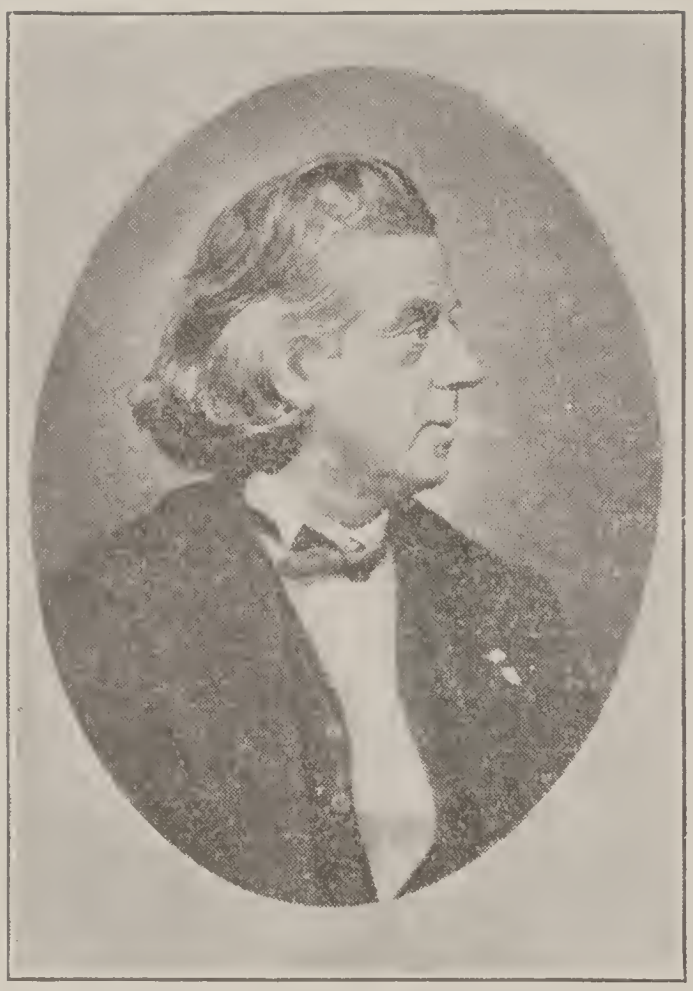
Late in the summer of 1907, just about the time he was considering accepting a proposal for a series of concerts in the United States, "provided," he wrote, "it was guaranteed that the Atlantic would behave itself," and actually preparing for another concert tour in England, he fell seriously ill. Soon thereafter he was taken to the hospital at Bergen, and as they laid him gently on his bed he remarked, quietly: "This, then, is the end",—the same words which Schubert, his favorite composer, uttered before he went to his final rest. During the night of September 3rd his life ebbed slowly away, but his insomnia, from which he had been a constant sufferer, mercifully left him, and with a satisfied smile on his kindly, pallid face, he fell asleep to wake and suffer no more.

After the funeral, at which nearly fifty thousand people attended and to which wreaths were brought from scores of the world's great centers of culture and many persons high in the affairs of life were present or sent their condolences and eulogies, his body was cremated and the ashes placed in an urn, as he had directed. This urn, also according to his written request, was placed within a grotto in a steep cliff projecting into the fjord, visible from Troldhaugen, and which can only be reached by water. This natural tomb was forever closed by a thick, flat stone upon which was inscribed, simply, "Edvard Grieg".

"There, looking out over the beautiful lake, in the midst of pine trees, with only nature for his

companions—the rough, rugged Norwegian nature that gave him birth and whose beauties he had made known to the world in his music—there he wished to lie, and there he lies."

A lady who visited the spot shortly after the burial says she noticed some peasants shoveling broken stones into the water near the landing place. "Why do you do that?" she inquired. "Because," was the wistful reply, "the boats must not land here, for we were told that Grieg wished to be alone."



NEILS WILHELM GADE

Neils Wilhelm Gade

Denmark has given to the world several musicians of extraordinary merit, such as Buxtehude, the famous organist (1637-1674), Christoph E. F. Weyse (1774-1842), writer of operas and a number of fine church compositions, and one of the tutors of the subject of our sketch; Johann Peter Emil Hartman, and his son, Emil Hartman, both noted for their contributions to operatic and orchestral pieces, the latter especially for his folk dances and songs, and Lumbye, who excelled in terpsichorean music to such an extent as to be dubbed "The Scandinavian Strauss." But none of these have by reason of their productions gained that world-wide recognition usually designated as "international" to the same degree as that of the artist of whom we here give a brief portrayal.

Neils Wilhelm Gade was born in Copenhagen, October 22, 1817. His father was a musical instrument maker and the boy was brought up at the same trade. His first instructions on the piano, guitar and violin were given for the benefit of his trade rather than with any thought of his becoming a great musician, but he made such unusual progress that his father took him to the best teachers then known, such as Wershall, Berggren, and Weyse, upon whose advice he was permitted to enter upon a musical career. After a season of hard study he secured a posi-

tion as violinist in the Royal Orchestra, and in a competition for a prize offered by the Copenhagen Musical Union for an orchestral work produced as worthy an "Opus 1" as Denmark had ever heard from a native son. The judges were the great Spohr and the celebrated Schneider, and they, without knowing who was the composer, at once awarded the prize to the overture entitled "Echoes from Ossian," the first great work of Gade. It has kept its place on the repertoire of all great orchestras from that time (1841) to the present, and is an effective example of the romantic school in its purer form.

Gade was not a child prodigy when this work drew attention to his genius, being then twenty-four years of age, but the overture brought him more than a prize, for it awakened the interest of some of the most influential musicians of Europe, such as Mendelssohn, who rendered the piece with his famous orchestra, following it with Gade's second masterpiece, the "First Symphony in C Minor."

Denmark's attention was now fixed on Gade, and King Christian VIII helped him with means to travel in foreign lands to perfect his musical education. While abroad he composed his celebrated cantata, "Comala", which made a profound impression in musical circles. At Leipsic he alternated with Mendelssohn in conducting his famous orchestra, and upon the latter's death was made its sole director until his return to Copenhagen in 1848.

Gade married a daughter of the elder Hartman, already mentioned, and became a kind and effectionate husband and father.

Edvard Grieg, the celebrated Norwegian composer, studied under Gade in 1862 and spent the summer of 1875 as his guest. Gade's music had always a great attraction for Grieg.

Our Danish composer wrote eight symphonies, of which the first in C minor, above referred to, and the fourth in B flat, hold their places on the concert repertoire as standard. His symphony in G minor may also be mentioned as especially fine. Other instrumental works are a splendid overture "In the Highlands," an overture on "Hamlet," another entitled "Michael Angelo," a stirring quintette, a sextette and an octette, also for strings, and two sonatas for violin and piano, the one in D minor being one of the most inspired of Gade's smaller works.

He was a perfect master of the sonata form as established by Mozart and Haydn, but it is by his cantatas that he will be chiefly remembered, in which he displays keen knowledge of vocal treatment and great melodic grace. His two songs of spring, the "Fruhlings-phantasie" and "Fruhlings-botschaft" are likely to remain standard works in repertoire, the latter being an especial favorite with choruses in America and England. "The Crusaders" is a work of large dimensions and is frequently performed in the world's great musical centers. It is full of contrast and tone color, and the picture of the march through the desert, the military fervor of the crusaders' song, and intoxicating sweet-

ness of the song of sirens, show great versatility.

Gade was greatly delighted to hear of the performance of his works in America, and stated that had he been a younger man he would have conducted the trans-Atlantic performance himself. "Now I must wait for a still longer journey," he said, reflectively. That "longer journey" was taken on December 21st, 1890.

By no means a radical in the musical sense, he was more free in development and treatment than the old masters and more shapely and symetrical than Schuman, Liszt or Saint Saens. Though a prototype of Mendelssohn, he sang of spring with sweeter melodies and of northern legends with more sympathetic, brooding touches than the former.

Like nearly all men of conspicuous artistic talent he had a playful sense of humor and often signed his name in the form of four full notes on a musical staff, G-A-D-E; and he was greatly amused by a jestful comparison of himself with his great musical contemporary, Verdi, made by his countrymen by using the word "Gade," which in Danish means "street," and the name "Verdi" or "Verdig," which in Danish means "worthy," to express their admiration of the work of one and their assumed contempt for that of the other, by saying: "Gade Musik er Verdi Musik, men Verdi Musik er Gade Musik!" (Gade music is worthy music, but Verdi music is street music.)

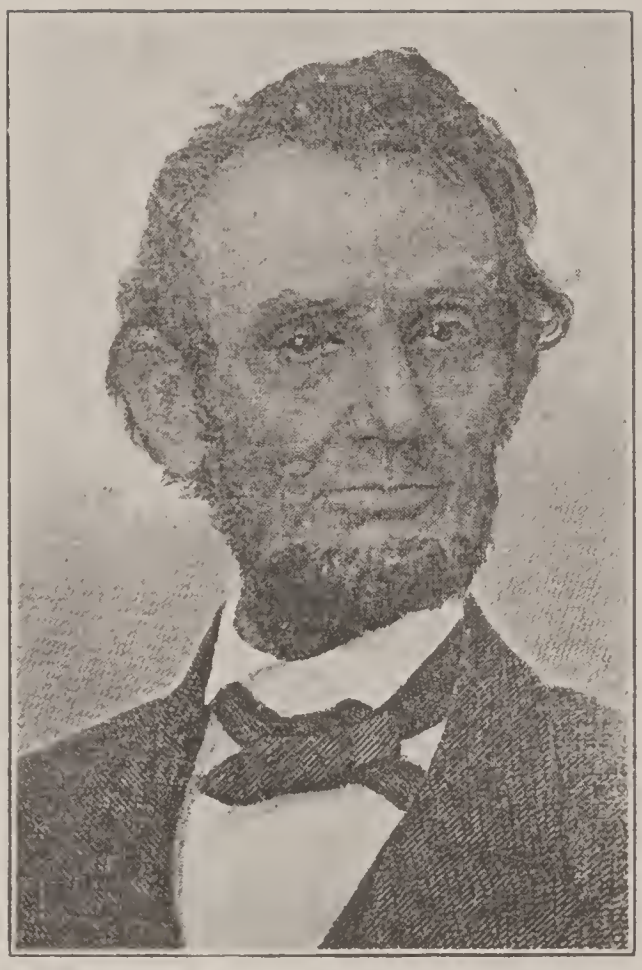
The time may come when the world, sated with syncopated time on the one hand and the lurid "soarings after the infinite" on the other

of so many of our modern composers, will seek a music that is more reposeful, and then it will more fully appreciate the gentle, soothing northern light that shone from the life and works of Neils Wilhelm Gade.

Abraham Lincoln

Born in a lowly cot,—the humble habitation of the poor, reared by sturdy, frugal parents in the primeval forest—the rugged environs of hardy pioneers; with scarce a year of school, culling the fruits of learning from old and treasured books acquired at random and read by the ruddy phantom light of the open hearth; touched by the sweet resignation and silent sorrow of an angel mother until his soul glowed with the warmth of Christian love; tending in village store and gathering about its fetid air the glamor of the public stump; battling for justice in the shuffling forums of the law; roused by the fire of a noble passion to fight the entrenched institutions of human bondage that lay as a gnawing cancer at the nation's heart; raised to the head of a government espoused to the eternal principles of Liberty and Equality, with a grim determination to die, if need be, in order that these ideals should live,—such was Lincoln, the most revered personality that ever a people entrusted with the reins of power.

Great men are often products of their time. When the faith of the world was threatened a Man came who spoke as no man had spoken before; when traffic in human flesh reached its climax a man came who once for all decreed its overthrow. Truly, He who providently caters to the sparrow ministers to the needs of man!



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln was the embodiment of the fraternal instinct,—of man's love for his fellow. His sympathy was as broad as humanity itself. He would rather pardon than punish, rather cherish than hate. He forgot his opponents and forgave his enemies. He talked, laughed and wept with the candor and simplicity of a child. His heart was so large that he wore it in part on both sleeves. Although retired and thoughtful in discourse on serious subjects, he was extremely free and jovial in ordinary moods. He loved wit, pathos and poetry and was sensitive to every phase of human emotion. Honest, simple, loyal and kind, pride was a stranger to him, selfishness was not in his lexicon, and the siren songs of Mammon fell dead on his ears. He had the courage of his convictions, and was immovable against the promptings of natural justice. If he erred, Virtue knew it, for she was always at his side. He was charity incarnate, mercy personified, love adorned. Seldom does such a man come to the head of a nation, but when he does the recording angel smiles and on the page of history drops a tear.

The influence of such a life no one can measure. Time will never efface it. Lincoln was not only truly great, he was truly good. His genius consisted in saying and doing just the right thing at the right time,—the psychological moment, and with an eloquence and method peculiarly his own. His address at Gettysburg is a nation's saddest and sweetest classic, his emancipation of the slave is one of the world's greatest achievements.

His untimely death at the hands of a crazed assassin was more than a tragedy, it was a national calamity. It has been said that Liberty shrieked when Kosiosco fell; it may be said that Mercy sighed when Lincoln died.

Though stone and bronze may grace, they are needless to preserve his memory, for it is enshrined in the hearts of all who love what is purest and best in the souls and annals of mankind.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(Delivered at the dedication of Gettysburg cemetery, November 19, 1863. It was not intended for an oration. Edward Everett, one of the foremost public speakers of the nation, was the orator of the day. Lincoln's part was to pronounce the formal words of dedication. The speech of the former has long ago ceased to be read, but the latter's address—the notes for which were hastily scribbled on a piece of paper on his way to the cemetery—is one of the choicest bits of elegiac poetry the world has ever known.)

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here,

Lincoln's Birthplace Near Hodgenville, Kentucky

have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Jenny Lind

When we speak of true greatness we instinctively comprehend that which rises above the material into the realms of the spiritual—qualities of the heart as well as of the mind. There have been other singers perhaps equal and, in a technical sense, even superior to Jenny Lind, but no singer ever rose to such heights of admiration—one might almost say, adoration, by reason of both her art and her personal qualities as did this sweet songstress of the North, the "Swedish Nightingale."

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm on October 6th, 1820. Her father was unable to make his own living, let alone supporting his family, and so the mother taught school until Jenny was nine years old, when, unable to carry the burden any longer she was compelled to send the child and her aged grandmother to "The Widows' Home." At this charitable institution Jenny was very happy, for here she had always enough to eat. She had a favorite kitten which she used to place on the window-sill and sing to, in her own way.

One day a maid of Madamoiselle Lundberg, a noted dancer of the Royal Opera, stopped to listen to the child singing to her cat, while on her way to the market. "Oh, such a wonderful voice, Madame, so like a bird!" she told her mistress upon her return. The great danseuse

JENNY LIND

was interested and sent for the child. Then there was commotion at the Widow's Home. The mother objected, for she did not like the stage, but her grandmother insisted. "This is her only chance," she said. So the little girl was brought before Mlle. Lundberg in her magnificent apartments. The royal dancer was delighted at the child's singing and wrote a letter recommending her to Herr Craelius, court secretary and singing master of the royal theatre. Herr Craelius was astonished by her voice and took her before the royal impressario, Count Püké. "How old is this child," inquired the count. "Nine," "Nine!" he repeated; "but this is not a nursery; it is the king's theatre," and refused to listen to her singing. "Well," said Craelius, "if you will not hear her, I will teach her myself, and she will one day astonish you." The count yielded. The child was frightened by his gruff demeanor, but her Viking spirit suddenly arose and she poured out a flood of melody that brought the impressario to his feet, his face twitching with emotion. She was accepted on the spot, made at attaché of the royal theatre, taught to sing, educated, and brought up at the expense of the Government.

Then came a terrible visitation; she lost her voice! Too much practice and singing in private concerts had overstrained it. With her savings she went to Paris to consult the famous teacher, Garcia; but he said: "You have no voice; you had one, but began too early and sang too much. Don't sing for three months and then come to see me."

At this time the composer Meyerbeer was arranging a concert-rehearsal of his new opera, "Robert le Diable," and sent for Miss Lind to fill out a minor roll. Ignoring the advice of Garcia he placed her before a full orchestra, and lo! her voice returned as by a miracle!

And such a voice! Nothing like it had ever been heard before. Many have tried to describe it, to analyze it, but perhaps her own estimate is the truest and best: "I sing after no one's method," she said, "only, as far as I am able, after that of the birls; for their Master was the only one who came up to my demands for truth, clearness, and expression." Lablache, the great Italian basso, said: "Each note is like a pearl." A London critic thus described her vocal accomplishments: "Her voice, a clear, powerful soprano, with a range of nearly two and one half octaves, was susceptible of the greatest variety of intonation. It met all the demands of the composer with the greatest facility. No difficulties appalled her. A perfect musician herself she revelled in all the roulades. Her upper notes filled the vastest area with an effect to which nothing but the striking of a fine-toned bell could be compared, while her most gentle and subdued passages were audible at the greatest distances."

But it was not her voice alone which caused her rapid rise to the highest pinnacle of the lyric stage; it was her acting, her histrionic art, her peculiarly sweet and winsome manner, her pure and symphathetic heart. Mendelssohn said: "I have never in my life met so noble, so true an art nature as Jenny Lind is. I have

never found natural giits, study and sympathetic warmth united in such a degree." Fredrika Bremer, the noted Swedish authoress, wrote to Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet: "She is a great singer, we both agree, but she is also a great artist, and she is still greater in her pure humanity."

Once her gifts and personal charm became generally known she was called to perform in well-nigh every principal city in Europe, before nearly every crowned head. At twenty she was made a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music and was appointed court singer to his majesty, Carl Johan. At Nuremburg a medal was struck in her honor. Queen Victoria of England presented her with a diamond-studded bracelet. "I must express my admiration for you in some way," sad the queen, "as well as my respect."

Her return to Stockholm produced a sensation, almost a panic. Both the police and military had to be called out to preserve order in front of the theatre, so great and insistent was the throng. At Copenhagen she was serenaded by the Danish students, the first foreign artist to be thus honored. Her recalls before the curtain exceeded in number that of any artist of which there is any record, reaching as many as thirty times at one performance of "Norma," sixteen of which came at the close of the final act. Her floral tributes were often overwhelming, making her appear as if standing ankle-deep in a bed of roses. At her farewell concert in London, May 10th, 1849, the audience stood up three times and wept, realizing that this was to be her last

appearance in opera. She was then twenty-nine and had appeared in thirty different operas 677 times, including such roles as "Alice," in Robert le Diable, already referred to, "Agatha" in Der Freischutz, "Lucia" in Lucia di Lammermoor, "Norma" in Bellini's famous opera by that name, "Amina" in La Somnambula, "Valentine" in Les Hugunots," "Maria" in the Daughter of the Regiment, and "Donna Anna" in Mozart's Don Giovanni.

No lyric artist ever experienced so many tangible tokens of appreciation. Her portrait, painted from life, sold for twelve thousand dollars. A medal in gold, silver and bronze was struck in her honor at Stockholm and may there be seen in the National Museum to which she bequeathed it at her death. Her profile was carved in marble bas-relief and placed among the immortals in Westminster Abbey by the English Government, who claimed her as a resident at the time of her death at her villa near Malvern Hills, in 1887.

Jenny Lind came to the United States in 1850 under the management of P. T. Barnum, "the circus king," and gave ninety-five concerts, the total receipts from which were seven hundred thousand dollars. In Boston and New York tickets sold as high as six hundred dollars each. Her private charities in this country exceeded fifty thousand dollars, and on her return to Sweden she donated nearly all her earnings from her American tour to charity and in the founding of schools of music for the poor. Her professional tour in the United States was by far more brilliant and successful than that of

any other performer, male or female, musical, theatrical or operatic, who has ever appeared before an American audience. At the city of Washington she was called upon by President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and other notables, all of whom attended her concerts. Her earnings on this tour aggregated one hundred and seventy-seven thousand dollars. Just before her departure she married Otto Goldschmidt, a composer and pianist of merit who had been playing her accompaniment, and thereafter settled down to private life, as a wife and mother, although on special occasions contributing her great talent for the benefit of some charitable cause.

So much for Jenny Lind's remarkable career. Let us now take a glimpse of her personality. She was five feet three inches tall, with blue eyes, light hair, a face which expressed every emotion, a quick, alert mind that comprehended everything by the time it was half expressed, a dislike for "small talk" and flattery, and a natural, frank, sincere manner. She was a laborious student, not only of music but of languages, of which she mastered five besides her own. While vivacious, there was an undertone of melancholy in her nature. She was abstemious in her habits, drinking neither tea, coffee nor wine. She cared little for personal adornments. At Hanover, the Queen offered her the choice of several fine bracelets, but she selected a small bunch of forget-me-nots which were in a vase on the table. Her charitable gifts exceeded half a million of dollars. She was deeply religious and often took comfort in reading her Bible.

Only once was she ever known to refer to herself as an artist, when, after learning of the large receipts from a concert she had given for the benefit of the poor, she exclaimed: "Isn't it beautiful that I can sing so!"

But the stage had no allurements for her. She longed to retire from the glare of the footlights. "I want to live near the trees, and water, and a cathedral," she said, "because I am tired, body and soul." A friend found her by the seaside with an open Bible before her and asked her why she quit the stage at the very zenith of her career. "Because," she replied, "every day I thought less about this" (pointing to the book) "and nothing at all about that" (pointing to the sunset). "What else could I do?"

She felt that her voice was a gift from God and that she must use it in His service, hence she dedicated her life to the cause of humanity. She was not exactly beautiful of face, but, as the Countess of Westmoreland, wife of the English ambassador to Russia, once said: "I saw a plain girl when I went in, but when she began to sing her face simply and literally shone like that of an angel! I never saw anything, or heard anything, the least like it!" Perhaps it was this remarkable thing about her that made an admirer say: "To have seen and heard her only once was a treat to last until we go to heaven, where alone such music can be heard," and which caused Henrietta Sontag, her great contemporary, who had still a greater range and a more powerful voice, to declare Jenny Lind "the first singer of the world."

Topelius, the Finnish poet, on hearing of her death, wrote in her memory the following beautiful lines, with which we shall close our humble tribute to the "Swedish Nightingale":

I saw thee once, so young and fair,
In thy sweet spring-time, long ago;
A myrtle wreath was in thy hair,
And at thy breast a rose did blow.

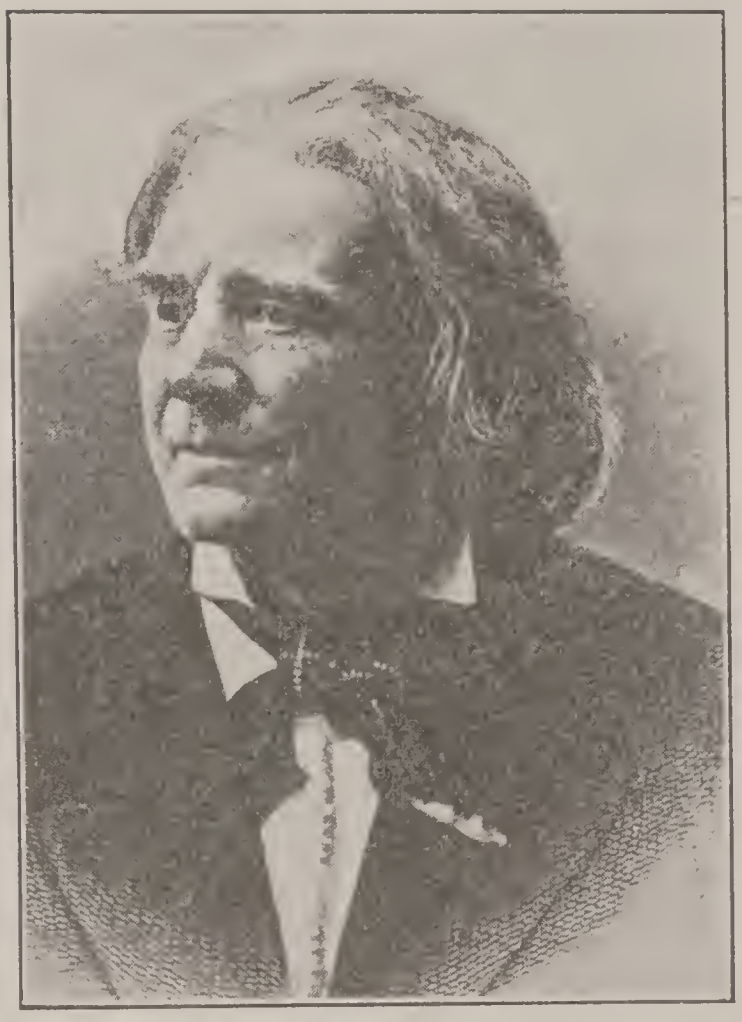
Poor was thy purse, yet rich thy heart;
All music's golden boons were thine;
And yet, through all the wealth of art,
It was thy soul which sang to mine.

Yea! sang as no one sang ere thee,
So subtly skilled, so simply good,
So brilliant! yet as pure and free
As birds that warble in the wood.

Ole Bull

The violin, king of musical instruments, has had many masters, most of them of the accepted school, of which Paganini may be said to be the prototype of latter days. But it is doubtful if any of these obtained the world-wide reputation, admiration and plaudits of both prince and peasant, as did the Norwegian virtuoso, Ole Bull. Here, again, as in the case of Jenny Lind and Hans Christian Andersen, we find personality contributing not a little to the fame of the artist and triumphantly manifesting itself through a splendid gift, notwithstanding the early press of poverty and cold indifference of a skeptical world.

Ole Bornemann Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, February 5th, 1810. His father was a physician and apothecary, with an eye to the practical things of life, but his other kinsfolk, including his mother, were musically inclined, and often had musicales in the home, hence the child flourished in an atmosphere entirely suitable to his nature. It was soon discovered, however, that the boy, the first born of a group of ten children, was altogether too much given over to practicing upon a little yellow fiddle which his uncle had given him as a plaything, and therefore measures were taken to suppress this abnormal inclination, especially when it was found to interfere with his school studies. But



OLE BULL

the mother, who was a refined and educated woman, finding that whipping and scolding did not diminish his ardor for the alluring muse, provided him with a music teacher and induced the father to procure for him a regular violin.

Within the short space to two years our young genius outplayed his teacher and began composing melodies suggested by the songs of birds, the babbling of brooks and the rush and roar of the waterfalls. His playing became so incessant that he would often rouse the entire neighborhood in the middle of the night, to the disgust of the sleepers and the chagrin of the family, until the father found it necessary to take steps to drown his ambition, if possible, by sending him to the University at Christiania to study theology and law, under a pledge not to yield to his passion for music. We find him in the capitol of Norway at the age of eighteen trying to become a clergyman in the midst of a coterie of musical friends, failing utterly in his studies in Latin but winning the admiration of his preceptors for his wonderful playing and receiving the appointment of Musical Director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Society of Christiania.

Encouraged by his early successes in playing before sympathetic audiences in his native land, he determined to see whether or not he really possessed genius, and having saved a portion of his earnings as musical director he set out for Cassel, Prussia, to interview the celebrated Ludwig Spohr, but that personage, notwithstanding his visitor had come five hundred miles to hear him play, declined his assistance, stat-

ing that the young man might go to Nordhausen where he, Spohr, was to direct a musical festival. Here we see another lost opportunity for one who might have perceived and become the sponsor for one of the world's masters of musical technique, a neglect chargeable to an overweening estimate of his own importance and the blinding effect of the obnoxious doctrine of superior "kultur."

Proceeding to Nordhausen the young Norwegian attended the festival only to be convinced that Spohr's talents were not of the class to which he aspired and that the Italian, Paganini, whom he had once heard in Bergen, was a far greater artist. He returned to Norway and launched with all the ardor of his Viking nature into what he now determined should be his life's work. He gave concerts at Trondhjem, Bergen and other cities of his native land before good audiences, saving sufficient money whereby he conceived it possible to gain an entrance into the musical circles of Paris and perfect himself in his art.

Filled with ambition and hope he arrived in the famous capital at a time when a financial panic and an epidemic of cholera engrossed the people's attention and none but the most celebrated artist was able to secure a hearing. Day by day he tramped the thoroughfares and boulevards of the city seeking an opportunity to be heard, without result. He was advised by a fellow-boarder to withdraw his savings from the bank, owing to the chaotic condition of the money market and, having done so, was promptly robbed of his money, and his violin. Dis-

heartened and utterly without means he paced along the edge of the Seine contemplating suicide by drowning, but recovered his self-possession to make one more attempt to gain a footing that might at least lead to the means of providing a livelihood.

The darkest hour is just before the dawn, says an old adage. How often true this is in the struggle of life, and especially, it seems, in the case of the world's chosen children; as if an ever watchful Providence had ordained that only through suffering and hope long deferred shall the soul of man rise to the full efulgence of its glory. He proceeded to seek for board and lodgings at some place where he might be received upon credit for a time and sounded the knocker of a well-to-do appearing apartment where a sign in the window, "Furnished rooms to let," gave promise of a possible arrangement. An elderly lady appeared at the door, to whom he frankly stated his predicament and who as frankly told him that she had no accommodation, when her pretty granddaughter called from a window above, "Look at the gentleman, grandma!" Putting on her glasses the better to see the visitor's face her eyes filled with tears when she recognized the close resemblance of her applicant to her son who had recently passed away. He was invited in and given every attention. His reception was indeed, timely, for the next day he fell ill with brain fever and was provided with a physician and nursed back to health by this kindly old lady and her granddaughter, sans condition and without price. While convalescing he received from the Musi-

cal Lyceum of Christiania, who had learned of his struggles and illness, the sum of eight hundred dollars, and through the influence and substantial assistance of Madame Villeminot, for that was the name of his benefactress whose home and hospitality had probably saved him from disaster, he gained acquaintance with several persons prominent in musical circles, for Madame Villeminot was a lady of some means as well as a person of quiet refinement and influence. But to her granddaughter, Felicie, should also be given credit for having interceded for the tall and handsome youth, and Ole Bull not many years later, when his star was in the ascendant, gave ample proof of his appreciation by marrying the young lady, thereby also showing his good sense, for the union was a happy one, lasting until her death twenty-six years thereafter.

From this time on Ole Bull's career was one succession of artistic triumphs. He toured through Switzerland and Italy, where he met with a most encouraging reception. In Milan, however, he was severely criticized because of his lack of style, the writer saying "If he be a diamond, he is certainly in a rough and unpolished state." The critic was sought out and in response to the inquiry if he came to punish the author of the article, Ole Bull replied, "No, I have not come to call the writer to account, but to thank him. The man who wrote that article must understand music, but it is not enough to tell me my faults, you must also tell me how to rid myself of them." "You have the spirit of the true artist," replied the critic, and invited

Ole Bull to accompany him to a celebrated violinist from whom he had drawn much of the material for his criticism in the musical journal, the result being that the two virtuosos became intimate friends, learning much from each other in the interchange of ideas in technique and style. For six months our rising genius devoted himself to study under different master at Venice and Bologna, at which latter place he gained a celebrity that continued through life, by taking the place of a famous singer, Madame Malibran, who through indispostion and pique had refused to appear at a concert for which all the available seats had been sold, so great was the popularity of the prima donna. The manager of the theatre was in despair. Meantime Ole Bull was composing in the day time and playing his violin at night by his open window. Rossini's wife heard the music and said, "That violin is a divine one, whoever might be the player," and straightway went and informed the manager of her newly found prize, suggesting him as a substitute for Madame Malibran.

On the night of the concert, while our artist was in bed, the manager appeared and asked him to improvise for him. The latter was delighted and hurried the young man off to the theatre. The audience was at first cold and disappointed on learning of the substitution of an unknown violinist for the famous singer they had come to hear. He came upon the stage, a few strokes upon his instrument and the audience held their breath. At the close, the house shook with applause and he retired amid a hail of flowers. He was immediately engaged for the

next concert; a large theatre was offered him free of expense, one man buying one hundred tickets and the admiring throng drawing him to his hotel after the performance in a carriage, escorted by a guard of honor bearing torches. Madame Malibran was at first hurt by the sudden appearance of her rival in the realm of music, but she soon became one of his warmest friends, saying, "A man like you should step forth with head erect in the full light of day, that one may recognize his noble blood."

From Bologna he went to Florence and Rome, at the latter city writing in a single night his celebrated "Polacca Guerriera," a composition first conceived while he stood alone at Naples one night watching Mount Vesuvius in eruption. On his return to Paris he found the Grand Opera open to him. Here, at his first appearance, his A-string snapped; he turned pale for an instant but immediately transposed the remainder of the piece and finished on three strings. Meyerbeer, who was present, could hardly believe that the string had actually parted. It was while on this return to Paris, at the age of twenty-six, that he married the pretty Felicie Villeminot and to whom he was able to write from London, years later, "How long the time seems that deprives me of seeing you! I embrace you tenderly, and shall soon return home, 'home,' the word that has above all others the greatest charm for me."

In London seven thousand persons crowded to hear him; the "Times" said, "His command of the instrument, from the top to the bottom of the scale—and he has a scale of his own of three

complete octaves on each string—is absolutely perfect." At Liverpool he received four thousand dollars for a single night, where, in playing his "Polacca," he used such exertion that he ruptured a blood vessel, and his coat had to be cut from him in the haste of the physicians to save his life. In sixteen months he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in the United Kingdom. Afterwards, at St. Petersburg (now Petrograd) he played to five thousand persons, the Empress sending him an emerald ring set with one hundred and forty diamonds. On his return to Norway he received a request from the King to give five concerts at Stockholm, the last netting him five thousand dollars. So moved was the King when Ole Bull played that he arose and remained standing until the number was finished, and shortly thereafter presented the artist with the Order of Vasa, set with brilliants. In Christiania, the students gave him a public dinner and crowned him with laurel. At Copenhagen he played before the Royal Family, the King presenting him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. Hans Christian Andersen, and Thorvaldsen, the sculptor, became his devoted friends, as also the wife of Mozart, for whose husband he had the most profound admiration. While in Hungary, his first child, Ole, passed away, whereupon he wrote Felecie, his beloved wife, "God knows how I suffer at this blow! But I still hope and work, not for myself,—for, you, my family, my country, my Norway, of which I am proud."

In November, 1843, he visited America. He was immediately attacked by rivals. James

Gordon Bennett, the famous publisher, offered him the columns of the "Herald" in which to reply to his critics, but Ole Bull answered, "I think, Mr. Bennett, it is best they write against me and that I play against them." Of his playing in New York Mrs. Lydia Maria Child wrote, "His bow touched the strings as if in sport, and brought forth light leaps of sound with electric rapidity, yet clear in their distinctness. He sometimes played on four strings at once, producing the rich harmony of four instruments." His playing upon four strings at one and the same time was possible to Ole Bull because of his using an almost flat or straight bridge, yet sufficiently curved to allow of single string tones, a combination, however, requiring exceedingly nice bowing and an endless amount of practice. Mrs. Child continues: "While he was playing, the rustling of a leaf might have been heard; and when he closed, the tremendous bursts of applause told how the hearts of thousands leaped like one. His first audience were beside themselves with delight, and the orchestra threw down their instruments in ecstatic wonder."

An incident occurred at one of his concerts in the South which illustrates that although Ole Bull was deeply poetic there was nothing effeminate in his nature. A man came to him after the concert and said he wished to purchase the diamond in his violin bow—a beautiful gem given the artist by the Duke of Devonshire. Ole Bull replied that it was a gift and was not for sale at any price. "But," answered the stranger, "I am going to have that stone," and drew a large bowie knife from his coat. In an instant Ole

Bull felled the man to the floor with a blow from the edge of his hand across his throat. Placing his foot upon the man's chest he remarked, "You may go, but the next time you approach me I will kill you." Needless to add, he saw no more of this stranger.

His first tour of America netted him eighty thousand dollars, besides twenty thousand dollars given to charitable associations and fifteen thousand dollars paid to assistant artists. With the exception of Jenny Lind no artist ever received so many honors from an American public. Poems by the hundreds were written to him; gold vases, medals and jewels were presented to him. He played much for charity and, in several instances, to oblige persons unable to leave their homes, notably the poetesses Alice and Phoebe Carey, also for insane and blind asylums and at hospitals. He loved America and called himself "her adopted son."

Leaving America he toured through Spain, where the Queen bestowed upon him the order of Charles III and the Portuguese order of Christus. Returning to Norway he built a National Theatre in Bergen, which was opened to the public in 1850, but the Storthing failing to give it a yearly appropriation, the project did not prove a success. His next great endeavor was the purchase of one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, where he proposed to found "a New Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptized with independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag." Three hundred houses were built, also a country inn, store, and church,

all erected by the founder. He laid out five villages and made arrangement with the government to cast cannon for a fortress, and took out patents for a new smelting furnace. In the meantime he kept on playing in order to earn the money wherewith to defray the enormous expenses of this gigantic philanthropy, only to find, while in California, ill from overwork, that he had been swindled in the purchase of the land, that the title was invalid and the undertaking together with his fortune was lost. With what money he had left he succeeding in purchasing enough land to protect those who had already come from Norway and had settled there, after which he became deeply involved in law suits. Hon. E. W. Stoughton of New York, who had never met Ole Bull personally, volunteered to assist him and a few thousand dollars was thus wrested from the defrauding agents. As if this were not enough to try his soul, his beloved wife, Felecie, died shortly thereafter, in 1862, and his son, Thorvald, lost his life by falling from the mast of a sailing vessel in the Mediterranean.

In 1868 he again visited America and nearly lost his life in a steamboat collision on the Ohio River. He swam to land, saving also his precious violin. In 1870 he was married to Miss Sarah Thorp of Madison, Wisconsin, an accomplished lady much his junior in years, who lived to write an admirable life of her illustrious husband. A daughter, Olea, was born to him two years later. When he was sixty-six years old, he celebrated his birthday by playing his violin

on the top of the great pyramid, Cheops, at the suggestion of King Oscar of Sweden.

In the Centennial year of 1876 he returned to America and made his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the house of James Russell Lowell, who was then Minister to England. Here he enjoyed the friendship of Longfellow, who referred to him as "The angel with the violin" in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn":

Ole Bull's final tour as a musician was made in the United States and retrieved for him much of his lost fortune, and it is with a distinct feeling of satisfaction that the writer of this sketch, though then but a young boy, recalls his tall and venerable figure as he stood before a packed audience at Minneapolis in the old Academy of Music, playing his famous "Sunday Morning," in which could be heard the ringing of church bells amid the measured tones of a quaint religious psalm.

Most of his life was lived for others, but one thing he did for himself and his immediate family, when he built on the island of Lysö in a fjord facing the sea some eighteen miles from Bergen a beautiful Moorish villa. The island is about twenty-five miles in circumference, rockbound and covered with pine, birch and fern. Here, planned by his own hand, was his elegant home overlooking the ocean; here his choice music-room upheld by delicate columns and curiously wrought arches. It is today the property of his granddaughter, Sylvia Bull Vaughn, whose mother was Olea Bull, and who makes it her summer home as well as keeping it open for visitors. Besides the spacious music-

room, several apartments open from it. Here are to be seen busts of Beethoven, Mozart and Paganini, an old-fashioned grand piano, and another more modern, whose artistic case is beautifully carved—the handiwork of Ole Bull himself. Here also are portraits of Sarah Bull, his second wife, of Olea Bull, his daughter, and of Julia Marlowe, the American actress, who was a personal friend of the family. On the second floor are portraits of Longfellow and Abraham Lincoln and prints of festival scenes in the life of Ole Bull.

To this beautiful home Ole Bull came one day in the summer of 1880, sick and exhausted, and there, on August 17th of the same year, he breathed his last, holding in his hand a spray of heather, his favorite flower. A few days later the body of the master was borne into the great music hall, where it lay in state before the mirrored fireplace under a canopy of Norwegian flags and a mass of palms. His funeral was an imposing sight. To the music of church bells tolling farewell to him from the shores of the mainland he was borne to Bergen by water, escorted by warships, merchant and fishing craft, their flags at halfmast, falling in behind the funeral ship as it steamed into the mountain-bound harbor of Bergen. The quay was covered with juniper and the whole front festooned with green. As the boat touched the shore one of Ole Bull's inimitable melodies was played. Young girls dressed in black bore trophies of his success and distinguished men carried his jewels and decorations. The streets were strewn with flowers and heaps of blossoms showered

upon the coffin. Björnson, the famous author, gave an address, and his friend, Edvard Grieg, the composer, laid a laurel wreath upon the bier, saying as he placed it, "In the name of our Norse memorial art." Hundreds of peasants brought green boughs, sprigs of fern and flowers that quite filled the grave,—a splendid tribute to a beautiful life.

Two notable statues in bronze have been erected to his memory, one by Stephen Sinding at Bergen, and the other by the late Sculptor Fjelde, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, where it may be seen in Loring Park.

Ole Bull lies buried in the center of the cemetery at Bergen, directly beneath the heights. He sleeps under a coverlid of ivy, and a bronze urn rises above the grave. Rose trees, lilacs, and maples embower him,—

And the Nightingale floating aloft in the breeze
  Sings the notes he so deftly beguiled,
And the mountains he loved look down through
    the trees
  On the green-covered bed of their child.

Jacob A. Riis

There was a son of Denmark who, like that great son of Sweden, John Ericsson, has left his impress upon American life and history, namely, Jacob Riis. That impress was of such a nature and effect that one of our country's leading citizens who became a president of the land, said of him: "In all the United States I never knew of a more useful man nor a stancher citizen."

Hailing from "The Old Town" of Ribe, Jutland, with its drowsy charm and historic traditions, its cathedral where King Valdemar and his two queens, Dagmar and Bengerd lie buried, young Riis, born in 1849, grew up in a family of which he was the thirteenth child. His father, a Latin teacher in Ribe, had laid out a literary career for the boy, but on the latter's protest he was allowed to learn the carpenter's trade, little dreaming that the father's choice, as the sequel showed, was much closer to his natural bent.

But, as Tegnér says of Karl the XII, "There beat a heart so steadfast within his manly breast," that his life-work soon began to assert itself. At the age of twenty-one we find him in New York with forty dollars in his pocket and for six years following he led a varied existence, building miners' huts in Pennsylvania, mining coal, making bricks, driving team, and peddling flatirons and books. At twenty-seven

JACOB A. RIIS

he spent his last dollar in returning to New York, hoping to enlist through the French consul in the Army of France against Germany in the Franco-Prussian war, but his services were declined and he was obliged to accept a beginner's place as a reporter for a news bureau in New York, which, however, led him directly into his heart's desire, for it afforded him the opportunity of studying the condition of the poor on the then delapidated "East Side" of the city.

With the meagre capital of $75, and his notes for $575, he succeeded in buying out the nearly bankrupt "Brooklyn News," and made such a success of the venture that he was able to sell it a few years later at a considerable profit. He then returned to Denmark and married the sweetheart of his early youth, Elizabeth Nielsen, who, by the way, had formerly refused him. But then he was only a carpenter's apprentice, now he was a successful journalist; besides, the girl was accustomed to the luxuries of the well-to-do, for her family was among the richest in Ribe; and both were very young, and so Jacob must wait—and make good. The union was a happy one, but in 1905 Elizabeth died and two years later Riis married Mary Phillip of St. Louis, for he had returned to America soon after his first marriage.

As a reporter on the New York Tribune and later on the New York Sun, Riis took up his real work of slum fighting. While attending to his duties as police court reporter he worked day and night to arouse the people to the need of improving living conditions. One of his first

campaigns was against the impurity of the city water, and it was his fight which finally led to the purchase of the Croton watershed to assure safe drinking water for New York.

He brought sunlight to the tenement districts by forcing the destruction of rear tenements. He entirely cleared Mulberry Bend, one of the worst tenement sections in the city, and replaced the squalid homes by shady parks.

Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York when Riis attacked the evils of police station lodging houses. He won his point, and, incidentally, a strong ally in Mr. Roosevelt. He drove bakeshops out of tenement basements; he fought for laws abolishing child labor, and was largely instrumental in getting the passage of the "briefest, wisest and best statute on the books of New York state, laying down the principle that hereafter 'no school shall be built without adequate playground.'"

Quitting the reporter's field he continued his fight by writing and lecturing. Among the products of his pen are: "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," "The Making of an American" (autobiography), "The Battle With the Slum," "Children of the Tenements," and "The Old Town," in which he describes the quaint little town of Ribe from which he drew his kindly philosophy, his humor with the odd mixture of subtlety and simplicity so characteristically Danish, and the tenacity of purpose that enabled him to pursue evil until he demolished it.

For many years he had been a sufferer from heart trouble and for several months prior to

his death he had been an inmate of a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, from which place he was brought to Barre, Massachusetts, where he died two weeks later, on May 26, 1914, at the age of sixty-five. His wife and son were with him at the bedside when he passed away. His death was lamented by all who knew him, particularly his friend, Col. Roosevelt, who telegraphed Mrs. Riis: "I am grieved more than I can express. I feel as if I had lost my own brother. Jake's friendship has meant more for me than I can ever say. I mourn with you and wish I could say anything that would be of any comfort to you."

But his life work had been accomplished. His struggles as an emigrant boy of twenty-one gave him a knowledge of the misery that hides in back streets, and his faculty for finding and expressing the human element beneath the squalor, his agitation in his newspaper, in magazine articles and in his books, as well as from the lecture platform, have resulted in many excellent reforms, not only in New York but throughout the entire land. He gained an intimate knowledge of the lives of the poor by personal contact with their environment. He was a practical humanitarian, embodying the spirit of helpfulness and kindly feeling to a remarkable degree.

History will give Jacob Riis even higher rank for his sociological work as times goes on, for he laid the foundation of a better understanding between the so-called higher and lower classes, instilling a closer relationship and sympathy between government and people, between man

and man, capital and labor. He was the greatest exponent of his time of the ennobling principle of the brotherhood of man, an honor to his country and a pride to his countrymen.

PART II

Poetry

(Original Translations)

AT THE PARTING HOUR

"I Afskedets Stund"

From the Swedish, by Karl Vilhelm Böttiger

Think now and then, when flow'rs unfold their splendors,
On him for whom life's blossoms are few,
On him who oft thy sunny locks remembers,
Who ne'er forgets thine eyes of azure blue.

Think now and then, when low the sun is sinking
And fishers slowly to their huts repair,
On him who ever, ever on thee thinking,
Is off'ring up for thee his evening prayer.

Think now and then on him whose heart, discreetly,
Thine angel-image treasures constantly,
On him who oft forgets the world completely,
So that he only may remember thee.

WELCOME AND FAREWELL

From the Swedish, by Alfred Grafström, 1790-1870

Say not to me "welcome" when I'm coming,
  Nor "farewell", my dear one, when I go,
For I do not come when I am coming,
  And I do not leave you when I go.

You are quite mistaken, in decision;
  'Tis my shadow you see disappear;
It is Duty plucks me from your vision;
  I myself can never leave you, dear.

O, dear heart, no matter how I chide you,
  Still my thoughts no longer with me stay;
Until morning they remain beside you,
  Where they have been all since yesterday.

Do not say, then, "welcome" when I'm coming,
  Nor "farewell", my dear one, when I go,
For I do not come when I am coming,
  And I do not leave you when I go.

BOYHOOD FANCIES

There is a charming bit of verse in Swedish ("När jag blir stor"—Östergren) which tells of a boy who is regaling his mother with a prophecy of what he is going to do when he becomes a man, of the castle he will build, with towers and bridges and park filled with roses; of how his mother shall be the queen of this fairyland, and that neither want nor fear shall there befall her; that he will bear armor and sally forth into the world to gather riches and honor, all of which shall be for her enjoyment. He then continues:

"If I may rule the nation,
Then every hut shall beam with light,
And all in lowly station
Be dressed in raiment bright.

"I with my sword will banish
Wild beasts, and fierce hob-goblins slay;
Dark prison walls shall vanish,
And all the world be gay."

* * * *

Grow fast, your fancy feeding,
And build your castle quickly, dear;
The years will soon be speeding
When manhood's days appear.

True, Time those wings will sever,
That now so lightly cleave the blue—
Yet, great was no one ever
Who has not dreamed like you!

WHAT SHALL YOU BRING ME?

From the Danish, by Carl Newman

You ask what you shall bring me from the country of my birth;
I'll tell you what I'm longing for above all things on earth:
Bring me a draft of sea-breath from Denmark's glitt'ring strand—
'Tis many years, you know, since last I saw the dear old land.

Bring me the peaceful gloaming of its balmy evening air,
When village church-bells ring to rest the toilers everywhere;
Bring over here the whispers of the woodland's leafy bowers,
And the singing of the nightingale in mellow twilight hours.

Bring me the glint of waters blue, of ocean belts so fair,
Of the many little sails that glide so still and gently there;
Bring me the clear, sweet music that flowed the vales along
Whene'er the Danish lark arose tow'rd heaven with its song.

Bring me the subtle perfume of a Danish violet,
And catch for me a burnished ray just as the sun
has set;
Bring me the velvet greening of hill and tufted
lawn,
And the echoes of the twitterings that greet the
morning dawn.

Bring me the fleecy summer sky above the treas-
ured ground,
And the shimmer of the evening stars reflected
in the Sound;
And bring me fresh from Denmark, from its
farthest, outmost crag,
A thrilling snap from out the folds of the Proud
Old Danish Flag!

WHEN STORMS COME SWEEPING FROM THE NORTH

K. JANSON, from the Norwegian)

When storms come sweeping from the North
And lash the seas in white,
Then take and reef the sail, my lad,
And hold the rudder tight.

Slip not the halyard though it strains
In life's tumultuous gale;
And fills the boat, bind rudder fact,
Say not a word, but bail!

And are you wrapped within a mist
Of ocean's foam and flood,
Lift up a fervent psalm and row
'Til veins gush forth in blood!

But crush the sides and smite the seas
Your numb and helpless clod,
Then bow your head beneath the croft,
And give your soul to God.

I CHERISH A FRIEND

(Jeg ejer en Ven)

Björnstjerne Björnson

I cherish a friend; he whispered just now;
"God's Peace," to my turbulent heart;
When the sunlight is gone, then always, some how,
This message he seeks to impart.

He censures me not for my sinful wiles,
For himself has endured and transgressed,
And he sits by my side and gently beguiles
Till he heals up the wounds in my breast.

He has fostered each hope of my aspirant noon,
He has never decried when I failed;
Still smiling, though pale, he is with me, and soon
He shall see how his love has prevailed.

MY NOOK AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

(Min Lilla Vrå Bland Bergen)

Johan Anders Wadman, 1777-1837

I know a nook 'mid mountain ranges,
A little nook, my own domain,
Where vanity no nest may gain,
Nor innocense its vesture changes.
Wherever fortune bids me roam,
For thee I yearn, my little home,
My nook among the mountains.

There have I shut a captive treasure
Within its little narrow close,
Who sought a life of calm repose,
No fancy lures to other pleasure:
And whereso'er fate bids me roam,
For thee I long, my little home,
My nook among the mountains.

I have seen royal institutions
Like playthings crumble, in the past,
Yet still my little home stands fast
And nothing knows of revolutions.
Wherever favor bids me look,
To thee I turn, my little nook,
My nook among the mountains.

In fortune's giddy moth to capture
No longer do I waste my strength;
For I have learned that still at length
But pain rewards expectant rapture.
No, ample fortune is my lot,—
My pretty captive in my cot,
My nook among the mountains.

A DANISH LANCE*

Bernard Severin Ingeman, 1789-1862

In all the countries and kingdoms
  My wand'rings have brought me through,
I have always fought in the open
  For what I believe is true.

An eagle surmounted my helmet,
  On my cuirass the cross reposed,
My shield bore the sinuous lions
  By a circle of hearts enclosed.

My vizor I always lifted
  When my gauntlet I threw for the fight;
As "Holger Danske"** they knew me,
  And not as a nameless wight.

When a Dane in the world would battle,
  Yet hides his name and his face,
I know he's a counterfeit spirit
  And refuse him my friendly embrace.

---

*The title is ours. **Holger Danske is a semi-historical figure symbolizing the chivalry and heroic spirit of Denmark.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN

Victor Rydberg, 1829-1895

'Twas spring, and the morning light shone down,
When the Cavalier's son came through the town.

In the door of the hut 'neath the linden's shade
Stood a little rosy-cheeked village maid.

And the youth said, lightly: "Good morning, you!"
And kissed her fondly before she knew.

Both were young in life's morning bliss,
And fresh as the morning was his kiss.

"Far must I journey o'er land and main,
But do not forget me, we'll meet again."

So said he, laughing, and went his way,—
She never forgot that kiss and day;

She never forgot his knightly guise,
Nor the love-light in his handsome eyes;

How proudly on billowy ringlets sat
His feather-encircled jaunting hat!

She grew to womanhood, still to retain
That parting message—we'll meet again.

She grew to womanhood, fond and fair
And listened to many a wooer's prayer,

And many suitors did her attend
But she answered only: "I have a friend."

And the vanishing years went on apace,
But time could not her trust efface.

Her spring, her summer passed on amain,
She only smiled,—"we shall meet again."

She thought when her autumn years had gone:
"I know we shall meet again, anon."

And dying, she murmured in sweet refrain:
"I'm so happy, we'll meet again."

THE FIRST KISS

Herman Sätherberg, 1812

The springtime grasses flash the greenest,
The first rose always smiles serenest,
And best the first lark's song I greet:—
Your first kiss is by far the best one;
O, give me that—and then the next one
Shall be the first one when we meet!

I KNOW A GREETING

Erik Gustaf Geijer, 1783-1847

NOTE—In Sweden it has long been a custom, upon moving into a new home, for the head of the house to express some sentiment or greeting designed to prevail as a symbol or motto in the household. It was upon such an occasion that the following lines were composed.

I know a greeting far more dear
  Than, world, which thou canst say;
Its name is "peace", God's peace and cheer,
  And for that will I pray.

Dwell, then, with me, O peace, my all,
  My guest and dearest kin,
For day is fleeting, shadows fall,
  And night is setting in.

ANNA MARIA LENNGREN

THE CASTLE AND THE HUT

(Slottet Och Kojan)

Anna Maria Lenngren, 1754-1817

NOTE—Madam Lenngren was undoubtedly Sweden's most popular woman poet, and as a lyric writer of philosophic verse has never been surpassed. The hundredth anniversary of her death was commemorated in Stockholm in 1917 in a manner that proved the high and universal regard and affection in which she is still held by her countrymen, notwithstanding the lapse of an entire century.

I have a lowly cabin,
  But it is mine, and he
Must stoop in humble fashion
  Who comes to visit me.

Built low upon the meadow,
  It barely meets the eye,
But in a park hard by it
  A castle cleaves the sky.

'Mid pompous show and glamour
  There lives a lord in state.
My sleep is always restful,
  But such is not his fate.

A courtier,—more's the pity—
  He wears a jeweled toy,
But then for him, poor mortal,
  Life has but little joy.

One balmy summer evening
I sat before my cot,
When lo, his hounds came bounding
About my garden plot.

His grace came by me strolling,
As I in happy mood
Kind Providence was praising
With song of gratitude.

It was a simple ditty
I wrote myself—oh, yes—
In thankfulness to heaven
For peace and happiness;

For Fatherly protection,
For health and daily bread,
For rest when toil is over
And conscience free from dread.

With gun at rest before him
He stopped to hear my lay;
I paused, with head uncovered;
He slowly went his way.

He breathed a sigh of longing—
Ha! well I knew his care:
"Give me your heart of gladness,
And take my castle there!"

Then lifted up my vision
To Him who planned it all:
Palaces for the lofty
And happiness for the small.

THE FLIGHT TO AMERICA

Christian Winther, 1796-1876

Christian Winther is famous in Danish literature on account of his beautiful songs of nature and his charming stories, among which may be especially mentioned "Hjortens' Flugt" (The Stag's Flight), a cycle of romances founded on Danish medieval times.

In the following poem the translator has endeavored to preserve the essential thought and color, as well as the metre, of the original, rather than to attempt a closely literal translation, which is practically impossible in verse, let alone the lack of equivalents in English for some of the peculiar idioms of the Danish tongue.

The somewhat elaborate form of expression employed by the children, "Peter and Emil", is a conceit of the poet whereby he not only emphasizes a characteristic of facetious writing in general, but ingeniously combines it with the lurid imaginings of youth.

No satire with which the writer is familiar equals, in his opinion, this one in its lyric charm, its delicate mingling of humor and pathos, and its delightful picture of childhood days.

The time I was but a little lad
  And school had begun its stresses.
And both of my feet in boots were clad
  And pants had replaced my dresses.

I was not then as passive as now,
  I was arrogant, bold and commanding;
A reckless assurance beclouded my brow
  And blunted my understanding.

One mid-day hour, between twelve and one,
  I was right in the storm of a passion;
With heart aflame and tears on the run
  I stood in belligerent fashion.

At school I had gotten a zero, bare,
For a lapse in the first declension;
Mama had chid for a little tear
In garments I need not mention.

And the Baker's girl, once so sweet and smart,
Now stood there and laughed in the portal;
She had promised to give me a ginger-bread heart,—
This I saw her presenting to Mortel.

"Good gracious!" I thought, "this will never do.
It's more than my patience will carry!
For this you shall all most dearly rue
Who thus my good nature would harry.

"To America now I will go, and when
I'm gone you will see me never;
And where will you get a Peter then?
Ha!—Peter is gone forever!"

Astounded, my younger brother stood near,
His whip and his sled foregoing,
An expression betwixt a smile and a tear
On his innocent countenance showing.

"Now listen, Emil! you shall go, too;
As brothers together we'll wander;
This place is no longer for me or you,
But the glorious land over yonder!"

"Is it far?" asked the little fellow, in doubt,
As he smoothened the folds of his tucker,
"And maybe my new shoes will not hold out,"
He opined with a diffedent pucker.

"Well, it's farther than out in the country aways
To Aunt Lizzie's place, I've a notion,
And in order to get there, for many days
One has to sail on the ocean.

"But once the journey is safely passed
There is pleasure in store without ending:
You get for your comfort a mansion vast
And plenty of money for spending.

"With silver the horses' hoofs are shod,
And they use it for wagon-wheel hooping;
And golden duckets lie scattered abroad,—
They are yours for the trouble of stooping.

"Raisins and almonds grow far and wide,
On the trees together, so many,
In great big clusters side by side,—
And they never cost you a penny!

"There's plenty of bon-bons wherever one goes,
And heaps of chocolate candy;
With sugar-pellets it hails and snows
And rains with lemonade, dandy!

"From morning till night you take your ease,
And Freedom is yours without measure;
You expectorate just wherever you please,
And smoke in the houses at leisure.

"You loll in rocking-chairs to and fro,
For there it is always vacation,—
It's a matter of choice if you want to go
To school just for variation."

"Enough!" cried Emil, "I'm satisfied quite,
And to start at once I am yearning;
I have no particular appetite
For institutions of learning.

"Now, to fetch my raisin-cookie I'll go,—
'Twill help us the journey to weather—
And there's the big family Bible, you know
It was given us both together!"

* * *

The Bible clasped in his arms he brought,
While his mouth was the cookie's litter;—
Then we stood for a little in silent thought,
For the parting moment was bitter.

Our dear fosterland we were going to quit,
Would not memory sigh for its pleasures?—
Then Mama opened his window a bit
And called out the names of her treasures:

"Emil and Peter! where-to, I pray,
With that book in the street, debating?
Come hurry back home now, right away,
For Dort' has the dinner waiting!"

Thus surprised as together we stood in the street,
Our journey went clean out of question,
And involuntarily answered our feet
The mother's inspiring suggestion.

As lightning fells the young oak in the dust,
Her dear voice encountered my ego;
I drowned my sorrow and found my trust
In the depths of a bowl of sago.

J. C. S. Welhaven Henrik Wergeland

Wergeland and Welhaven

Among Norway's poetic stars of first magnitude none shine with greater luster, and perhaps none has found a larger literary clientele among their countrymen, than Henrik Wergeland and Johan S. C. Welhaven. While both of the same native stock and for many years contemporaries in the field of inspiring literature, there was a wide divergence not only in their style but in their mental perspective. Wergeland was a controversialist, a politician in the larger sense, who by his strenuous indictments laid the foundation for the complete independence of his country, and brought about the celebration of the 17th of May as a national holiday. He was essentially a friend of the common people. Among his more pretentious works may be mentioned "Jöden", and "Den Engelske Lods".

Wergeland's work is more celebrated, however, for its virility, its biting force, than for beauty of style; hence he may not be placed strictly as a lyric poet but rather of the didactic and political class. His insistence upon a pure Norwegian literature and language as opposed to that of the prevelant Danish-Norwegian school brought him frequently into sharp conflict with his famous contemporary, Welhaven. The latter had the advantage of a superior

education and consequent knowledge of classic history and verse. Welhaven mercilessly exposed the weaker side of Wergeland's poetry. As a university professor Welhaven naturally carried considerable weight in these discussions, especially among scholars and critics. His poetry is decidedly lyric, and nearly all his work, which is not very large, is distinguished for beauty and style, among which may be mentioned a series of Sonnets entitled "Norges Dæmring".

We publish herein our translation of a poem of each of the poets, together with their portraits. The verses have been selected as peculiarly charactertistic of the temper and style of these two great sons of Noraland.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Henrik Wergeland, 1808-1845

Where thrives there aught that's good and fair
  And great, by Force?
The stifled meadow waxes gray;
The eagle bound, dies on its stay;
Choke up the stream—whose liquid lay
  Reveals its course—
And it a poisoned moor will be;
For nature's hates—herself so free,
  All Force.

Shall the soul's stream, the mind's swift flight,
  Then suffer Force?
Shall Truth not radiate its light,
Shut in its heart, like, all affright,
Aladdin's fruit bemoaning quite
  Its dark resource?

Not so. Press, lift your powerful arm,
Release the world by your alarm,
From Force!

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

J. S. C. Welhaven, 1807-1873

I sat me in the corner
And hummed a little lay,
And read a book before me,
And felt so light and gay.

Then came upon my vision
My childhood's joys and woes
And many scenes long hidden
Through memories' mist arose.

* * *

My father in the garden
Sat watching me at play,
When passed 'mid bell a-tolling
A funeral on its way.

And near the first conveyance
Two children walked and wept,
The one cried out so sorely,
The other silent kept.

My father's face grew solemn,
He took me up and said:
"O, thank your God, my darling,
Your father is not dead."

Then through the child's clear conscience
There came a cloud of fears,
And down his cheeks so ruddy
Flowed free the shining tears.

Full long my sobs continued,
While father held me there;
I prayed for those poor children,
And in their grief did share.

* * *

Now far removed the garden,
And gone its flowery pave;
And O, how very distant
Is now my father's grave.

So I sat in the corner;
The winter evening passed;
I read, but on the pages
The tears were falling fast.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG

Fanrik Stal*

*Pronounced "Fenrick Stole".

Johan Ludvig Runeberg, 1804-1877

NOTE—John Ludvig Runeberg was born in Finland five years before that portion of Sweden was acquired by Russia. While, therefore, the poem which follows relates to Finland, it nevertheless breathes the same spirit of affection so characteristic of the Swedish people when they speak of their "Fosterland".

Runeberg's genius as a poet is unquestionably that of the first rank. In nearly all his writings, both verse and prose, there runs that vibrant life, that depth of feeling and indefinable charm that one meets only in the works of a master.

Perhaps nothing that Runeberg has written excels in the qualities noted the poems contained in his book entitled "Fänrik Ståls Sägner", the source of which he explains in the poem here published in translation, and which forms a sort of preplude to the work mentioned.

To other times my memory veers
  So lightly, when I ponder;
Still glow the long receded years
  Like friendly stars up yonder.
Well then, who follows now my train
To Näsijärvi's somber main?

'Twas there quite unforseen I met
  A soldier, years efluent,
Who owned his fänrik* title yet,
  Though fate had played him truant.
God knows, then, how it came to be
That he should live so near to me.

*Ensign—Flag-bearer.

I then considered that I bore
  A dignified position;
I was a student sophomore,
  Albeit on condition.
My board in amplitude was spread;
The old man broke in need his bread.

I smoked the "Seal of Gefle" then,
  In meerschaum pipe, effulgent;
The old man cut his plug-leaf, when
  His means were so indulgent;
If not, some moss beguiled his soul,
Within his blackened brier-bowl.

O time of bliss, O gilded bowers
  Of happiness and pleasure,
When one is young and student hours
  Make up the day's full measure—
And no forebodings menace fate,
Save that the mustache waxes late!

How others fared, I cared not, so
  My present joys attended;
My arm was strong, my cheek aglow,
  My pulse with ardor blended.
I was so young, so giddy, why,
No king was e'er as proud as I!

But fänrik Stål sat in his cot
  Forgotten in the flurry;
He puffed his pipe and tied his knot
  And let us others scurry.
Assuredly, with such as he,
One felt no bond of sympathy.

It was my keen delight to note,
  Without the least compassion,
His bending frame, his look; his coat,—
  So odd and out of fashion;
And most of all, his beetle nose,
And spectacles devoid of bows.

I often visited his place;
  Some idle prank abetting;
It was my joy to watch his face,
  When, wroth, he tore his netting;
Or, when the needle from his hand
I got, and made a tangled strand.

He then would rise and headlong poke
  Me from his little hollow;
A friendly word, a proffered smoke,
  And peace would quickly follow.
I came again, and, as before,
Would play the like proceeding o'er.

That this old man had seen the day
  When youth spurs on decision;
That he had passed far on the way
  Beyond my narrow vision,
I was too wise to see or ken;
It did not strike my fancy then.

Nor that he'd stood with sword in hand,
  And poured his blood unmeasured,
For love of that same fosterland
  I now so fondly treasured,—
I was too young, too wild a thing,—
He fänrik was, I more than king!

But how it chanced, my love of sport
  Succumbed to feelings stronger.
'Twas winter, and the light grew short,
  Although my day seemed longer.
My life assumed a different trend;
I thought the day would never end.

I took the first book that I found,
  The lagging hours to juggle;
A tale by someone unrenowned,
  Of Finland's latest struggle,—
A lowly volume, by its looks,
Among the household store of books.

I brought it to my room, and laid
  Me down, its leaves to fumble,
When soon on Savolak's Brigade
  I somehow chanced to stumble.
I read a line or two, and lo,
My heart began to throb and glow!

I saw a people here who chose
  To die, their rights demanding;
I saw one here who starved and froze,
  Yet conquered notwithstanding.
My eyes swept o'er the pictured stage,
I fain would kiss each sacred page.

In time of 'larm on every hand,
  What courage, mind and sinew!
How could you, hapless fosterland,
  So dearly loved continue;
And how with such devotion mark
A people fed with bread of bark!

My thoughts a spacious vista reared.
'Til then a land unbounded,
A life before my soul appeared
Whose depths I ne'er had sounded.
My day sped like a winged leaf;
O, how my book seem'd all too brief!

'Twas finished, and the evening waned;
My new-found light still burning
With many questions unexplained
Within my bosom yearning;
So many longings to console,—
I sought the old man, fänrik Stål.

I found him sitting as before,
His strands of fiber pleating;
But right within his cabin door
I met a sullen greeting.
It was as though he would have said:
"Must trouble follow one to bed?"

But I had other aims by far
Than now to act unruly:
"I've read of Finland's latest war,
And I am Finnish, truly.
I yearn for more of this, you see,
Perhaps you can enlighten me?"

And as I spoke, the old man gazed
Up from his work in wonder.
His eyes betrayed a mind amazed,
A reason fain to sunder:
"Well, yes, some facts I could declare,
If you so wish, for I was there."

I sat me on his straw-bed, calm,
As he began his story
Of Dunker's zeal, of captain Malm,
Of many deeds of glory.
His face lit up, his eyes grew bright;
How handsome he appeared that night!

He'd seen so many bloody days,
So many fields contended,
Not triumphs only, but delays
Whose wounds time had not mended;
So much the world would prone forget,
Lived in his trusty bosom yet.

I sat and listened, all intent,
Each word my mem'ry charted;
The night was nearly half-way spent,
When from him I departed.
He followed to the threshold's brim
And grasped the hand I offered him.

Since then, whene'er my absence grew,
He seemed quite 'neath the weather.
We shared our joys, our sorrows, too,
And smoked the "Seal" together.
My tone took on a different ring,—
But student I, he more than king!

These memoirs I in song recite,
This old man's lips did utter.
I've heard them many a silent night,
Beside the candle's flutter.
They speak so all will understand;
Receive them, precious fosterland!

SCANDINAVIAN BELLES-LETTRES

In the great field of literature there is a branch known as Belles-Lettres, or polite writing, in which the imagination plays the principal roll. This includes poetry, fiction, essays, and history distinguished for beauty and style. This branch may for convenience be divided into three parts: Logic, Ethics, and Esthetics, exemplifying the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

It is in this classification that I wish to treat of literature, particularly as expressed in the three Scandinavian languages, and to point out what seems to me to be the peculiar property of each.

In Danish belles-lettres the ethical element seems to predominate, in Swedish the logical, and in Norwegian the esthetic, while, of course, all three partake more or less of all these qualities.

This difference may be due to climate and natural surroundings as well as to social and political environment. Denmark, for example, does not in its physical aspect present the grandeur of Norway's scenery, while Sweden is not pronouncedly either mountainous or pastoral. Again, Denmark, closely knit, small in extent and easy of access on all sides, has produced a social environment, and hence an ethical one more distinctly characteristic than the others. Its frequent invasion by foreign foes has also contributed in a large measure to this quality, in drawing the people together for common defense.

Norway, owing to its rugged surface and deeply indented coast, has less of this quality owing to the isolation of its social members, but by the wonderful law of compensation which tends to balance all things, it has exalted itself more conspicuously than the others in its descriptive lore and in that spirit fostered by the wild majesty of its habitat—the love of nature's freedom.

Sweden, long master of its immediate destiny, immune to a great degree from external strife, the aggressor rather than the defender in its exploits at arms, and plentiously provided with diversified products of the soil, has developed the philosophic spirit to a remarkable extent, and its polite literature is therefore deeply tinged with the reflective and subjective moods.

The distinctions pointed out are perhaps best instanced in the field of poetry. In the national anthem of Denmark—"Der er et yndight Land", the country is compared with "Frejas Sal", a place of conjugal felicity, and its mail-clad champions of old, its noble women, lovely maidens and brave young men, are the principal features of the piece. In Norway's national song—"Ja, vi elsker dette Landet", the breathing spirit is the rise of the land above its natural obstacles,—"som det stiger frem, furet, veirbidt over vandet med de tusen hjem", and the love of its people for the poetic atmosphere of its surroundings,—"den saganat som senker, drømme paa vor jord". In the Swedish national hymn—"Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fosterland, ljud högt, o dyra ord!" the reflective and sub-

jective are the dominant notes,—"Vårt land är fattig, skall så bli för den som guld begär".

Coming to the poetry of the people commonly called folk-lore the same special characteristics appear. In the Norwegian the best, as it seems to me, is that which is descriptive of nature, as when Munch says:

Det er en vinterlig Sneveirsdag,
Med Taushed og Søndagsduft.
Hvor tætte falder de hvide Flag
Igjennem den stille Luft.

Or, as in the "Sunset" described by Jensen:

Nu glider Solen ved Fjeldet ned,
Nu gaar den til hvile i Boven;
Der er en drømmende, salig Fred
Paa Bjerg, i Dal og i Skoven.
Og som den synker, en Straaleglans
Den spreder over det hele;
Det er dens funklede Minderskrans,
Det er dens Eftermæle.

The most celebrated is perhaps the picturesque lyric by Munch; and for the benefit of those who do not understand the language I will endeavor to give a translation:

The Bridal Journey in Hardanger

There quivers a glimmering summer air,
Warm over Hardanger-fjord's fountains,
Where high 'gainst the heavens so blue and so fair

Are tow'ring the rugged mountains;
The glaciers are bright, the hillside is green,
All nature responds with beauty serene,—
And see! on the blue waters riding,
A bridal procession is gliding.

Danish poetry, as has been suggested, is permeated with human affection, the endearing domestic relations, mother's love, and the innocence of childhood. The "Dying Child", by Hans Christian Andersen, is undoubtedly Denmark's masterpiece in this regard. It is so intensely pathetic, so nationally domestic, that its adequate translation seems impossible. Can these lines be fully expressed in English?

Hvorfor trykker Du saa mine Hænder?
Hvorfor lægger Du din kin Kind til min?
Den er vaad, og dog som Ild den brænder,—
Moder, jeg vil al Tid være din.
Men saa maa Du ikke længer sukke;
Græder Du, saa græder jeg med Dig.
O!—jeg er saa træet, maa Øjet lukke.
Moder—se! nu kysser Englen mig!

We find this love of childhood expressed in many ways by the Danish poets. How beautiful is this stanza by Baggesen:

Der var en Tid, da jeg var meget lille.
Min hele Krop var knap en Alen lang;
Sødt, naar jeg denne tænker, Taarer trille,
Og derfor tænker jeg den mangen Gang.

If I remember correctly this passage has been translated by Longfellow as follows:

There was a time when I was very small;
When my whole frame was scarce an ell in
height.
Of as I recall it, tears will fall.
And therefore I recall it with delight.

The same idea is expressed by an American poet, whose name I do not remember, when he says:

Two ducks on a pond, a green bank beyond;
The bright skies of spring, gay birds on the
wing;
Oh, what a little thing, to remember for years,
To remember with tears!

Examples of Swedish poetry showing the distinctive property to which I have referred, are many. The language itself is aptly fitted for the expression of abstract thought. It is clear, resonant and profound. Its belles-lettres has been enriched by two of the world's great masters of style,—Runeberg and Tegnér. Even in the descriptive mood, however, the objective yields to the subjective in some of the best specimens, as, for example, when Runeberg depicts the lingering twilight hours of the Northland:

Det var en kväll, en nordisk sommarkväll
en kväll, då solen icke går till hvila
vid jordens barm, men kysser henne blott,
ock skyndar åter up till dagens fröjder.

It was a night, a Northern summer night.
A night when the glowing Sun goes not to rest
In Earth's fair bosom, but only kisses her
And straightway hurries back to join the festive
Day.

This quality is often mixed with the most delicate humor, as when Tegnér sings, even in his tragic poem, "Axel,"—

Det var en afton. Qvällen låg
och drömde på sin bädd i vester,
och tysta som Egyptens prester
begynte stjernorna sitt tåg.

Elias Sehlstedt, although given to verse of the lighter vein, cannot refrain from frequent philosophizing,—

Vad är vårt liv? Det endast är minuten,
som far förbi och sedan är förfluten.
Den kommer och den far likson en pust.
Vad är en pust? Ja, det är knuten just.

A free translation of this last would be something like this:

What is our life? It is the minute fleeting,
A wayfarer with but a moment's greeting.
It comes and goes, just liks a passing gust.
What is a gust? Well, that's the problem, just!

"Sven Dufva," by Runeberg, is perhaps the best known poem of the Swedish people outside of their own country. Its leading theme is the exaltation of the heart above the intellect when

the quality of patriotism is most concerned. It tells the story of a soldier boy whom it had been the custom to ridicule in camp because of his light-headedness, his lack of wit,—in short, because he was regarded as foolish. One day, being placed with a few comrades as an outpost to guard a bridge-head, the enemy came suddenly upon the little group who fought to the last man hoping to hold the bridge until the arrival of reinforcement. As help arrived in sight of the affray, Sven Dufva was observed holding the bridge alone, all the others having been shot down. Later, after the enemy had been dispersed by the native troops headed by General Sandels, the poor, half-witted boy could not be found, until his lifeless body was discovered under the bridge-head, where it was noticed by the red-dyed grass near his bosom that a bullet has pierced his heart. The eulogy pronounced by General Sandels over his prostrate form is undoubtedly one of the finest examples of philisophic metaphor to be found in any language.

Numerous translations of this great poem have been attempted, but none seem to preserve the true, local coloring of the original. As each student of the language is at liberty to make a trial, I will conclude my remarks with a version of the closing lines which I trust will furnish in the English language some idea of the underlying motive and beauty of the original.

"That Bullet knew just where to go;
So much must granted be";
Thus spoke the saddened general,

"It knew much more than we.
It left his brain untouched, for that
Was faint and scant at best,
And sought a place of greater worth—
His noble, gallant breast."

And through the army, far and wide,
Those words took rapid flight,
And all agreed with one accord
That Sandels' view was right.
"His mind was dull, was meant," they said,
"And played a simple part;
But though his head was weak and poor,
He had a priceless heart."

SCANDINAVIAN LYRICS

There is a peculiar charm in the lyric poetry of Scandinavia, in that not only is the tune or rythm admirably adapted to the theme, but in many instances, instead of the emphatic, quaint or emotional stress common in most lyrics, we find moral sentiment mingled with philosophy to such a degree that the impression, the salient idea remains fixed in the memory long after the song has been forgotten. The aim seems to be to point a moral more especially than to adorn a tale, to reach the meditative and reflective recesses of thought, rather than those of the imaginative or spectacular.

While appeals to the heart are not wanting,—in fact, they are very often in evidence in one form or another, the heart-songs of the Northland accentuate rather those qualities which embody the heroic virtues or the esthetic aspect of life. Along with these properties of Scandinavian verse there is also discernable a spirit of self-denial, embodying the philosophy of contentment and compensation, or a sort of flouting at fate—

"I care not fortune what you may deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace.
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her smiling face."

In the realm of humor, it is rather the lighter and more subtle vein that predominates, a sort

of roguish inuendo, often capricious, and a radical diversion from the usual stress of speculative themes. It differs from the humor of other nationalities in that it is less obvious, although none the less naive or grotesque, reaching the climax by inference in preference to direct conclusion. While these considerations hold good with most humor, especially when combined with wit, that of Scandinavian structure seems to reach its object (laughter) more frequently without the sting of the latter element.

THE SECOND EVENING

Translated from H. C. Andersen's "Picture Book Without Pictures"
(Billedbog Uden Billeder)

"It was yesterday," the Moon informed me,* "that I peeked into a little yard entirely enclosed by houses; there sat a hen with eleven chicks. A charming little girl frolicked about them. The hen klucked and spread affrighted her wings over her tender brood. Then came the girl's father. He scolded; and I glided away without giving the matter any further thought.

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*These sketches were written while Andersen was living in a garret, before fame and fortune had begun to smile upon him; and it was the nightly visits of the Moon, briefly beaming upon him through his dormer window, that inspired the production of these charming little stories, the precursers of his popularity as a children's poet.

But this evening—it is only a few minutes ago —I again looked down into the same yard. Everything was quite still, but presently came the little girl. She stole slowly up to the chicken-house, lifted the latch and glided in to the hen and the little chickens. They cried loudly and fluttered about and the little girl sprang after them. I saw it all plainly, for I peeked through a hole in the wall. I became quite angry at the child and was pleased when the father came and scolded more violently than yesterday. She bent her head backward—there were large tears in the blue eyes. 'What are you doing here?' he inquired. She wept: 'I wanted,' she said, 'to go and kiss the hen and ask her to forgive me for yesterday, but I did not dare to tell you!'

"And the father kissed the sweet innocent on the forehead.

"I kissed her on the eyes and mouth," said the Moon.

THREE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN POETS

(Friends of the Author.)

JOHAN G. R. BANÉR, widely known among his countrymen as "Asabarden," through his masterful epics of the various subjects and themes of Norse Mythology, was born in Moheda socken, Småland, Sweden, February 5th, 1861, and resided during his boyhood in Värmland, Vestmanland, Dalarna and Hälsingland, at which latter place he began his first efforts to use the poetic talent of which he evinced unmistakable signs as early as at the age of seven years, and to acquire a good education under the tuition of a learned savant named N. Nordenmark, and later under the direction of one Qwarnström, "kyrkoherde," at Segerstad. At the age of twelve he had the honor of seeing his first verses in the public print.

In his young manhood years he became by turns an infantryman, an artilleryman, and a trooper in the Swedish army.

Brother Banér came to this country in 1885, and since the year 1893 has lived in Ironwood, Michigan, where he has engaged in the real estate business.

As he himself puts it, he has spent about two-thirds of his time in the worship of the Muse, oftenest in versification of the "Sagas," and is perhaps the best informed in that field of any man now living. Among his published works may be mentioned the following in the Swedish

language: "Opiater och Granater," "Loke," "Härmod," "Iduna," "Bragemål," and a work still in manuscript entitled, "Ragnarök" (Twilight of the Gods"), which is now on the eve of publication. Among his verses written and published in the English language may be mentioned "Diagrams," "Runes and Ripples," and "Flakes." Besides this list might be included a great many short poems, most of which have appeared from time to time in the leading Swedish papers and periodicals of the country.

His style is remarkable for its virility and the absolute command of the Swedish language —itself one of the most expressive mediums. Even in English the forcefulness of his utterance is at once apparent. Elbert Hubbard called him "The Word Wizard," and this coming from one who was himself a master of forceful expression, must be taken at its literal value. As another has expressed it, his imagination is almost riotous in its luxuriance; his vocabulary amazes with its resources, his metrical feats are almost bewildering, and his sense of harmony is admirable.

JULIUS B. BAUMANN was born in a small fishers' village in the neighborhood of Vadsø, Norway, on December 25th, 1869. His grandmother on the paternal side was a stanch matron of Swedish peasant stock from "Dalarne." His paternal grandfather was of German-Danish descent and held a position in the Treasury department of the Norwegian government. The mother was of pure Norwegian heri-

tage, of the frugal, sterling quality. Julius was given a good education notwithstanding the comparative poverty of his parents, after which he was put to his father's trade as a fisherman at the Finmarken and Lofoten fisheries. In his younger days the father was a ship's pilot and as such plowed all the "seven seas," including the arctic regions.

Mr. Baumann came to this country in the spring of 1891, and worked as a woodsman in the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota for eleven years. Thereafter he engaged in the mercantile business both as clerk and proprietor. In 1912 he was elected to the office of Register of Deeds for Carlton County, Minnesota, and re-elected in 1914.

The poet has published two compilations of his writings, the last of which, "Fra Vidderne," gained for him recently a prize from an organization devoted to the appreciation of current Norwegian literature, namely, Hon. O. M. Oleson's Literary Prize for 1916.

He is a member of "Nordlandslaget of America," and poetic editor and "saga" writer of the Magazine "Nord-Norge"; is a contributor to Nordmanforbundet, Det Norske Selskap, American Scandinavian Foundation, The American Geographical Society, Den Norsk-Danske Pressforening, and the Calendrical and Chronological Society of America.

ERNST SKARSTEDT has for many years been recognized by Swedish people of literary taste, and that includes the great majority of them, as one of the foremost Swedish American

journalists in this country who may be classed among the literati. Having resided in the United States for the last forty years, with the exception of two short sojourns to his native land, his style has a certain American auro that gives it added charm, especially to readers in this country.

He came first into prominence as a member of the editorial staff of the "Swedish American" of Chicago, and later of the "Swedish Tribune" of the same city. In recent years he has engaged in journalistic work in Seattle and other points on the Pacific Coast. Naturally of a nomadic disposition, with a fondness for the out-of-doors and change of scene incompatible with work of a sedentary nature, his incumbency of editorial chairs has been frequently interrupted, but his pen has not therefore been idle, as witness the brilliant narrative of his journalistic career entitled, "Vagabond och Redaktör," which he published in 1914.

We have read this book with great pleasure, not only for its fund of information concerning personages and events with which we are more or less familiar—notably his sketch of that singularly interesting character, Marcus Thrane, whom we knew personally—but, paraphrasing the term used by Mr. Skarstedt in reference to our own writings in English, for his "exceedingly beautiful" Swedish.

In addition to his literary and journalistic talents, Mr. Skarstedt has to a marked degree—what all good writers must perforce have, hence their comparative rarity—a keen sense of humor and an exquisite poetic instinct, so that

one may often read him at length with both laughter and pathos alternating like the mirrors and eddies of a wayside stream.

A friend of the common people, none have more keenly rebuked the shams of hypocrisy, the machinations of graft or the cringing abnegations of snobbery; and, however his philosophy of life may not always tally with one's convictions, his refreshing candor and freedom from spleen often compels admiration whether one agrees with him or not.

PART III

Mythology

ODIN

Viking Lore

ODIN AND THE EDDAS

The records of Norse Mythology are contained in two collections called the Eddas, of which the oldest is poetry and dates back to the year 1056, the more modern or prose Edda dating from 1640. The elder Edda consists of thirty-seven poems and like the prose Edda treats of Gods, legends and Scandinavian wars. The word "Edda" means "great-grandmother", and probably refers to the stories told by the grandmothers to the children. The poetic Edda is said to have been the work of Sæmond the Wise, while that of the prose Edda was written by Snori Sturlason. Both were famous scholars of Iceland.

Asgard is the name of the abode of the gods to which access was gained by crossing the bridge Bifrost (the rainbow). It consists of golden and silver palaces, the most beautiful of which is Valhalla, the residence of Odin, the father of the gods. When seated on his throne Odin overlooks all heaven and earth. Upon his shoulders perch the ravens, Hugin and Munin, signifying Memory and Reflection. They are his private messengers and fly every day over the world and returning report to him in whispers all they have seen and heard. At his feet lie his wolves, Geri and Freki, to whom

Odin gives all the meat that is set before him, for he himself stands in no need of food, mead being for him both meat and drink. Odin invented the Runic characters, by which the Norns of Fate engrave their prophesies upon a metal shield. Odin is sometimes called Alfadur (All-father), but his name is often used in a way that shows that the early Scandinavians had an idea of a deity superior to Odin, of a being uncreated and eternal.

Odin not only invented Poetry but also favors History, called the Saga. He is the embodiment of Wisdom, for the possession of which he sacrificed one of his eyes at Mimir's Well. In his desire to collect as many heroes as possible Odin organized a large company of warlike maidens called the Valkyrior. These mounted upon horses and armed with helmets, shields and spears sally forth down to every battlefield to make choice of the brave who shall be slain, hence they were called "Choosers of the slain." When they ride forth on their errand their armor sheds a strange, irridescent light which flashes up over the northern skies, making what men call the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights.

Odin had two sons, Thor and Balder, by his wife Frigga or Freya; the principal attribute of Thor is Strength, that of Balder Goodness and Beauty. Thor is the god of Thunder, Balder the god of Sunshine and Verdure. The Eddas tell many stories of the exploits of the great thunder-god, most of which are allegorical references to the forces of nature and form the basis for much of the classic poetry of Scan-

dinavia. The worship of these three, Odin, Thor and Balder, representing the great tenets Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, lies at the very foundation of the pre-Christian religion of the early children of the North.

THE CREATION

Ages before the earth was made there existed two worlds, Niflheim (the nebulous world), far to the north, and Muspelheim (the fire world), far to the south. Between these was Ginunga-gap (the yawning gap). In the middle of Niflheim arose the spring Hvergelmer, from which flowed twelve ice-cold streams, the rivers Elivagar, of which Gjol was situated nearest Hel-gate. Muspelheim was so hot that only those indigenous to it could live there. In its midst sat Sutr, guarding its entrance with his flaming sword. When the rivers Elivagar had flowed far from their source the venom in them hardened and became ice. From the combined action of the warm currents from the south and the cold blasts from the north, mingled with the ice and venom, fog and frost were produced which soon quickened into drops, and formed in the ice the likeness of a man, whose name was Ymer, but the frost giants called him Aurgelmer. Ymer was not a god, but a very bad mortal. When he slept he broke into a sweat and from his left armpit waxed a man and a woman, who

peopled the earth with mortals, and one of his feet begat a son, from whom descends the frost-giants.

The fog, ice and venom also produced a cow, named Audhumbla. Four milk rivers ran from her, whereby she fed Ymer. She lived by licking the ice, which was salt. The first day that she licked the ice, or rime stones, there came out from them a man's hair, the second day revealed a man's head, and the third day all the man appeared. His name was Buri. He was fair of face, great and mighty. He begat a son named Bor who took for wife a woman named Bestla, daughter of the giant Bolthorn, and they had three sons, Odin, Vile, and Ve, the rulers of heaven and earth. These three slew the giant Ymer. From his blood they made the seas and waters, from his flesh the land, from his bones the mountains, from his hair the forests, and from his teeth, jaws and bits of broken bone they made the stones and pebbles. From his skull they formed the vaulted heavens over the earth and set a dwarf at each corner, called East, West, North and South. They placed the sparks and flakes of light which they caught from Muspelheim in the heavens to give light to the world. Then they threw and scattered Ymer's brains in the air and made the melancholy clouds.

The gods did not create the heavenly bodies, they merely formed them from the sparks of Muspelheim.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE VIKINGS

Among the most prominent characteristics of the ancient Vikings was their strong individuality; their love of freedom and desire for personal independence amounted to a passion. For this they endured the frigid winters of the north and the torrid summers of the south. The arch of heaven was a sufficient roof, the forest an ample habitation and wild beasts adequate companionship, so that their freedom was not curtailed. For this boon no sacrifice was too great, not even life itself. The same passion for freedom still exists in the Scandinavian race, and constitutes their richest inheritance from their Viking ancestors.

Another Viking characteristic was Courage. War was their profession. They would rather fight than work, "For they deemed it a disgrace to acquire by sweat what they might obtain by blood." They were so noted by their fearlessness that "they conquered by the very terror of their names."

Other striking qualities were Firmness and Determination. "To a true Viking, no defeat was final; failure only meant delay; he must overcome all opposition, conquer every obstacle, defy every difficulty. Mountains, oceans, deserts, must not hinder his purpose."

But besides these traits of valor the Viking, although a pagan worshiper of Odin, possessed

ethical and moral notions of a high standard. While revengeful and merciless at times, he was Honest and Truthful. "He had a sense of honor which led him to sacrifice his life rather than his word." He would keep his promise, irrespective of whether it was given to a friend or an enemy, and with all his ferocity he was kind and merciful to the weak and those who sought his protection.

Deception and cunning were intolerable to him. If he could not subdue an enemy he would enter into a brotherly union with him which was the most sacred pact of which he could conceive. It was effected by opening the veins of each other's arms and by contact mixing their blood together, accompanied by an oath that they would share each other's joys and sorrows through life and avenge each other's death.

Another essential of the religion of these Northmen was Hospitality, a law which, though unwritten, compelled everyone to entertain, without charge or limit of time, either a friend or an enemy who should ask or be in need. As such, a guest need fear no harm or imposition.

The Vikings had a higher respect for women than any other nation of heathen times. While they often bought their wives and as often fought for them, they were always treated with dignity and respect, as free beings, not slaves. "The men were attached to home and family, and, of course, enjoyed the wine and the feast."

While it is true that civilization has changed, and with it customs, habits of thinking and ideas of right and wrong, yet the Scandinavians

of today inherit much of the better parts of their Viking progenitors of a thousand years ago.

Death to the Vikings was a glorious thing, if met honorably and bravely. They had a heaven in Valhalla and a hell in Naastrand. Immortality was preserved as a faint idea, for while Odin's Valhalla is in heaven, Odin himself is not the highest god; Muspelheim is situated above Asaheim, and in the former is Gimle, where reigns a God who is mightier than Odin, the God whom none ventured to name.

This old religion embodied principles which tended to make its votaries brave, independent, honest, just, charitable, prudent, temperate, and liberty-loving. It recognized depravity in human nature calling for struggle against natural desire and forbearance toward the weak. A strict adherence to oaths and promises, devotion to a tried friend, war and death for the implacable enemy.

Respect for old age, hospitality, liberality and charity to the poor; temperance in gratifying the senses as well as in the exercise of power; contentment and cheerfulness, modesty and politeness; a desire to win the goodwill of others, to be surrounded with a steadfast circle of devoted kinsmen, and a respectful treatment of the bodies of the dead.

To the Vikings we are indebted for the names of four days in the week. Tuesday (originally Tyrsday), from the war god Tyr. Wednesday (originally Wodinsdag), from the god of wisdom, Odin or Woden. Thursday (originally Thorsdag), from Thor, the mighty god of

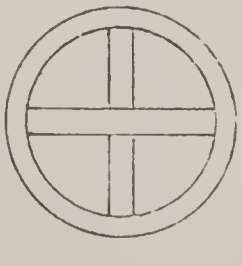
strength and husbandry, and Friday (Freydag), from Frey, the god of rain and sunshine.

Sunday and Monday (Moonsday) are taken from the heavenly bodies, as indicated by the names themselves, and are probably of Druidical origin, while Saturday (Saturnsday) was named by the Romans after Saturn, the father of the Olympian gods.

Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland held to the old religion of the Vikings until about the middle of the eleventh century.

THE LANDVAETTIR

The "Landvaettir" were supposed to watch over and protect various parts of the country. Their presence was deemed of such importance that an old law of Iceland (framed about 930) began with a provision relating to them. It enacted that "men should not have ships with heads on them, or if they did, they should remove them before they came in sight of land, and not approach the shores with gaping heads or yawning snouts by which the landvaettir might be scared away."



THOR

ORIGIN OF THOR'S HAMMER

Thor's wife, Sif, had a magnificent head of long hair, reaching to her feet. Loki, bent on mischief, cut it off one night while she was asleep. Thor immediately surmised who perpetrated the outrage and having caught him, proceeded to strangle him almost to death, when Loki promised that if his life was spared he would procure for Sif a new head of hair more beautiful and luxuriant than the first. Thor thereupon let the traitor go. Loki crept down to Svart-alfaheim and begged the dwarf Dvalin to fashion not only the precious hair, but a present for Odin and Frey, whose anger he wished also to appease. The dwarf soon made the spear Gungnir, which never failed of its aim, and the ship Skidbladnir, which was so elastic that it could be folded up and thrust into one's pocket. Lastly he spun the finest golden thread from which he fashioned the required hair for Sif, declaring that as soon as it touched her head it would grow fast and there become alive. Loki was so pleased that he dubbed the son of Ivald the most clever of smiths. Brock, hearing this and being jealous, declared that his brother Sindri could produce three objects which would surpass those Dvalin had made. Loki immediately challenged this and wagered his head against Brock's on the result.

Sindri, apprised of the wager, accepted Brock's offer to blow the bellows, warning him that he

must work persistently if he wished to succeed. The result was the production, first, of an enormous wild boar called Gullin-bursti on account of its golden bristles. This boar had the power of flight as well as great fleetness of foot. Next there came forth from the forge the magic ring Draupnir, from which nine similar rings dropped every ninth night. Now a lump of iron was cast into the flames, whereupon Loki fearing lest he would lose the wager as well as his head, changed himself into a gadfly and stung Brock above the eye while he was vigorously plying the bellows, causing him to stop to wipe away the blood that streamed down his face from the wound. Sindri uttered a cry of despair when he drew his work out of the fire, for the hammer he had fashioned had too short a handle. Brock, however, felt sure of winning and set off with Loki for Asgard, where he gave the ring Draupnir to Odin, the boar Gullin-bursti to Frey and presented the hammer "Mjölner" to Thor. Loki then gave the spear Gungnir to Odin, the ship Skidbladnir to Frey and the golden hair to Thor, but although the hair immediately grew upon Sif's head and was declared more beautiful than her former locks had been, the gods decreed that Brock had won the wager, for the hammer Mjölner, in Thor's hands, would prove invaluable against the frost giants at Ragnarök—the battle or twilight of the gods.

Wishing, of course, to save his head, Loki fled but was soon overtaken by Thor, who brought him back and handed him over to Brock, telling the latter, however, that although

Loki's head was rightfully his, the wager did not include the neck, and therefore he must not injure that portion of Loki's anatomy.* But as Loki's head was his, Brock proceeded to sew the arch deceiver's lips together, using an awl to pierce the flesh, and had the satisfaction of not only seeing the villain writhe in pain, but also of closing his mouth for some time and thus depriving him of his propensity for telling falsehoods, for Loki was the very prince of liars.

The form in which Thor's Hammer was commonly presented often led to its association with the mark of the Christian cross. At a festival in Norway in the year 952, Earl Sigurd gave the first toast to Odin, and after drinking from the horn handed it to King Hakon, who was a Christian, and who, before drinking, made the sign of the cross over it. The Vikings present vigorously protested and for a moment open violence portended, when Earl Sigurd succeeded in pacifying them by explaining that the King had simply followed the custom of their ancestors and had made the "sign of the hammer" over the horn before partaking of its contents. The ingenuity and tact shown by the Earl in this incident would do credit to some of the best diplomats of later and more enlightened times.

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*Compare the Trial scene in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice", Act IV, Scene I.

THE ABDUCTION OF IDUNA

The ancient religion of our early ancestors commonly known as Norse Mythology, is filled with beautiful allusions to the processes of nature, not by direct recital but by symbolisms, metaphors and allegories, and these are often so hidden that their precise interpretation is often impossible. But in the story of the abduction of Iduna (or Idun) the reference to the visible working of nature is clear.

Loke,* the evil one, once slew an ox to appease his hunger, but found to his surprise that he could not cook the flesh owing to the fact that the water would not boil in the kettle. Suddenly he heard a noise in the air and looking up beheld an enormous eagle poised above him. After a short parley with what Loke well knew was the frost giant Thjasse in disguise, a battle took place between them resulting in Loke becoming caught on the pole with which he attacked the giant and dragged by the latter over the rough ground until he begged for mercy. Thjasse promised to release him only on one condition, that he should bring to the giant the fair Iduna with her apples out of Asgard, to which Loke consented after being bound by a solemn oath.

On his return to Asgard Loke told Iduna that in a forest near the celestial residence he had

*Also written "Loki".

found apples which were of much better quality and flavor than her own, and asked her to accompany him and make a comparison of the fruit. Her curiosity aroused, she consented, but no sooner had they arrived in the forest when Thjasse, clad in his eagle plumage, swooped down and catching up the beautiful maiden, carried her off as a treasure to his ice-clad palace at Jotunheim.

The gods being now deprived of their life-rejuvinating apples soon began to grow wrinkled and gray, with all the appearance of old age and approaching death creeping upon them. A convention was called and inquiry instituted as to what had become of Iduna and it was discovered that the last seen of her she was departing from Asgard in Loke's company. Loke was immediately sent for and threatened with torture and death if he did not without delay bring Iduna and her apples back to Asgard. Seeing that his plans had miscarried and fearing the vengeance of the gods he disclosed the entire secret of her abduction and promised to bring Iduna back from Jotunheim if Freya (Freyja) would lend him her falcon-plumage. The request was granted and with the swift wing of the falcon he flew to the palace of the frost giant. Fortunately Thjasse was gone on a fishing expedition. Loke lost no time in making himself known to Iduna and, transforming her into a nut which he held in his claws, flew with her rapidly back toward Asgard. Soon, however, all Jotunheim resounded with alarm and a swift messenger was sent to inform Thjasse of the flight of Iduna. The frost giant

immediately returned and, putting on his eagle plumage, started in pursuit of the fugitives. Now ensued a pretty race with the falcon in the lead and the eagle steadily gaining. On the walls of Asgard were assembled all the gods gazing upon the spectacle in the heavens, and, seeing that there was danger of Loke being overtaken by his swift adversary, they caused an immense amount of fagots and brush to be piled upon the walls, to which they set fire the instant Loke had flown over them. Thjasse being unable to stop his flight in time, flew directly into the blazing furnace, scorching his plumage to such an extent that he fell into the power of the gods, who slew him within the portals of the palace.

This myth, interpreted, is seen to refer to summer as being overcome by the approach of winter (failure of the water to come to a boil in the kettle), the absorption of the fruitful spring and summer (Idun) into the icy regions of the north (Thjasse taking Idun to Jotenheim), the return of spring and season of growth and nourishment (Idun being carried over the walls of Asgard as a nut) and the death of winter by the heat of summer (Thjasse overcome by the flames from the walls of Asgard). It is hard to conceive of a prettier or more significant fable than this.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

Balder, often called Balder the Good, is the favorite of all the gods. He is the son of Odin and Frigg (Frigga). So fair and dazzling is he in form and feature that rays of light seem to issue from him. His hair is so lividly blonde, that the whitest of all plants (anthemis cotula) is to this day called Balder's Brow. He does not engage in warfare; he is the mildest and most eloquent of all the immortals, hence he is beloved by all mankind. His goodness is also recognized by animals, the elements and inanimate things, for once when he dreamed that harm would come to him his mother besought and readily obtained an oath from fire and water, from iron and all other metals, as well as from stones, earth, trees, shrubs, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Balder. But there was one little plant whom Frigg did not think it worth while to ask, for it was so small, weak and innocent that it could harm no one—it was the Mistletoe.

When it became known that nothing in the world would harm Balder, it grew to be a favorite pastime of the gods to get him to stand up and serve them as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes; for whatever they did none of them could harm him. But when Loke the evil one beheld the

scene he was sorely vexed that Balder was not hurt. Assuming the guise of a woman he went to Fensal, the mansion of Frigg, who inquired of him what the gods were doing at their meetings and was told that they were hurling darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him. "Ay", said Frigg, not recognizing her intriguing visitor, "neither animate nor inanimate things can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from them all." What!" exclaimed the old woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?" "All things," replied Frigg, "except one little shrub called the Mistletoe and from which I thought it needless to crave an oath, it being so small and feeble."

As soon as Loke heard this he went away, and, resuming his natural form, pulled up the Mistletoe and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Hoder standing to one side without engaging in the sport, on account of his blindness. "Why do you not also throw something at Balder?" inquired Loke. "Because I am blind," answered Hoder, "and cannot see where he is; besides I have nothing to throw with." "Come then," said Loke, "do like the rest, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct your arm toward the place where he stands." Hoder then took the Mistletoe and under the guidance of Loke darted it at Balder, who, pierced through by its delicate point, fell down lifeless.

The gods were struck speechless with horror and amazement. Odin took the loss most keenly, and Frigg asked who among the gods

would volunteer by riding to the lower regions to try and find Balder and offer a ransom to Hel, the goddess of the nether world, if she would permit Balder to return to Asgard. Hermud, surnamed the Nimble, offered to undertake the journey, and was provided with Odin's eight-footed steed, "Sleipner", to insure the swiftness and safety of his adventure.

Meanwhile the gods took the dead body of Balder and carried it to the sea, where lay his famous ship, "Ringhorn", on which a funeral pile was constructed and upon which the body was placed. Nanna, his wife, daughter of "Nep" (a bud),—the floral goddess, whose grief was unconsolable,—expired on the spot from a broken heart, and was placed beside her spouse. Odin knelt down and whispered something in Balder's ear. The pile was set on fire. Thor stood nearby and consecrated the blaze with his Hammer. Before his feet sprang up a dwarf called "Lit". Thor kicked him into the fire so that he also was consumed. Balder's horse, fully caparisoned, was also laid on the pile. The ship was pushed out to sea while the flames were still rising toward the heavens, and on the shore stood a vast concourse of gods and demigods, witnessing with blanched and sorrowful faces the departure of the fairest and best of all the denizens of the skies.

This myth finds an apt explanation in the seasons of the year, in the change from light to darkness, from summer to winter. Balder is the bright and beautiful summer. His death by the blind Hoder (winter) is the victory of darkness over the light of summer. The flowers

(Nanna) die with him, and even the little sprigs (Lit) that linger for a while, succumb to the inexorable foe. On the great ocean of life summer is consumed by the ravages of winter. But what of the word that Odin whispered in Balder's ear? It is the word "Immortality". For summer will come again; and its apparent death is only a restful sleep.

Balder is the god of light; Loke is the god of fire; fire is jealous of light. The pure light of heaven and the blaze of fire are each other's eternal enemies. Balder does not fight, he only shines and dazzles. Only fighting men go to the heaven of the gods, hence the soul of Balder must go to another world, there to remain until the last great battle at Ragnarök, the twilight of the gods.

But it would be resting satisfied with but the shell to interpret Balder as the mere impersonation of the natural. He symbolizes in the profoundest sense the heavenly light of the soul and of the mind, in purity, innocence and piety. There can be no doubt that our ancestors combined the ethical with the physical in this myth. Innocence cannot be wounded. Arrogance and jealousy throw their pointed arrows of slander at it, but they fall harmless to the ground. But there is one inclination, one unguarded spot in the nature of man. "The mischief-maker knows how to find this and innocence is pierced. Always when light is slain by darkness it is the beautiful and good that is stricken down. Balder dies in the spiritual world when the good are led away from the paths of virtue, when the

soul becomes dark and gloomy, forgetting its heavenly origin."

But what of the messenger who was sent to implore the return of Balder? He came back wearing a ring, the ring that Balder wore about his arm and which had the wonderful property of reproducing itself indefinitely, at regular intervals, thus symbolizing the return of earth's flowery carpet, with its fruitfulness and abundance, and the prolific quality of Goodness, which automatically reproduces itself.

When it is considered that this myth had its origin in the so-called dark ages of man, before the advent of Christianity, before what by us is considered the age of civilization, it is remarkable,—nay, it is admirable, not only for its highly poetical significance, but for the deep spiritual thought and feeling that breathe through it, pointing to the evident fact that love of nature and the idea of the immortality of the soul is as ancient as the reason of man and as inherent as the instinct of regeneration.

THE FENRIS WOLF

When the gods found they could not bind the Fenris Wolf even with the strongest chain, they sent a messenger to Svartalfaheim to have the night elves fashion a bond which nothing could sever. By their magic art they produced a rope out of such impalpable materials as:

The sound of a cat's footstep,
A woman's beard.
The roots of a mountain,
The longing of the bear,
The voice of fishes,
And the spittle of birds.

This rope had the wonderful property of becoming stronger the more it was strained. But when the Fenris Wolf saw this slender cord he became suspicious and refused to suffer himself to be bound with it unless one of the Æsir would put his hand in his mouth as a pledge that he, the wolf, should be released in the event that he could not break the bond. All drew back and refused except Tyr, who boldly stepped forward and thrust his hand between the monster's jaws. The gods now bound the creature with the magic cord, Gleipner, and soon shouted with glee when they saw that at last they had the wolf in their power. But Tyr did not shout with glee, for, rather than see the wolf unbound he suffered him to bite off his hand at the wrist, thus freeing the world, for a time at least, from the power of this evil monster.

THOR'S VISIT TO JOTENHEIM

Thialfy and Loki had been easily vanquished by Logi and Hugi and so the contest with the frost giants in the palace of Jotenheim all depended upon Thor. Utgard-Loki, the frost king, demanded in what manner Thor would begin and he having expressed himself as being extremely thirsty, the Asa giant proposed a drinking bout, whereupon an immense horn, filled with water, was brought in and its small end stuck into the wall. Thor set his lips to the brim and, exhaling all his breath, pulled a long and mighty draft, but only succeeded in decreasing the contents to an almost imperceptible degree. Thor then proposed a lifting match, but the king refused to pit any of his warriors against him, ordered in a small black cat, and laughingly invited Thor to raise it. Intending to merely hurl the creature in the king's face, Thor put his enormous hand under it when, to his utter astonishment, he found that he could only arch the cat's back a little and cause it for a moment to take one foot from the floor.

Thor, now thoroughly aroused, proposed a feat in which he was without a peer in all the world—that of wrestling, but instead of being confronted with one of the king's biggest giants, there was ushered in an old crone—a toothless, bent-up hag. Suspecting some trick of illusion, Thor grasped the old woman firmly about the waist and brought into play all his prodigious strength, but could only cause her to bend a little lower until one of her knees almost touched the floor.

The king now arose in great agitation and addressed the visitors: "You, Loki, are the greatest eater; you, Thialfy, the swiftest runner, and you, Thor, the mightiest drinker, the most powerful lifter and the greatest wrestler that we have ever seen. I have merely deceived you by the aid of magic, for I set Loki to contend with Fire, the most terrible of all devouring element; Thialfy raced with Time, which nothing can overtake; the horn from which you drank, O mighty Thor, was connected with the Sea whose shores have already receded from your mighty suck; the Cat you attempted to lift was the great Midgard Serpent which encompasses the earth, and so tremendous was your strain that it can no longer bite its tail; the Crone with whom you wrestled was Old Age and you nearly brought her to her knees! Depart in peace, O mightiest of the mighty; we acknowledge our defeat."

RAGNARÖK, THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

It was a firm belief of the northern nations that a time would come when all the visible creation, the Gods of Valhalla and Nifflheim, and the inhabitants of Jotumheim, Alpheim, and Midgard, would be destroyed. The fearful day of destruction will not, however, be without its forerunners.

First will come a triple winter, during which snow will fall from the four corners of the heavens, the frost be very severe, the wind piercing, the weather tempestuous, and the sun import no gladness. Three such winters will pass away without being tempered by a single summer. Three other similar winters will then follow, during which war and discord will spread over the universe. The earth itself will be frightened and begin to tremble, the sea leave its basin, the heavens tear asunder, and men perish in great numbers, and the eagles of the air feast upon their still quivering bodies. The wolf Fenris will now break his bonds, the Midgard serpent rise out of her bed in the sea, and Loki, released from his bonds, will join the enemies of the Gods. Amidst the general devastation the sons of Muspelheim will rush forth under their leader, Sutr, before and behind whom are flames and liquid fire. Onward they ride over Bifrost, the rainbow bridge, which breaks under the horses' hoofs. But they, disregarding its fall, direct their course to the battlefield

called Vigrid. Thither also repair the Fenris wolf, the Midgard serpent, Loki, with all the followers of Hela, and the Frost giants. Heimdall now stands up and sounds the Giallar horn to assemble the Gods and heroes for the contest.

The Gods advance, led on by Odin, who engages the Fenris wolf, but falls a victim to the monster who is, however, slain by Vidar, Odin's son. Thor gains great renown by killing the Midgard serpent, but recoils and falls dead, suffocated with the venom which the dying monster emits over him. Loki and Heimdall meet and fight till they are both slain. The Gods and their enemies having fallen in battle, Sutr, who has killed Frey, darts fire and flames over the world and the whole universe is consumed. The sun becomes dim, the earth sinks into the ocean, the stars fall from heaven, and time is no more.

After this Alfadur (the Almighty) will cause a new heaven and a new earth to arise out of the sea. The new earth, filled with abundance, will spontaneously produce its fruits without care or labor.

The Viking

PART IV

History and Language

DISCOVERY OF VINLAND

Scandinavians were the first white men to set foot upon American soil; so say the Icelandic Sagas and other records bear them out. The narrative goes back to the year 981 when Erik the Red sailed in search of the land of which he had heard so much and discovered a great stretch of coast which he named Greenland, in order to entice others to settle there.

In the year 996 Bjarne, the son of Herjulf, sailed with a hardy crew from Iceland for Greenland, but was driven by a strong wind far out of his course and beheld the outlines of an unknown land. Approaching nearer shore they found it heavily wooded with low-lying hills beyond. There is reason to believe that this land which Bjarne saw was the present Nantucket, one degree south of Boston. Catching a good breeze from the southwest they returned to Greenland.

About four years thereafter, that is, in the year 1000, Leif, the son of Erik the Red, a brave and adventurous spirit, hearing of Bjarne's exploit, set sail for this unknown land, with a crew of thirty-five men, and after going far to the southwest of Greenland landed in Helluland (Newfoundland) and in Markland (Nova Scotia). The names Helluland and Markland were given to these places by Leif. After a short stay the party set sail before a northeast wind and after two days cast anchor in a sound (Mount Hope Bay), where they landed, built a large house and remained over winter. This

place became in time a sort of settlement for future explorers and its various small dwellings were known as "Leif's booths". It is supposed to have been in the vicinity of Fall River, Massachusetts. Leif called the entire country Vinland from the fact that grapes were found in such plentiful quantities.

Several other exploring expeditions followed the first visit of Leif Erikson, the most noteworthy being those of Thorvald, Leif's brother, in 1002, who was slain by the "Skraellings", as they called the Indians, and was buried at "Krossness" (Cape Cross), situated, it is thought, in Massachusetts Bay. Later another brother, Thorstein, youngest son of Erik the Red, set out for Vinland, but after cruising about all summer returned, without reaching his goal. Then came the rather extensive outfit of the distinguished Thorfinn Karlsefne, who, with his accomplished wife Gudrid, departed for Vinland in 1007 with one hundred and fifty men and seven women, taking passage on three ships with a goodly cargo for colonizing, including a number of cattle and sheep. The entire party landed and established themselves at Straumfjord (Buzzard's Bay) and remained three years. Here a son was born to Thorfinn and Gudrid, whom they named Snorre, known in the sagas as Snorre Thorfinnson. He was the first white person born on American soil so far as history records.

But the animosity of the Indians finally compelled a return of these early explorers to their home lands from which, particularly Iceland,

have come down to us the records of their heroic exploits.

It is significant that Columbus, before he set sail for the lands to the westward, visited Iceland, in 1477, and it is doubtless due to what he there learned of the discoveries of the intrepid Northmen that he felt certain of finding a large area of land on the opposite shores of the Atlantic.

There are many interesting facts connected with these various adventures of our sturdy ancestors, especially concerning the origin of the Newport Tower, the Dighton Rock, the finding of the skeleton in armor, and the meeting with one Bjorne Asbrandson, long lost among the Indians of Vinland.

For many years historians were inclined to cast doubt upon these narratives, attributing them to the confusion of early writers in recounting adventures in and about Iceland and Greenland, and some have even consigned them to the realms of myth and fable. But later, owing to the discovery of additional records, historians generally begin their account of the discovery of America by a recital in substantial accord with the preceding narrative.

ICELAND, THE ENCHANTED

A large island of the North Atlantic Ocean, and a dependency of Denmark, 250 miles east of Greenland and 700 miles northwest of Norway, bordering on the Arctic Circle, larger than Ireland, being 301 miles east and west by a breadth of 200 miles, is today, as it has been for nearly one thousand years, the home of the direct descendants of the pure Viking stock of the Scandinavian race.

We have authentic records to prove that Iceland was first settled by the Norsemen about the year 874, mostly of the so-called Noble stock, including such names as Nadod, Ingolf, Betil, Skalle-grom, and Thorolf. Later, in 891, came a Swede named Gardar, who gave the island the name of "Snöland", then came the Norwegian nobleman, Floki Rafn, who gave Iceland its present name. Several of these early visitors returned with accounts of giants who lived in caves where they fought with fire, boiling water and liquid minerals.

The harsh rule of Harald Haarfager in Norway drove many to Iceland, the most important expedition being headed by Ingolf in 874. Nearing the island he cast into the sea the consecrated door-posts of his house. They floated into the bay on the southwest coast, where Ingolf fixed his abode, the site of Iceland's principal city, Reykiavik.

Iceland was governed as a republic until the year 1241, when it was brought completely under the control of Norway, under King Hakon.

Christianity was first introduced in the latter part of the tenth century. Iceland became a part of Denmark in the fourteenth century, when Norway came under Danish rule.

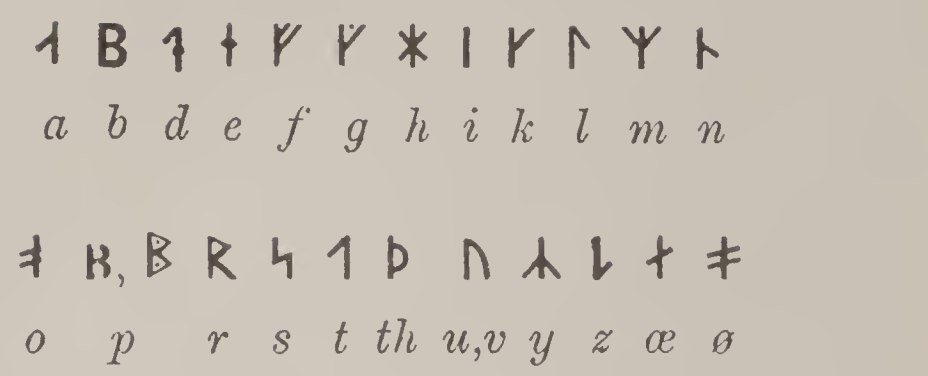
Icelandic history has great value as a study of the ancient people of Scandinavia. Its inhabitants have been, from the earliest times, a highly educated people, speaking the Norrœna Mål, the original language of the Vikings, and keeping it practically unimpaired for all these centuries. This language is of untold value to the lexicographer, the historian and the philologist, providing a key to the old runes as well as to the habits of life, customs, aspirations and thoughts of the sturdiest race of which history has any record.

In the Eddas we have the Iliad and Odyssey of Scandinavia in the days when the Vikings raised their images and temples to the glory of Odin, and when Ygdrasil, the giant ash, bore up the four corners of the world. The most complete specimen of the elder Edda, known as the old Vellum Codex, was found in 1643 and presented to the King of Denmark, Frederick III, and placed in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, where it still remains. It contains the story of the creation of the world from chaos, the origin of the giants, the gods, the dwarfs, and the human race, together with other events relating to the mythology of the North and ending with the destruction of the gods and the world, and their renewal. It sheds a flood of light upon the customs and manners of the dark centuries of the middle ages.

Iceland is the most volcanic region on earth, having 107 known volcanoes and thousands of craters, great and small. Its highest peak is Mt. Hecla, 20 miles from the south coast, with a height of 5,110 feet and a crater 100 feet in depth. In 1875 Mt. Askja, in rupture, threw ashes as far as Bergen, Norway, and Stockholm, Sweden. In 1783, an outbreak of Mt. Laki destroyed half of the animal life of the island and resulting famine produced the death of one-fifth of its population. Earthquakes are frequent in the volcanic district. Hot springs abound in every part of Iceland, singly and in groups, including springs of sulphur, carbonic acid, and boiling mud. Only the south coast is inhabited permanently, the north coast being icebound and only clear of ice once in four years. Its glacial area covers 5,170 square miles, of which 120 glaciers are known. It has a great number of streams, waterfalls, lakes and geysers (the latter from the Icelandic word "geysa", meaning a rumbling noise) and basaltic caves, some of them equal to the famous cave of Staffa, Scotland.

Iceland is an enchanted land, which, though far north, has a comparatively mild climate to the south, and although its vegetation is stunted, its commerce in animal and mineral products, especially sheep and sulphur, is rapidly increasing.

THE RUNES



a b d e f g h i k l m n

o p r s t th u,v y z æ ø

The term Rune, applied to letters used by the Northmen of early times, is derived from a Scandinavian root which signifies to carve. The origin of these characters has been long wrapped in mystery, but it is generally held today that they are from an ancient Latin alphabet and came up through the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon races from the Celtic peoples of the Alps. They were mostly applied by the Northmen to purposes of necromancy, witchcraft and enchantment, but we find them also in inscriptions, which, like certain Etruscan and ancient Italian writings, proceed from right to left, and, in some cases the reverse, or, still again, in both directions in the same narrative. These inscriptions are of the greatest historical value in that they record the acts of kings and other notable personages, as well as their adventures, including the initial efforts of the Christian missionaries in Scandinavia, and, until the thirteenth century, even the laws. They afforded, moreover, the means of maintaining intercourse between

the scattered offshoots of the great northern stock; thus, during the eighth and ninth centuries, when the Northmen had extended their powers over a great portion of Europe, letters written in runes were frequently sent from one prince to another, and could be read equally well at Anglo-Saxon, Frankish, Gothic, Russian, Scandinavian, and Byzantine courts.

The language of the runes, like that of the sagas, is the Norrœna Mål, a tongue which, after a lapse of a thousand years, has been essentially maintained by the Scandinavians of Iceland. From the earliest inscriptions found on what are commonly termed "rune-stones," we know that the alphabet of this language originally consisted of but sixteen letters. But it was not long before these were found inadequate to express the ever-expanding language and requirements of the Northmen, a fact which becomes apparent as early as the 10th century. As time went on additions were made until by the middle of the 12th century the runes had become sufficiently complex to lend themselves as readily to the expression of the language as the characters of the Latin alphabet, as may be seen from the illustration accompanying this article, a reproduction of runes from monuments of that period, the best preserved of which are exhibited in the great museum at Copenhagen.

As only a comparatively few of the inscriptions are dated, and these invariably of later times, the only method of ascertaining their age is by observing whether or not any punctuation is used, whether any characters appear ex-

pressive of the dipthongs, or those of the imperfect tense, and especially if certain of the characters are employed to represent different letters, as, for example, the letter R, which in the older and simpler form of the alphabet was written like the letter Y in the illustration.

SIMILARITY OF ENGLISH AND SCANDINAVIAN WORDS

Nearly all English words that deal with home-life are Scandinavian, such as home, family, husband (hus-bonde), father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, uncle. Also household words like, house, room, door, threshold (tröskel), stool, bench (benk), wood, fire, bake, bread, wash, bathe, spin, knit (knyta), thread, yarn, hat, shoe, stick, yard (gård), tree, bush, bloom, sweet, sour, salt, bitter, warm, hot, cold, hunger, eat, thirst, drink, water, milk, ale, full, come, go, school, learn, good, better, best, day, night, sun, moon, week, month, year, old, young, sick, well, live, and die. Also handicrafts such as shoemaker, baker, barber, smith, and butcher-slaughter (slagtare). Farming or Husbandry: Wagon, plough, hammer, spade, shovel, land, plant, seed, grass, hay, straw, corn, wheat. Outdoor Life: Ride, drive (drifva), hop, spring, leap, run, stand, sit, creep, lift, fall, swim, sing, dance. All the days of the week except Saturday, all the senses, hearing, seeing, etc., except smelling, for even "tasting" has its counterpart in the word "smack" (smaka). All the cardinal numbers, one, two, three, etc., and all the ordinal numbers except the word "second". The Primary Colors and Shades: Red, blue, green, brown, swart, white, and grey. Even yellow is "gul", which is the color of "gold". And then we have words of the Sea and Sea-life, including the Cardinal Points, North, East, South and

West; bottom, deep, sea, billow (bölja), ship, boat, fish, net, and storm, and of the climate: sky, wind, rain, hail, frost, snow, wet, ice, winter, summer, thunder, and weather.

Naturally, words relating to the Human Body, Animals and Birds, and to Government and Warfare, would be found in this old medium of speech, and so we find, shoulder, arm, hand, finger, nail (nagel), bone, knee, foot, toe, also head, hair eye (Danish Øje), ear, nose, lip, tongue, flesh, blood, breast, lung, liver, heart. Cow, calf, ox, lamb, goat, cat, hound, wolf, hen, goose, swan, lark, stork, nightingale (näktergal); King, throne, crown, pearls, chamber (kammare), law (lag), probably from the Latin (Lex); fight (fekta), spear (spjut), sword, shield, knife, belt, harness, helmet (hjelm), axe, slave, chain (kedja), bind (binda), flag, free.

There are many other words relating to social and commercial life, to religion, and to the thousand and one affairs of every day concern.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH

The Scandinavian alphabets contain several letters which, owing to their radically different sounds from the corresponding letters in the English language, are responsible for the mispronunciation of certain English words by Scandinavians who have not b e e n thoroughly schooled in the language of this country. They are the letters i, j, o and w, and the combined sounds of "th" and "ch".

The letter "i" standing alone, in the Scandinavian languages, has the sound of "ee" as in the word "seed" in the English, whereas in the latter tongue it has the sound of "i" in the word "wide". But in combination with words of a single syllable, not joined with another vowel or ending with a final "e", it has the sound of "i" as in the word "spin".

The English letter "j" has the sound of "y" in Scandinavian speech, but in the former it has the sound of "j" as in the Swedish word "bedja", meaning to ask, to pray, etc., in short, it has the sound of "dj".

The letter "o" in the Scandinavian languages, when standing alone, has the sound of "oo" in the English word "poor", but in the latter medium it has the sound of "o" as in "no" or in the Swedish letter "å" as in "stål" (steel), or in the Danish and Norwegian "aa" as in "blaa" (blue).

The letter "w" has the sound of "v" in the Scandinavian languages, but in the English it has a sound like "v" preceded by a short "u" —viz., "uv". Hence the word "woman" is pronounced "uvooman" and not "vooman". The plural of this word, although spelled "women", is pronounced as though it were spelled "wimmen", thus changing the "o" into a short "i", which is a rare exception in English speech.

The combined consonants "th" have the sound of "dh" as in the word "that", pronounced "dhat", and the combined "ch" has the sound of "tch" as in the Swedish word "tchuck" (thick).

SCANDINAVIAN NAMES

"O' där va Tuss i Rallebo, o' Tuve Bengtson,
Kersti mit i Svängen, Anders Svenson,
Stina i Krokhullt, o' Petter i Saxon,
O' Anna Hesihalsen, Nicklas Smed."
(Old Peasant Song.)

"The Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon races had anciently no surnames, or family names, like the Romans. In addition to given names, prominent men were designated by nickname referring to some trait of character or heroic deed; but when it became necessary to distinguish one person from another in the common walks of life, he was referred to as the son (or daughter) of a man by such or such name. This custom still prevails, although to a lessening extent, in the rural districts of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, as it does in the conversation of laborers in some of the rural districts of Great Britain. The son has therefore the word "son" added to his father's given name; in the modern language this suffix is often written "sen", especially in the Danish. As in England, many names ending in "son" or "sen" have already become family names in the Scandinavian countries, but the custom is not generally adhered to by Scandinavians in America; that is to say, if the father's name is Peter Johnson, the son's name is not John or Olaf Peterson.

"In some parts of Scandinavia the owner of a farm has the name of the farm added to his name, and this, then, becomes the family name, and is often retained in this country, though seldom when its English pronunciation is too difficult. Sometimes names are translated into English; thus "Haug" or "Bakken" become "Hill", or "Sjö" becomes "Sea", etc. But more frequently the orthography is only changed a little, and this will undoubtedly be done still less frequently in the future; thus Fjeld is written Field, Blomstad—Bloomstead, etc."

SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES

(Excerpt from a Monograph by Albert E. Egge, former Professor of Scandinavian Studies at the Washington State College.)

The Scandinavian peoples are the nearest of kin to the English, with whom they mixed their blood during the occupation of the north half of England and parts of Scotland in the ninth century and later. The Scandinavian languages are also the languages nearest akin to the English language, both in vocabulary and style, especially since the Scandinavian dominion in Britain, where the two languages blended. Scandinavian languages should, therefore, appeal to English-speaking people and language, because the Scandinavian peoples are of nearly the same race and character, have largely contributed to the making of the English people and the language they speak, have a noble and inspiring literature, and are permeated in general by the same political and social ideals as the English.

The prose literature produced by the Scandinavian peoples during the latter part of the middle ages—the celebrated Saga literature—is recognized as being superior to the prose literature produced in the rest of Europe during the same period. During the last 200 years, authors like Ludvig Holberg, Adam Oehlenschlæger, Esais Tegnér, J. L. Runeberg, Hans Christian Andersen, B. S. Ingemann, Frederik

Paludan Mueller, George Brandes, Henrik Ibsen, Björnstjerne Björnson, August Strindberg and Selma Lagerlöf have been unsurpassed in their kind, and some like Andersen and Ibsen, unapproached.

Excepting the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, in the seventeenth century, and sporadic cases later, Scandinavian immigration to the United States began about 100 years ago, and it is estimated that there are now about 5,000,000 people of Scandinavian birth or descent in the country.

West of the Rocky Mountains, Scandinavian studies were first introduced at the State College of Washington in 1905. A few years later a department of Scandinavian languages was established at the University of Washington, and courses have been introduced also in the Universities of Oregon, Idaho and Colorado.

In private schools and colleges maintained by Scandinavians in this country, of which there are many, some of high rank, for example, Luther College, St. Olaf College, Augustana College and Adolphus College, Scandinavian languages have always been a part in the curriculum.

Of late years the study of Scandinavian has been introduced also in a considerable number of high schools in many parts of the United States, especially in regions where the Scandinavian element is prominent.

All students of Scandinavian ancestry should have the ambition to study Scandinavian, from

feelings of filial piety, if for no other consideration. To English-speaking peoples the study of Scandinavian should appeal for several reasons. In the first place, as history tells us, the English people (and hence their descendants) are largely, if not chiefly, of Scandinavian descent. The Jutes and Angles, who made Britain English, were next-door neighbors to the Danes before their migration to Britain in the fifth century and later; and in the ninth and following centuries Great Britain was thickly settled by Danes and Norwegians, especially northern England and parts of Scotland, also the Isle of Man, parts of Ireland, and the islands west and north of Scotland, particularly the Orkneys and Shetlands, which became wholly Norse.

Parts of Scotland and Ireland and the smaller islands remained under Norse dominion for about 400 years, and the English language throughout Scotland and northern England was strongly marked by the Scandinavian settlers in pronunciation as well as in vocabulary. Next to French, no other language has had as great an influence upon English as Scandinavian. French and Latin have influenced only the vocabulary, but Scandinavian also changed the grammar and the pronunciation.

The intense love of personal liberty on the part of the Scandinavians in Britain, who offered the most stubborn resistance to William the Conqueror, is largely the source of the political and civil liberty enjoyed by the English-speaking peoples of today.

"NATURE AND ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE"

A few years ago I attended a lecture on the subject of "The Problems of Life," in which the speaker, among other interesting remarks, expressed the opinion that everyone ought to have some "hobby," preferably a useful one, because it made life more interesting. On my way home after the lecture I pondered over this remark but was not sure that I understood what "hobby" meant, so as soon as I got to my abode I took down the dictionary and there found that the word comes from the Danish "hoppe" or Swedish "hoppa" and that in Old English it was at first solely employed as a compound with "horse,"—that is to say, "hobby-horse," a toy with which children amuse themselves, generally a stick with or without the image of a horse's head fastened at one end, on which they stand astride and hop about in imitation of riding on a prancing steed,—"kjephest" in Danish, or "ridkäpp" in Swedish. In the sense in which it was used by the lecturer I found that "hobby" meant a favorite pursuit, or a subject, plan or undertaking, something that engrosses one's attention, a sort of ruling passion or exciting diversion, like that of a child riding a hobby-horse, and which if persisted in to excess is a sort of occupation that is apt to annoy others while at the same time affording

endless amusement to the one with the hobby, or on the horse, so to speak.

What a wonderful word! I thought: how full of meaning! It happened that night that I took for my pillow-companion a book of Emerson's essays, in which I came across this statement:

"—though the origin of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius, and obtained currency, because for the moment it symbolized the world to the first speaker and to the hearer. The etymologist finds the deadest word to have been once a brilliant picture. Language is fossil poetry."

From that time on Language became my "hobby," and while I do not claim the distinction of being an etymologist, much less a philologist, I have learned a good deal by, and have had a great deal of enjoyment in the pursuit of, this exceedingly interesting study. The direct benefit, of course, has been the acquirement of a better knowledge and use of the English language, the most complex, as well as the richest, in words, synonyms, antonyms, and shades of meaning of all the languages of the world, largely because of its having been rooted in the oldest speech-medium of the Aryan race, —that of Southern Scandinavia. For a long time it was supposed that the people who spoke the old and primitive tongue must have lived as one community, more than three thousand years ago, somewhere in the northeast part of the Iranian table-land, near the Hindu-Kush mountains, but a more recent view is that Southern Scandinavia, and not Asia, was the principal seat of the Aryans. For my authority in this

I refer to the "Report of the British Association," 1887, pp. 888-91.

Language in its origin is both human and divine. While man doubtless created speech for himself, as a consequence of his social instinct and his ingenuity, God gave him the intelligence and the vocal organs that enabled him to do so. It is not my purpose, however, to now go into the history of language generally, but to discuss briefly the nature and origin of the English form of speech. About fifty-five years before Christ, when Julius Cæsar was conquering the Celtic tribes, the attention of the Romans was attracted to an unknown land dimly perceivable across the channel from the northern coast of Gaul. Cæsar determined to explore this country and it is to the records of this invasion and occupancy of the Romans that we owe our knowledge of the early inhabitants of England. For nearly five hundred years the Romans continued to exercise a sort of suzerainty over Britannia, as they called the English isles, until their home country, now called Italy, was invaded by barbarians from the North, when the Romans withdrew their army from Britain in order to protect themselves at home, leaving the early inhabitants masters of their own destiny.

Who were these primitive Britons? They were a mixture of Angles, Saxons and Jutes. The Angles came from the duchy of Sleswick;—there is to this day a district in the southern part of Sleswick between Slie and the arm of the Baltic called the Flensborg Fjord, known the "Angeln," which doubtless accounts for

the name "England." The Saxons came from the country between the Elbe and the Eider, and the Jutes from the upper part of Sleswick or South Jutland, Denmark. Collectively these tribes were known as Northmen, sometimes Norsemen, and they include the entire Scandinavion race. In the year 800 A. D. they invaded France under the leadership of their "Sea-kings," or Vikings, during the reign of the great Emperor Charlemagne, subduing the country to such extent that in the beginning of the tenth century the king of France ceded to Rollo, the leader of the Northmen, a large province which was called Normandy, and its inhabitants came to be known as Normans. These Normans being related to the Anglo-Saxon races directly across the channel naturally mingled and traded with them freely, and some of the early English kings married the daughters of the Norman nobles.

Thus it happens that the English language is mainly composed of three great branches; that is to say, Anglo-Saxon, Roman or Latin and Norman—French, with the main stem rooted in the first of these three, which, as I have shown, was the language of the ancient Scandinavians. The reason for the persistence of the Anglo-Saxon language over the others is probably to be found in the fact that as late as the eleventh century the list of kings of England include several Danish names, among them King Canute, who, according to the well-known story, tried to make the sea retire at his command. The history of this period is full of accounts of wars between the Danes and the English, and

it is recorded that the similarity of the language of the two nations greatly assisted the Danes in subduing the country. While they were called Danes, it should be remembered that this term included at that time the inhabitants of Norway and Sweden. So that notwithstanding the Roman occupation to which I have referred and the Norman Conquest which followed close upon that of the Danes, the Old Norse root of the English language was preserved and most of the common words then in use among the people of England have remained practically the same as in the language of their Scandinavian progenitors; and it is mostly in words of "high-sounding" character and technical or scientific terms, together with words of comparatively modern times induced by commerce and trade with various parts of the world, wherein the English language differs essentially from the old Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian branch. Many of these added words are only synonyms of the older ones; as, for example, the Latin "similar" instead of "like," "numerous" instead of "many," and "omnipotent" instead of "Almighty."

In addition to these admixtures, many other languages have added their quota, and such words as "aria," "fantasia," "opera," "piano," "replica," and "studio"—all of an artistic significance, come from the modern Italian, and from the Spanish we have such words as "fiasco," "influenza," "stanza," "umbrella," and "motto"; and Malay words in English are surprisingly numerous, including "gingham," "gong," "guta percha," "orang-outang," "ket-

chup." The Polynesian has given us "taboo" and "tattoo," and the American Indian "squaw," "wigwam," "tobacco," "moccasin," "pemican," and "potato." From the Greek come many technical and scientific words such as "photography," "optholmoscope," "cinematograph," and "telephone."

As I have before intimated, no language in the world possesses so many different words as the English. (*) It used to be said that it comprises at least two hundred thousand, but recent dictionaries show more than twice that number, including the compounds. My dictionary at home contains three hundred thousand words. Of these perhaps not over six or seven thousand are used even by cultivated people, although, of course, each group or class use different words according to their particular occupation or situation in life. Many words are understood by persons that do not use them, and many are written that are not spoken by either the writer or the reader. Uncertainty as to proper pronunciation or of correct spelling or syntax doubtless prevents the use of many words. Shakespeare is said to have used more words than any other person, about fifteen

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(*) Grimm's Distonary of the German Language contains approximately 150,000 words; Littre's Dictionary of the French Language, 210,000 words; Dahl's Dictionary of the Russian Lauguage, 120,000 words; Petrocchi's Dictionary of the Italian Language, 140,000 words.

The English Language is not only the largest, but it is spoken by from twenty to twenty-five per cent more people than any other language of the modern world.

thousand having been counted in his writings. Owing to its vast variety of words there are usually many different ways of expressing the same idea, thus avoiding tautology or monotonous repetition. But this immense vocabulary and appropriation of words of all nations has been at the expense of euphony somewhat, so that it cannot be said that the English is as agreeable to the ear as some of the simpler and therefore purer tongues, especially is this true of languages that avoid the sibilants and dentals as much as possible, thus producing softness and smoothless in speech, or the Swedish, for instance, where a decided inflection adds color and cadence to both the words and the ideas they express. But, on the other hand, the Engglish language possesses a charming facility for alliteration which greatly enhances its value for poetic expression—an inheritance from the Northmen, whose songs and "sagas" teem with this form of versification, while its adaptability to rhyming by the use of words of similar sound is largely owing to its great store of related terms and the influence of the Norman-French, which, as I have shown, is a mixture of Anglo-Saxon or Old Scandinavian and Latin, as modified by the Gauls.

I will close these somewhat random remarks by reading an extract from the Lord's Prayer in English as it exists in various specimens that have been preserved from the eleventh and twelfth centuries:

Ure Fadir that hart in hevene,
halgod be thi name;
Samin cume thi riche;

Thi wille be don in herthe als in hevene.
Gyve hus this hilke dai ure dacgwamlican bred,
and forgyf hus ure gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath
tham swa scylde user;
Ne let us fall into no founding,
bot frels us fra all ivele thinge. (**)

It should be borne in mind that language changes with time, just as a child changes in growing to maturity; but as in the case of man, so a language as fundamental as the English always retains a characteristic "family likeness" to its own youth and ancestry, which is easily recognized by the close observer.

(**) On the basis of the Lord's Prayer, Hickes calculated that nine-tenths of our words were of Anglo-Saxon origin. Turner's estimate was that the Norman words were to the Saxon as 4 to 6. Trench computed 60 per cent Anglo-Saxon; 30 per cent Latin and French, and 10 per cent Greek and other sources.

OLD SCANDINAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS

The title may be somewhat misleading, for some of the popular beliefs given below are still prevalent among not only Scandinavian peoples but among those of other nations. Many of them contain echoes of traditions of great antiquity and all are more or less interesting to the student of old folk-lore.

1. If a maiden and a youth eat of one and the same beet-root, they will fall in love with each other.

2. If on a midsummer night nine kinds of flowers are laid under the head, a youth or maiden will dream of his or her sweetheart.

3. A girl must not look in a mirror after dark, nor by candlelight, lest she lose the good will of the other sex.

4. A bride must endeavor to see her bridegroom before he sees her; she will then have the mastery.

5. The mother should meet the child at the door, when it is carried out to be christened; but when it is carried home after it is baptized, it should be met at the door by some one carrying a loaf, that it may never want bread.

6. An empty cradle must not be rocked, the child will else be given to crying.

7. If a sick person gets strange food, he becomes well. But if thanks are given for a remedy (medicine) it will have no effect.

8. Pins found in a church and made into fish-hooks, catch the best. If a woman steps over a fish-rod, no fish will bite.

9. If you turn your slippers or shoes with the toes towards the bed, the mara (night-mare) will come in the night.

10. On Easter-eve a cross should be made over the door of the cattle-house, against harm from witches.

11. When you sleep for the first time in a house you should count the beams; then your dream will come to pass.

12. When cats wash themselves, or magpies chatter near the house, they expect strangers.

13. If a person walks thrice round a bed of cabbages, after having planted them, they will continue free from worms.

14. If a grain of corn is found under the table in sweeping on a new year's morn, there will be an abundant crop that year.

15. If a bride dances with money in her shoes, no witchery can affect her.

16. If a girl wishes to know what sort of a husband she is to have, she must on New Year's eve pour some melted lead into a glass of water, and the following morning observe what form it has assumed. If it resembles a pair of scissors, she will get a tailor; if a hammer, he will be a blacksmith, etc. An egg broken into a glass of water will show the same results.

17. If it is desired to know if a certain party shall remove from or shall stay in the house, cast a shoe over the head towards the door. If it fall so that the heel is turned towards the

door, the party will remain; if the toe points towards the door the party will remove.

18. To cut one's nails on Friday brings good luck.

19. Only those children that are born on a Sunday or holiday can see spirits.

20. As the weather is on the day of the Seven Sleepers (July 27) so it will continue for seven weeks.

A FEW AMERICAN ONES

It is unlucky to open an umbrella in the house.

It is lucky to carry in one's pocket the left hind-foot of a grave-yard rabbit.

The opal is an unlucky stone.

See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck.

It is unlucky to drive away a black cat.

If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

If the sun shines on Candlemas Day (Feb. 2nd), the snow falls on the first of May.

If you mend your clothes while you have them on, some one will lie about you.

If a woman drops her dish-cloth, she may expect callers the same day.

If you put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow, you will dream of the one you are to marry.

PART V

Editorial

Editorials

In these days there seems to be a disposition to scorn the past and live entirely in the present and immediate future, forgetting that all that we know comes from the past and is our instructive guide for present and future action. We live so fast, we are so "speeded up" these days, that even the common civilities are often neglected, with the result that sharp words and ill-considered criticism are heard on every hand. In short, we forget too many things we ought to remember, and remember too many things we ought to forget.

We are so buried in Today,
With all its noise and strain and fret,
That e'en the Past is brushed away.
And we forget.

Those who oppose our special school
Of thought, we spurn with purpose set,
And to apply the Golden Rule
We quite forget.

Sometimes our spleen in gossip delves—
It's easy to find fault, you bet;
But do we ask about ourselves?
No, we forget!

We nurse imaginary stings
  Ere bees have left their hive as yet.
And conjure up all sorts of things
  We should forget.

What boots it that in times gone by
  Our friend has placed us in his debt.
A little ruffling of the sky,
  And we forget.

Now here's a plan to cure this blight:
  While clash with others we regret,
If we believe their hearts are right,
  Let us forget.

Our sketching the life of Benjamin Franklin has put us in what might be called a "maximistical" mood. Franklin was sometimes accused of being too utilitarian, too mercenary in his "Poor Richard" sayings, but these maxims contain a homely, practical philosophy, a preachment for the simple life, for the eternal fitness of things, far and apart from selfish greed.

Since Franklin's time, American literature has been enriched by even a more profound philosopher—Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he did not possess the peculiar knack of clothing his sayings to fit the fancy of the multitude as did Franklin. But, on the other hand, Emerson had a different message, namely, to break down popular but erroneous notions of moral conduct, and his manner of putting his points is excellent; for example, he says in his essay on "Compensation":

"The bad are never successful; justice is done here and now." "The dice of God are always loaded; He is bound to win." "Things refuse to be mismanaged for long." "If you make laws too sanguinary, juries will not convict." "Every act rewards itself." "Crime and punishment grow out of the same stem." "In nature, nothing is given, everything is sold. What will you have, quoth God, pay for it and take it." "The thief steals from himself." "There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue." "You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Commit a crime, and always some damning circumstance transpires." "But there is no penalty to virtue." "All things are arranged for truth and benefit."

And then there are the latter-day sages who, with an intermittent mixture of truth, slang and irony, say: "The man is crooked who says nobody is straight." "If it were not for the fools the poor would never get rich." "A person can read all the latest novels and still eat pie with a knife." "The hardest job in the world is trying to live without working." "The best way to remember the poor is to make the poor remember you" (which is very fine!).

The Third Liberty Loan drive amounted to over four billion dollars. The number of subscribers was about seventeen millions of people. The people of this country are standing nobly by the cause of liberty and justice in their effort to make the world "safe for democracy." The American people are idealists in their love of peace and progress. They believe it is pos-

sible to so order things in this world that it will be a good place to live in, even for the most lowly. With one of their most eloquent writers, they see a world where autocracy has crumbled and where despots are dust—a world without a slave, where man at last is free, a world at peace adorned with every form of human art, a world where labor reaps its full reward, without the beggar's out-stretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare. They strive for a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function, for a lengthening of life, a deepening of joy, love canopying the earth, and over all, in the great dome, the eternal star of human hope.

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Our Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, speaking at a banquet early in 1917, given by the Amherst alumni in Washington, D. C., said, referring to the imminence of war:

"Put to the test, I do not fear the outcome. And yet I feel that the spread of materialism has been a menace to our national character, to which we should not be indifferent, a menace which ought not and must not continue. To preserve in their high place in the life of the republic those great impulses which have made us a virile and proud nation, we must cultivate sentiment and emphasize the ideal more than we have done in recent years. We must cease measuring accomplishment by dollars and cents. Sentiment of every sort, provided its object is noble, is worth while."

This utterance meets with our unqualified ap-

proval, as our readers may readily guess from remarks along the same line which we have made from time to time. This money-worship is about the sickliest proposition we know of. No wonder Moses got disgusted with the gold-kissers. If they had worshiped something besides a "golden calf", perhaps he might have been more resigned. It was much harder to break the Romans of the worship of Appolo, the god of Music, or to break the Norsemen of the worship of Odin, the god of Poetry, for their attributes were ideal, full of sentiment and aspired to lofty thoughts, emphasizing the "internal, not the external qualifications of men". Putting it all out for show, swelling up with fine equipage, and strutting around like a turkey gobbler, while at the same time not knowing the difference between Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Scott's Emulsion", or between Julius Cæsar and the black man that used to saw wood for the Snodgrasses next door, has, we hope, about seen its day.

Much of the excellence of Scandinavian literature may be ascribed to the influence of Sæmond, the Wise, born in Iceland in 1056, in his wonderful work known as the Elder Edda, from which most of our knowledge of Norse mythology is derived. We see this reflected in the fervant patriotism of Runeberg, the imaginative fancy of Welhaven, the force and simplicity of Oelenschlæger, the fantastic creations of Hans Christian Andersen, the unadorned loveliness of Bjørnson, the wild gran-

deur and impetuosity of Wergeland, the refined and elegant phrases of Tegnér, and the weird, melodious abandon of Ibsen.

One of the greatest institutions ever set up—the jury system, was originated by the Vikings. The jury system with twelve men comes down to us from the time of the Viking invasions of England; those people customarily divided their lands into cantons, and each canton into twelve portions under twelve chiefs. These passed judgment on the more serious criminal and civil cases, and the custom has outlasted all the intervening centuries.

And here is another item interesting to our race: "One of the biggest men in Alaska is a Dane. He is Prof. C. C. Georgeson, head of the government agricultural station there. His success has been amazing. He has matured barley within 100 miles of the Arctic circle. At Sitka his fields are red with the most luscious strawberries grown. Potatoes, wheat, oats, cabbage, turnips, alfalfa, lettuce and peas, have all come up prodigally under the touch of his wizard hand, to gladden the days of the miner and musher. How the sourdoughs used to laugh at the big Dane, puttering around in his experiment gardens! But Georgeson knew how often the scientist is mistaken for the clown, and kept plugging. Prof. Georgeson is one of the seers who is making a grim land habitable."

"When the Almighty began the creation, He made a lot of things; and among the scraps left

over He made a peculiar creature all covered with the slime of suspicion and jealousy, with hypocrisy and envy, painted a yellow streak down its back, and called it a 'Knocker'.

"But the product was so fearful to contemplate that He determined to counteract it; so He took a sunbeam, put it in the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped it in a halo of self-abnegation, covered it over with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, made it a lover of the fields and flowers, a believer in equality and justice, a helper of the downtrodden and oppressed; put a torch in its hand, stamped an indelible smile on its face, and called it a 'Booster'."

After all, good friends, is it not better to always try and look upon the bright side, to make the best of life as we find it,—to take things as they come, with a smile? Anyone who can lure us into smiling these halcyon days has got our vote. The smile is the one thing in this troubled world that saves its face, and, like the early sunlight kissing the waiting flowers, it lends charm and sweetness to existence.

"Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile.
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile.
We know the distance of the sun,
The size and weight of earth;
But no one here can tell us just
How much a smile is worth."

We Scandinavians who have become citizens of the United States ought to feel pretty proud of our "Americanism", for unlike the native-born we are Americans by choice instead of Americans by necessity. Still, we need not forget the land from which we came, any more than a man who has a good wife need forget his mother. He has married the former, it is true, and owes her his first allegiance, but to the latter he owes his very existence and all the fond recollections of his childhood days.

One reason we are trying our hand at translating Scandinavian poetry of the better class is, not that we think we can do it better than anybody else, but because most of the translations we see are so very badly done that it could hardly be worse, and therefore we hope to at least improve upon it a little. Now, take for instance, this specimen of that fine Swedish folksong, "Du gamla, du friska", recently put forth to be sung by the pupils in one of our American schools:

"Thou aged, thou fadeless, thou high-mountained north,
Thou silent, thou gladsom, beauteous country;
I greet thee, the fairest of all the lands of earth,
Thy sun, thy heavens bright, thy meadows green. * * * "

There's a "rift in the lute" somewhere here. What becomes of the flow and melody in the words? Where is the rhyme? How long would one have to hang onto that last word "green"

in order to fill out the long, final note? Say nothing of rhyming "earth" with "North", at the end of the first and third lines, the end of the second and last lines are not rhymed at all —and this is a song, as well as a poem!

"Comparisons are odious", therefore we will not attempt any substitute translation at this time, but we promise if we ever do that at least the tunefulness of the original shall be preserved.

There is a species of hybrid leech that has come into existence of late years, known as the "food speculator." He is a sort or hirudinean biped bearing a striking resemblance to man, but without possessing any of those special characteristics which usually distinguish the animal from the human.

He is closely related to another species of the same genus, known as the "financial exploiter."

He has such a penchant for pelf that he will do anything outside of jail to further his ends. He has gotten into the game of corralling the food market, now that war is on and furnishes a plausible pretext for hoisting prices.

Of all the rapacious, shrivel-souled scoundrels that ever skulked at large without a chain and muzzle, he is the king. A last year's bird-nest is a plethora of throbbing, incubated life compared with this creature's heart. He is mankind's greatest unhung villain.

He is so obsessed with the craze for money-getting that he sees no wrong nor has he any pangs of conscience in oppressing or starving the people who are bending every energy, giv-

ing their scant treasure and even their lives if need be, in defense of the rights of humanity.

That such a parasite is permitted to live at all is a seeming sanction of the cynical notion that "the devil takes care of his own."

The other day I heard some one say: "A man who fights for his country instead of fighting for the almighty dollar, is a goat."

But after all, good friends, there is something in this world more than "tinkling peace"; there is something besides amassing wealth, something besides commercialism. It is by struggle, by being "tried by fire," that the true virtue of the human above the mere brute asserts itself. The heroic deed, like the self-sacrificing act, bespeaks the noblest instinct in man, and makes this world something better, something more significant than a mere place to sleep and eat in, or to gather to ourselves the tinseled toys and transient joys of self-aggrandizement. For my part—

I like to play a game where things are not the same,
Or common as a money-making scheme,
Where everything is done for principle or fun,
With now and then a chance to have a dream.
And if your time you spend in the cheering of a friend,
Or in doing things from selfishness remote,
Is a sort of "butting in" on the grafter and his kin,
Why then, I say, just let me be the Goat.

Will some peoples in this world never learn the force of maxims which have been accepted by the world as fixed truths from which there is no escape? Had the German government and its people obeyed these great warnings gleaned from scripture and the experience of mankind they would not now be floundering in the slough of despair. A few of these occur to us as we note the final stages heralding the ending of the world war; they are, substantially—

Might does not make Right. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. For they that have sown the wind, shall reap the whirlwind. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Twice is he armed that hath his quarrel just; and he but naked, though locked up in steel, whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Stealing the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in. Who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.

This war business isn't pleasant; many believe it isn't necessary, some even charging it up to the machinations of the rich. But here's what we think about it:

The "talker" will say, in his off-handed way,
That war is the poor man's gall;
But if men hadn't fought for the rights they have bought
He wouldn't be talking at all!

Like all things of use, war has its abuse
In the crush of the weak by the strong,
And Justice must fight for the triumph of Right
Or perish from onslaught of Wrong.

'Tis the Heart in the Cause, and the Soul in
the Laws
That shall govern the world some day;
May the banner lead in that God-given creed
Be the Flag of the U. S. A.!

In the two years' war of 1812, Baltimore was attacked (August, 1814) by land and water. During the bombardment, Francis Scott Key, who had gone to the enemy fleet under a flag of truce to obtain the release of a friend, could see the Stars and Stripes blowing over Fort McHenry from the deck of the enemy's flagship. The commander boasted to Key that the American garrison could not hold out over night, and that Baltimore would surely be taken. At early dawn Key was up to watch for a glimpse of the American flag. When he beheld it still waving he knew that the attack had been unsuccessful, and in the exultation of his spirit he wrote the famous song, "The Star Spangled Banner," which has become America's national anthem.

There is a peculiar charm in dwelling on the lives of great men and women, not only by reason of the intrinsic interest evoked by the characters themselves, but from the pleasure and satisfaction engendered in tracing the influence they exerted over the age in which they lived,

the causes which produced that influence, and the effect of their lives and work upon not only their contemporaries but upon succeeding generations,—upon us, as individuals. Not the least of this influence is the encouragement given to the toiler who strives for the attainment of something really worthy—something ideal. For he finds that with scarcely any exception the greatest and best—those who have said or done things of lasting benefit to mankind, sprang from a lowly or obscure station and through poverty, or sickness, or lack of encouragement, and sometimes all these together, won their way to the highest pinnacle of fame, fortune or power.

I like to see the one who struggles longest
  Along the steep and rugged path to fame,
Ascend triumphantly above the strongest
  And reach the lofty summit, just the same.

'Tis not by sudden leaps the world progresses,
  'Tis not by easy stages things are done
Which on futurity the seal impresses
  Of valor merited or honor won.

For though fair Spring a joyous hope engenders,
  And Summer echoes her alluring call,
It is the grandeur of autumnal splendors
  That makes the crowning glory, after all.

It was the custom of the Vikings to make a sign resembling that of a cross before worshipping at their shrines or in drinking a toast to some favorite king or leader. But this sign was intended to represent the famous Hammer of the god Thor, the Northern Jupiter. When, therefore, Christianity was introduced amongst them, the transition from the "Sign of the Hammer" to the "Sign of the Cross" was comparatively easy, owing to the close resemblance of the two figures, and some writers attribute the speedy, although somewhat belated, conversion of the Northmen to this striking coincidence.

Mjölner, the ponderous, short-handled hammer of Thor, in whose hand it was anciently supposed to have caused the detonation in the heavens and among the mountains during what we now term a "thunder storm," was an emblem of Strength and Courage—the most prominent characteristic of the Vikings.

The Ring Draupnir, as is well known by those familiar with Viking lore, was worn by Balder the Good, favorite son of Odin and brother of Thor, and had the wonderful property of reproducing itself nine fold every ninth night. Being essentially an emblem of goodness, it had, therefore, the peculiar property of Goodness—that of begetting the very thing it represents; "the more it gives the more it has to give."

If there's one thing that makes us more tired than trying to crank a dead engine when the gas is all out of the tank, it's the man who never comes around except when he wants something. He is what we call "The Eleventh-Hour Man". He will tell you that he don't go out anywhere; that he likes to stay home evenings with his family; and, besides, he has had so many expenses he couldn't keep up his dues. All of a sudden he gets out of work, or sickness overtakes him or his, or he wants your support or recommendation for this or that—for what? He has done nothing to merit it. He hasn't helped along with the lodge or any other thing in which you are interested,—still he wants you to make some sacrifice or go out of your way to help him! You may do something for him on the score of racial affinity, but gee whiz! it's hard pulling! Now, if he were a good, all-round fellow, ready with his shoulder to the wheel, right there with us all the time, taking a couple of nights off in the month and throwing in his little fifty cents or so to foot the bills, and then he comes to us in trouble—say! Why, it's a pleasure to lend a helping hand to such a man.

But the Eleventh-Hour Man,—here's how he appears to us:

The 'leventh-hour man belongs to a clan
  Who never come 'round when they're needed,
But when for himself there's a chance for some
    pelf
  The summons is never unheeded.

He's seldom at lodge, his duties he'll dodge,
"And the dues are a burden to carry";
But when he needs help, like a dog he will yelp,
And pester you like the "Old Harry".

Some time at the gate of St. Peter he'll wait,
Expecting admission within it;
But old Peter will say, as he turns him away:
"Your Zepp'lin goes down in a minute."

"I think a whole lot more of George Washington since I read your tribute to his memory," is the way a reader put it recently. Well, that's exactly presents our reason for writing it, and we appreciate the acknowledgment. The writing of a life of a great and noble character has the double effect of interesting the reader and teaching a lesson—in other words, "pointing a moral and adorning a tale."

The best definition of a Friend we ever heard is this one: "A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same." Talking about friends, was there ever a friend in this world—or can it be possible there is to be any friend in the world to come, like a fellow's mother? There is—alas, too often there was—a friend who, whether or not she knows all about you, loves you just the same. Young man, young woman, heed this before it is too late: "When sickness overtakes you, when the one you loved forsakes you, and when the world you wander all alone. When friends you haven't any, in your pocket not a penny, there's a mother always waiting you at home."

This translating business without someone in the front office to head off intruders, is a good deal like trying to play a sonata in a boiler factory.

Just as we had finished the foreword to Tegnér's "Axel" and had started on the prelude with—

That olden time is dear to me,—
The virile Carolinean season,
With all its consciousness and reason,
And love of power and victory.
Still lingers in the northern twilight
Its after-glow in azure skylight,—

in rushes a fellow and wants to know if we can change a twenty-dollar bill! Great Scott!

But that "prelude" went glimmering right there. Money and poetry won't mix in conversation, and that's strange, too, because they say "money talks". Maybe it does, but the only thing we ever heard it say is, "Goodby"!

Then we grabbed our hat, and, catching a street-car, rode as far as the end of the line, walked half a mile through a pine wood and found a nook on its farther side near the river. Here we laid down under an arching clump of willows, lighted a cigar, listened to chirping of the birds overhead, and went to day-dreaming. Suddenly Sehlstedt's lines from "I Skogen" burst upon our memory:

And free as a sparrow in God's spreading green,
I flutter and flounder and fly,
And if I would take a "siesta" serene

A couch in each bush I espy.
One gets a bit damp and tanned by the sun,
But Lord, what a transport of fun!

And—

but to save us we couldn't remember the rest.

We yanked a newspaper out of our pocket, and our eyes fell upon this announcement:

"The Russians made a night attack on both sides of Brzezany and Zwyzyn!" Gee! some attack, we bet! Especially on both sides of them!

But where did we leave off on "I Skogen"?

We glanced at our watch,—Gee whiz, half-past seven! But look! the sun is setting and casting splashes of mottled gold into the shimmering waters of the river; the birds have ceased their twittering and—Ah! Sehlstedt!

"Men solen har slutat sin himmelska gång,—

Wait a moment, let's translate that,—

But the sun has finished his heavenly tour,
And fatigued sinks into the deep;
And the hills with their mystical lullaby lure
The low-nodding flowers to sleep.
All nature would rest, the birds quit their flight,—
Sleep sweet, little songsters, good night!

The difference between a miser and a grafter is that one destroys the joy of labor to save money, and the other destroys the joy of money to save labor. In short, one is a fool and the other is a knave, and both are leagues away

from the good things in life. "It is better to be a beggar and spend your money like a king, than to be a king and spend your money like a beggar." Ill-gotten gains are soon exhausted, for there is no pleasure in their possession. It is best to be just, to be honest, not only because the law of God and man says so, but because it squares with the conscience and the laws of nature. What matters it if the world does not know it,—YOU know it, and therein lies the secret of happiness; and **happiness** is the real standard of success.

There is one ailment which is not common to Scandinavians. It is known to the medical profession as ælurophobia. It is defined as an "abnormal dread of felines" (cats). Shakespeare (Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1) tells us that "some * * * are mad if they behold a cat." According to tradition, Henry III of France swooned whenever he caught sight of a cat. Napoleon Bonaparte had a morbid horror of them, so did also one of the German Ferdinands. We know many women (none of them Scandinavians, however) who won't have a cat in the house.

Freya, Odin's wife, held cats sacred and used them to draw her chariot. With many Scandinavians it is considered a sin to drive a cat away, and most of them have a "pussy" purring in the corner. As for ourselves, we love cats, and at home had never less than two, sometimes more, for pets; and we were never troubled with mice or rats. We are glad we are not afflicted with ælurophobia.

Theodore Roosevelt

Amid the rejoicings of victory and the homage paid the president of the United States in Europe, comes the sad news that Theodore Roosevelt is dead. There is a gleam of comfort in the thought that he lived to see the land he so ardently worshipped rise triumphant in the world's strife as the greatest power on earth for the betterment of mankind.

Theodore Roosevelt was the embodiment of true manhood, true citizenship, true patriotism. No one, whatever his party affiliations, will deny this. He will go down in American history as one of its greatest sons. It was he who stood for the family life, the home filled with children. It was he who, proud of his country, sent its fleet around the world in order that other nations might see how great his country was, and thereby inculcated a respect for its flag and institutions such as it had never enjoyed before. It was he who, by his powerful influence as president of the United States, built the Panama Canal, linking the two great oceans and the opposite shores of America in a chain of commerce and civilization whose binding influence on the future development of the country, especially the West, is beyond measure, and which will advance the building of its empire more in the

next quarter of a century than otherwise could have been looked for in a hundred years.

As a man, his most striking characteristic was Consistency. He lived the life he taught; he backed his words with deeds, and when it is considered how strenuous were his words it will be realized how vigorous were his acts.

He loved nature and its numerous manifestations of the divine law of being. He advocated the doctrine of "don't tread on me," regarding the rights of a nation, and enlisted in the war against Spain as an earnest expression of that belief. He espoused the cause of his country in the great world war, and, although not eligible himself on account of age, sent his four sons to a foreign land with a courage and self-sacrifice splendid to behold, even when the news came that one of them had fallen in battle.

It is good for the growing generation of this country that such a man has lived as Theodore Roosevelt. His character will be reflected in its sons for generations yet to come, in the high quality of his citizenship, the manliness of his recreations, the energy of his undertakings and the patriotism that placed his country first in every consideration that moved his noble soul.

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